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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In the matter of Christmas, editors and reviewers are twice blest (though they do not always appreciate this): they eat their cake and have it. All through November we have been looking at, reading, and thinking, talking, writing and reading about nothing but Christmas books, until we come to breathe the very atmosphere of Christmas and feel when, at length, the December Number is out, that the season is done with. Then, in another few weeks the real Christmas, with real snow and real pudding and beef and holly, is upon us, and we realise that before we were only dreaming, and now have wakened to find our dream come true. With the signs and influences of that first Christmas still surrounding us, but with an eye to the real one that is approaching, we give our readers the season's greetings, and wish them all a Merry Christmas.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Sir Frederick Macmillan.

This is perhaps the fullest and most lavishly illustrated Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN we have ever published, and we venture to think that with its large and beautifully illustrated Supplement it fulfils very adequately its function as a useful guide to all the best gift-books of the season. We are presenting with this number a portfolio of drawings in colour by W. Heath Robinson, illustrating Kipling's "Song of the English"; our frontispiece in colour, by Edmund Dulac, is reproduced from Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's edition of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"; and the two other full-page colour plates in this issue are by Arthur Rackham, reproduced from Mr. Heinemann's new edition of "Undine," and by Willy Pogany, from Messrs. Harrap's new edition of Omar Khayyam.

The knighthood that the King has conferred on Sir Frederick Macmillan is a fitting and gratifying recognition of one of the most distinguished of English publishers. Sir Frederick is chairman of the famous house of Macmillan & Co. that was founded by his father and his uncle, Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, and that under his control has developed and maintained its high reputation until the name of Macmillan on the title-page of a book is a sure guarantee of its literary excellence. Sir Frederick is a man of many activities; he has served as President of the Publishers' Association, and has

taken a prominent part in the work of divers organisations connected with the book world; he is a familiar figure in society and in the hunting field, a good after-dinner speaker, a keen golfer, an enthusiastic supporter of the opera, and, in particular, has given zealous and untiring attention to the efficient governing of the National Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy. To name only the authors and books one associates off-hand with the firm of Macmillan—they were Tennyson's and Kingsley's publishers, and published the poems of Matthew Arnold; among the several admirable series they have given us are the invaluable "English Men of Letters" biographies; now-a-days they are Kipling's and Frederic Harrison's publishers, and they published Lord Morley's monumental Life of Gladstone. We congratulate Sir Frederick on a well-earned honour and the book-trade on the distinction accorded to one of the most popular and thoroughly representative of its chiefs.

Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole has a new book coming out shortly with Mr. Fisher Unwin. It is the story of a horse, "Garryowen," and the scenes are laid in Ireland and in England. This is to be Mr. Stacpoole's last novel of the social comedy type; he will in future devote himself to romance. The first of these romances, "The Drums of War," which has been running very successfully as a serial in the *World and His Wife*, will be published next year by Mr. John Murray. Also, Mr. Stacpoole has a volume of poems which he thinks of publishing next year, but he has not yet made up his mind about it.

Photo by Hoppé.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard.

Whose new novel "The Lady of Blossholme," is reviewed in our Illustrated Supplement.

Mr. Max Beerbohm.

All lovers of good romance will be glad to know that Mr. Rider Haggard is just now engaged upon two books that have to do with the experiences in love and war in youth and early middle life of a certain late Mr. Allan Quartermain, as related in MSS. of his that have recently been discovered. In the meantime, Mr. Haggard has ready for next spring "Morning Star," a romance of ancient Egypt, that deals with the love story and strange adventures of one of that country's queens. The book will be published by Messrs. Cassell, and will be followed in due course by "Queen Sheba's Ring," which is at present appearing serially in *Nash's Magazine*.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, whose new book of essays, "Yet Again," we are reviewing in our next number, is not a voluminous writer. His books are few and not large; we wish they were more and larger, and are glad to know that we may possibly have another one from him in the spring, though he warns us that if it does appear—and he is not sure, about it—it will only be a small one.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is engaged upon a work which he proposes to call "What is Wrong." The

title is suggestive, and will arouse keen interest in his large circle of admirers. Beginning with an introduction, "The Homelessness of Man," Mr. Chesterton deals with "Imperialism: or the Mistake about the Man," "Female Suffrage: or the Mistake about the Woman," "Education: or the Mistake about the Child," "Science: or the Mistake about the Universe," "Socialism: or the Mistake about the State," "Individualism: or the Mistake about the Individual," "Anthropology: or the Mistake about the Savage," "Criminology: or the Mistake about the Criminal," "Art: or the Mistake about Beauty," and concludes with "The Home of Man." The book is to be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. in the spring.

Messrs. Constable are publishing early next year an English version of the diary and reminiscences of Hélène von Doenniges, giving the full story of her relations with Ferdinand Lassalle. She was, as every one knows, the "Clotilde" of Meredith's "Tragic Comedians."

Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor, whose new poems, "Rose and Vine" (Elkin Mathews), we reviewed in our last number, was born in Aberdeen, and spent all her earlier life there. She studied at the Aberdeen University, and always says that her literary sense owes much to the teaching of Professor Grierson. After her marriage, she lived for some seven years in Dundee, and took an active interest in the social, political, and educational life of the town. Her first book was published by Mr. John Lane in 1904, and the beauty and power of many of the poems contained in it were at once and warmly acclaimed. Since February Mrs. Taylor has made her home in London.

"True Tilda," Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch's latest novel, has been amongst the best selling novels of the autumn. Mr. Arrowsmith already announces a fourth reprint.

Also among the best-selling novels of the year, if not at the very head of the list, is Mr. Ralph Connor's stirring romance of North-West Canada, "The Settler," which is already in its two hundredth thousand.

"By Divers Paths: The Note-book of Seven Wayfarers" is a new anthology of prose and verse that Miss Annie Matheson has compiled and edited and that Messrs. Gay & Hancock are publishing this month. The volume is arranged in twelve sections, one for each month of the year, and opens with some verses and "A Christmas Prologue" by the editor.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor.

Mr. John Long announces a second edition of Mrs. Mary E. Huddy's "Life of Matilda, Countess of Tuscany." It is an extremely able study of a great personality and a memorable period. This is the only adequate record in English of the career of the "Grande Contessa" of Tuscany. It met with an entirely favourable reception at the hands of all the leading critics, and, as this second edition indicates, has found equal favour with the reading public.

The 29th of this month is the hundredth birthday of W. E. Gladstone, and Mr. Herbert Paul's centenary article in this number on "Gladstone as a Man of Letters" rounds off a wonderful year of literary centenaries. The January Number of THE BOOKMAN will contain a special illustrated article on J. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of the *Spectator*. Other important articles in the same number will be "The Making of a Man," by Sir George Douglas, Bart.; "The English Essay," by Thomas Seccombe; "The Novels of Meredith," by M. Buxton Forman; "Maria Edgeworth," by Roger Ingpen; and "Irish Ways," by Shan F. Bullock.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *November* 18, 1909.

AMERICAN humour is, according to the English idea, as characteristic a national feature as waffles or pork and beans. The English person is inclined to regard the American joke with a sort of awe, as if it were something incomprehensibly dangerous. We Americans, on the other hand, are inclined to taunt the Englishman as being lacking in a sense of humour because he is amazed, rather than amused, at our local hits, national slang, and violent, if innocent, mendacity.

It would take a Solomon to determine whether we are the buffoons you sometimes think us, or you are the dullards we sometimes think you. The curious thing, considering the circumstances, is that the chief American humorist is one of the most popular of us all in England, both as an author and as an individual. I mean, of course, "Mark Twain."

Mr. Clemens ("Mark Twain") has of late not been very well. He is, therefore, I learn at first hand, doing very little literary work of any kind at present. In his home in Connecticut Mr. Clemens spends most of his time "reading, playing billiards, and perhaps scribbling now and then." The subject of his scribblings is, more often than not, for his own amusement, rather than for public occasion. "Some of these things," I am further informed, "may see the light of print some time, but certainly not very soon."

People who like to wonder about things—and wasn't it Stevenson who said there is something very wrong with anybody who does not?—are speculating as to who is the anonymous penitent who has just given out, through an American magazine, a statement called "The Confessions of a 'Best Seller.'" This nameless one, who has been variously identified as Meredith Nicholson, Harold MacGrath, and Kate Douglas Wiggin, states that he has in the past six years been so fortunate as to have his name appear fifteen times as author in the list of the six best selling books which the American cousin of this magazine (the *Bookman* of New York) prints each month.

The most interesting part of these confessions concerns the methods by which a book becomes a "best seller"—every one must realise it is not always the best story which attains this good fortune, even if we use the term "best story" in its lowest sense. This author—and certainly his experience gives him the right to speak with authority—says that the catchiness of the title and the name of a popular illustrator are valuable. Reviews, he thinks, for such books as these, are of little account. Advertising, on the other hand, is of great importance, while the enthusiasm of the retail bookseller, the man behind the counter, is the greatest factor of all. Indeed, so important is the attitude of this person in shaping the fate of a popular novel that the author of these confessions backs a startling theory to the effect that the chief purpose of book advertising is not that it shall catch the eye of the public, but that it shall inspire the retail dealer. According to this theory, the chief value of a publisher's advertisement is that it proves to the retailer that the publisher believes in the book. The dealer, thus invigorated, recommends it with all sincerity to all his customers, and the month's end finds it a "best seller."

Over here, we have been considerably agitated at the reports that have reached us about Mr. William Watson's sensational poem, "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue." Possibly the accounts of England's excitement in this matter have been exaggerated in transmission to us; at any rate no one could have exaggerated our excitement. We have been quite childishly worked up over it. One manifestation of our interest has been the publication in a halfpenny paper of a poem by Richard Le Gallienne, intended as a reply to Mr. Watson. This is entitled "The Poet with the Coward's Tongue" and the following are sample lines:

> "O, Poet with the Coward's Tongue,
> Come to New York, and you shall know—
> O, Singer of the Coward's Song—
> His fate who sings a woman so!"

This is unworthy of Mr. Le Gallienne, from the standpoint both of art and intelligence. Presumably he wrote it in a great hurry. Of other work I understand he has much on hand, having lately heard his plans from him while he was at East Aurora, a place not very far from New York, where that curious character, Elbert Hubbard, has a summer colony for his followers. Mr. Le Gallienne is writing a play, a series of fairy tales, and a novel, and has moreover a volume of essays ready for the press, as well as two books of verse entitled respectively "New Poems" and "October Vagabonds."

The complaint is often heard in England that, since compulsory education has come in, the ranks of the writers have become crowded to suffocation, and that the mass of so-called literature produced by the compulsorily educated is choking England. The people who utter these complaints ought to visit America; they could then go back to their homes contented in the realisation that a paltry million or two of embryonic Board-school Carlyles and Keatses are a mere flea-bite compared with the state of things America has to put up with.

I do not know why it is that practically everybody in America is bent on writing. Our nearly universal belief in our literary abilities may come from that sweet self-confidence which is our most striking national characteristic—that same touching self-confidence which moved a fond mother of my acquaintance to say to me once in all sincerity, "Of course, even if Elizabeth is unable to find a position as teacher, she can always write."

Or it may be that we all write because there are so

many outlets for written matter. They used to say the New World was paved with gold. Nowadays they could fairly say it was paved with magazines. One of those newspaper statisticians who make a practice of giving out showy statements, such as that all the table-napkins used in New York in twenty-four hours would make, if piled one on the other, a heap as high as the Metropolitan Life building tower, and that the cost of soap required to wash them would support all the orphans in the East Side for a week, has stated that there is, in this country, a periodical of some kind for every three adult inhabitants. If anything approaching this is true—and I am inclined to believe that it certainly is—then it is easy to see why so many Americans spend their leisure in writing.

Writing, at any rate, is a favourite diversion, especially in the country districts, and there is a huge class made up of amateurs, who write largely, sell sparsely, and serve to crowd professionals in the magazine market. For this class, America in her usual practical way has provided hand books, reference books, record books, correspondence schools, and all sorts of conveniences. Especially remarkable, amongst these conveniences (nothing corresponding to which is to be found, I imagine, in England) is the magazine called *The Editor*, an entertaining little monthly intended to be helpful to the literary beginner, and doubtless fulfilling its mission.

My introduction to this publication, however, was such as to make me regard it in a rather absurd light. I chanced to be in the office of a person who has, in this country, a certain business connection with Mr. Maurice Hewlett. What was apparently a circular was in my presence delivered to this person. It bore Mr. Hewlett's name, and on tearing the wrapper it was found to be the current number of *The Editor*. Apparently it had been sent as a "sample copy," in the idea that Mr. Hewlett might become a subscriber. Glancing over the pages I could not but wonder what this accomplished artist would say when he discovered in his morning's post this magazine, and read, for example, an article entitled "The Art of Making Notes," containing the following suggestion: "The practice of describing sunsets night after night is of inestimable value," and, under "Correspondence with the Editor," a note from a nameless genius in Indiana to the effect that "through your criticism and assistance I have recently been enabled to place my work with four magazines."

Speaking, by the way, of the gambols of the popular statistician, I am reminded of a statement made by one of these gentry recently which may be of interest in England. This statement was that the average of books printed and published in New York each year was 26,000,000. These figures are said to represent eight-tenths of the total book-production of the country.

GALBRAITH.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS.

I ONCE read a book that I liked and disliked equally. It was about a young writer who lived in Chelsea and suffered from a very curious and rare disease, the gradual effect of which was to turn him brown all over. There was a certain grip and intensity about the book, though it struck one as of the kind that did not matter; a mere *tour de force* of a clever writer. I was a writer of sorts, and happened to live in Chelsea myself, and the book impressed me to the point of an examination of my own complexion in the glass. I seemed no duskier than usual, and forgot about the book. That was my first introduction to the work of Mr. Morley Roberts.

Mr. Roberts has nearly forgotten that particular story himself, but then he has written forty-six others, and most of them very much better ones. One pictures the man who has written nearly fifty books before he is fifty himself as a sort of literary recluse; as one who, like Ste. Beuve, immures himself within four walls for six days and nights in every week, his table and floor bare of everything save papers, his walls of everything save books. Thus Morley Roberts startles one when he admits that the best years of his life have been wild, untrammelled years—years spent in the open in strange countries and on strange seas, and that till he was thirty he never put pen to paper save to scribble down odd verses. Before he was twenty he was away to the Antipodes in the steerage of an ill-found and insanitary "wind-jammer," on a nightmare voyage that was followed by years of herding sheep and cattle; of finding himself by turns butcher, boundary-rider, railroad hand, tramp, and "sundowner." But he learnt some useful things: how to ride, how to drive a bullock team, how to shear a sheep, and kill it and cut it up when necessary, and how to look after himself. Sometimes he starved, sometimes he nearly died of thirst. Always he contrived to manage without any money to speak of. He knew himself for a wanderer, a nomad; he gloried in his freedom and the strength and health that it brought him.

In the son of an Inland Revenue officer who was compelled by the exigencies of his profession to be for ever conveying his family from one part of England to another, this wander-instinct seems not altogether unnatural. It is a similar restlessness that displays itself in his ungovernable dislike of conventions, of restraint of any sort. For Morley Roberts is a rebel, a scorner of the hard-and-fast restrictions of society, and even of civilisation. If you dubbed him an

Anarchist he would not very much mind. I believe that he calls himself a Socialist Individualist. To live at home during the period of early manhood demands a certain suppression of natural instincts, and to win favour with the authorities of a University calls for a similar cramping of individual growth. As he felt uninclined to do either of these things, at eighteen Morley Roberts kicked over the traces and exchanged home and Owens College for the steerage cabin of the *Hydrabad*. That was in 1876. He was a raw boy, perhaps, but he did not lack education, and he had brains. The spiritual force was there, seeking and finding communion with the finer souls around it, for his greatest friend then was George Gissing, and it was only Gissing's death that severed that friendship. Already he loved books, and he knew a little of foreign tongues—knowledge that was responsible for a humorous enough little episode. Among the mixed Oriental crew of the *Hydrabad* was a Pondicherry boy, who with his mates talked the usual mixture of Hindustani, Malay, and Tamil, though his native tongue of course was French, of a sort. Meeting him on deck one day it occurred to Mr. Roberts that this must be so. His greeting of "*Bonjour*, Pondicherry!" had an astounding result. Pondicherry dropped the burden he was carrying, with an awe-stricken look, held out both hands to embrace a fellow-countryman, and exclaimed, "What, do *you* come from Pondicherry?" The answer he could not believe; he was filled with a profound grief that his new-found compatriot should be ashamed of his own country. He continued in a state of mournful suspicion, brightening up only when French was spoken to him. At parting he made a final attempt to get at the truth. "Oh, sahib, tell me *now* where you learn Pondicherry." Disappointed once more, he retired, but even as the sahib was steaming away in the tender he waved his hand from the rail. "If you were not there," he shouted over the widening stretch of water, "how, *how* can you speak it?"

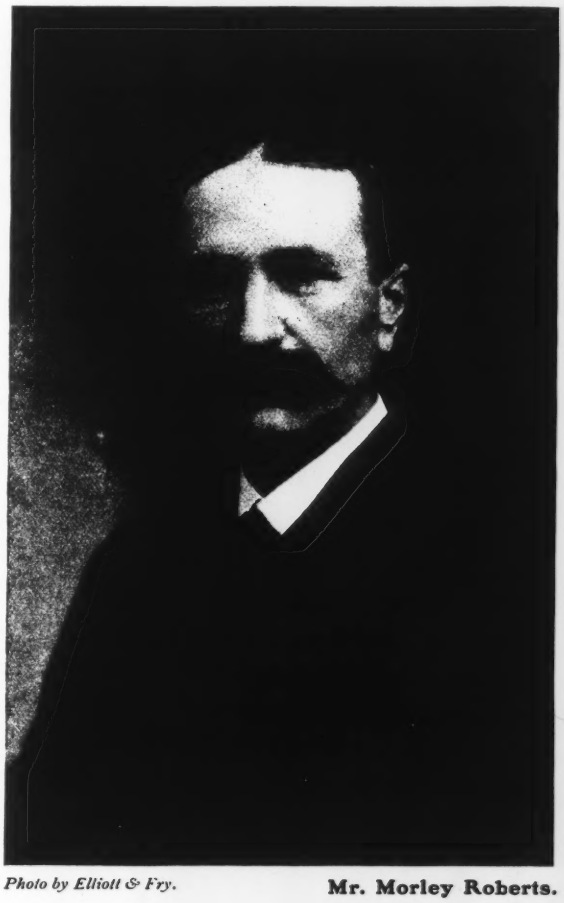


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Morley Roberts.

At twenty-one, a boy no longer, Morley Roberts came home, and it was characteristic of him that he should ship before the mast, as an able seaman. He had been at pains to master the rudiments of seamanship on the outgoing voyage, and a desire to save money instead of spending the little he had prompted him boldly to avow himself a skilled sailor. It is equally characteristic of him that he should have come through a very difficult ordeal with credit. No one on board, save one confidential friend, knew that "Edward Mitchell, A.B.," was unhardened by the years of experience that his work and behaviour seemed to warrant. After three years of roughing it the ties that bind even the most adventurous of her sons to the mother country still seemed strong, and Mr. Roberts made some attempt to settle down to the sedentary kind of life that most young Englishmen are almost forced to adopt. He stuck doggedly for a while to uncongenial and ill-remunerated work as a writer in the War Office, at a time when Wolseley was Quartermaster-General. An attempt to enter the permanent Civil Service came to nothing, mainly by reason of an attention diverted by increasing fondness for the production of poetry. Earlier efforts of this sort had been sent over regularly from Australia for the criticisms of Gissing and W. H. Hudson, another early friend. Then came a further temporary appointment, that was to last for two years, as a writer in the Indian Store Department, followed by a breakdown in health, the hurried collection of a few pounds, and a wild rush to Texas, of all places. There was freedom again, but it implied even harder work and more fatigue and misery, mental and bodily, than Mr. Roberts ever experienced in the more sparsely populated regions of the great Australian continent. The New World was overrun with men seeking work, and for the new chum there was little help and no sympathy. From New York he worked his way to the Texan prairies, up again to Chicago, thence into the heart of the fastnesses of British Columbia with the new railroad then being constructed, and from thence in turn to California, and the culminating horrors of three months' starvation during an unsuccessful search for work in San Francisco. If Morley Roberts is a little of a pessimist, it is due, I think, to the lasting strain of those hopeless months. There is a sketch of his that describes with an extraordinary vividness his

state of mind as he sat through a watch-night service in San Francisco, unmoved, bitter, and callous. I would quote from it if I had space, and in default of that I repeat a few lines descriptive of what his feelings were in the weeks that followed :

"My sacrifices were rejected, my fires quenched, and the heavy smoke ran low in the air, portending storm. I was raging, nihilistic, anarchist, a mutineer against gods and men, a sneerer, a scoffer, atheist even as to Nature and Loveliness : a misanthrope, a misogynist, a reviler of all things, a Sadducee, a Philistine. For the iron entered my soul. And I walked like a whirlwind, with a pestilence and despair in me, self-contained and wrathful. I ate in silence or went hungry in silence. I rose up in starvation, and lived on apple orchards like a bird of prey forced to hateful fruits, lacking blood and flesh. I passed men on the road and spoke not."

A meeting with a human being, a man who spoke softly and was kind, changed that mood. "The air was bright and kind and large," and the out-of-work tramp found that he could breathe. He came up from Avernus for a while, sat down, took out his Virgil, and read part of the Sixth Book. This Virgil, a *Sartor Resartus* read and re-read till it was got by heart, a collection of Emerson's Essays, and another book or two, were in Mr. Roberts's pack during most of those American wanderings. The Emerson he gave away to a woman who showed him kindness, but most of the others he has still. On a Californian farm he fell on his feet at last and found good employment, but he had done with America, and there was only to save up the passage money and come home. Though he has wandered in South Africa, where he met Kruger, and through the Pacific, where at Apia he enjoyed a not-to-be-forgotten talk with Stevenson, it was in America that Mr. Roberts learnt the bitterest lessons of the roughest of all lives, that of the man destined from birth to be a wayfarer, a pilgrim of the world.

So far I have said much of Mr. Roberts and his personal experiences, and but little of his work. After all, it stands for itself, though there is much that one might say of it. Following the early poems, many of which have been collected in a little book, "Songs of Energy" (Lawrence & Bullen, 1891), he wrote, mainly owing to the persuasions of those friends who had hung upon the recital of his travels, his first book, "The Western Avernus" (Smith, Elder, 1887). That book was written in twenty-six days, and brought him in fifty pounds. There have been two further issues, in 1896 and 1904. Mr. Roberts found that he could write, and worked at home for a year. At thirty he settled down in Chelsea, where for two years he toiled and starved. He wrote art criticisms for the *Scottish Art Review*, and worked for *Murray's Magazine* at the time when W. L. Courtney and Edwin Arnold were together on its staff. A novel, "In Low Relief," came out in 1890. His autobiographical "Land Travel and Sea-faring" was published by Lawrence & Bullen in 1891. In the next four years came nine novels and collections of short stories, of which "King Billy of Ballarat," a collection of eleven stories that proved his first success, was written in seventeen days. Mr. Roberts, for all his careful workmanship, is a wonderfully fast writer, and the end of 1900 saw him with fourteen more books to his credit, a rate of production he sustained until the appearance of what I think is his finest work, "Rachel Marr" (Nash, 1903). All these years he had been trying to please almost the only man whose artistic opinion he cared about, George Gissing, whose literary judgments, always sincere, were founded on the severest and most fastidious standards of criticism. This time Gissing was satisfied. I have seen the letter that he sent to his friend, a letter of the most whole-hearted delight and appreciation. George Gissing owed much to careful study of the literary methods of Turguenev, as did his friend, for the Russian novelist and Flaubert's disciple, de Maupassant, had from the beginning been Morley Roberts's models where the technique of his art was concerned. To take up the comparative standpoint again, "Rachel Marr" suggests Hardy to me more than any other author, for its sincerity and power, its inevitable tragedy that is shadowed forth with real sympathy and understanding for the woes of humanity. "David Bran," only published last year, an even more difficult book in the writing, whose development seemed to its author "like scaling one inaccessible peak after another," comes very near to it in point of merit, though not, I think, a better book. It is my belief that Thomas Hardy has never written a novel that deserved to rank above either of these.

Morley Roberts the writer is so extraordinarily many-sided a person that one feels almost bound to go on drawing attention to each of the many departments of fiction in which he seems so equally at home. His humorous studies of sailor-men justify an appreciation that space will not permit of. I can only draw attention to "The Blue Peter," a delightful collection of sea-comedies (Nash, 1906), though there are several others. Magazine readers will be familiar with those short stories with rather *outré* and extraordinary settings that Mr. Roberts excels in. But then he excels in so many things, and after numerous surprises I was still startled to come across a slim little book of delicate and carefully-wrought essays, "The Wingless Psyche" (Mathews, 1904), whose musical and ordered prose seemed like a far-away echo of Sir Thomas Browne.

I do not believe for a moment that Mr. Roberts intends that the book he is now engaged on, his forty-eighth, should be anything like his last. Nor do I know for certain that he will go on living the usual life of the town-dwelling author. But that he has formed the home-ties that most men make for themselves as the years go by, I could picture him one day shaking the dust of London from his feet, and thereafter up and away, with the "few pounds" in his pocket, his pack on his shoulders, and his face towards the hills and the sea.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

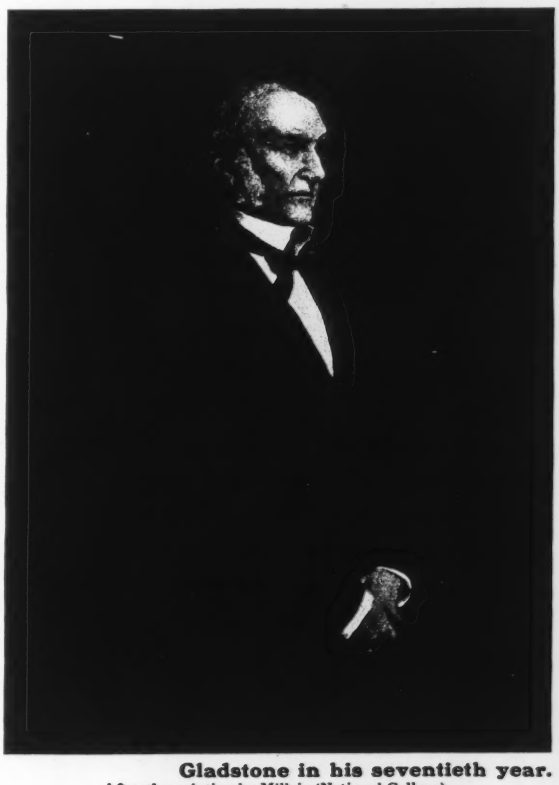
THE READER.

GLADSTONE AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

By Herbert Paul, M.P.

MR. GLADSTONE once told me that he was first led to write on Homer by indignation at the freedom with which the German critic Lachmann had tampered with the text of the Homeric poems. Lachmann's great services in restoring the integrity of Lucretius are universally acknowledged by scholars. But Lucretius had fallen into a state of hopeless corruption which was never the lot of Homer. Homer and Dante, as every one knows, were the poets that Gladstone most profoundly studied. I have heard him say that he owed more to Homer's German translator, Voss, than to any Homeric commentator. Dante's severe terseness was more foreign to Gladstone's own style than Homer's natural and expansive fluency. But no doubt he was powerfully attracted to Homer by the strange, mystical, almost Christian significance which he deduced from the Homeric mythology. He would not hear of the notion that the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were compiled by various ballad-mongers at different epochs. He had the courage to maintain that one man composed both poems substantially as we have them now. He had not in literature a critical mind, but a mind eminently receptive and capacious. Among his contemporaries there was probably no one who knew Homer and Dante better. But he could not realise the impossibility of finding in the old Greek epics a coherent system of definite theology.

To understand Gladstone's position as a man of letters, we must consider his training and associations. At Eton he read simply the Greek and Latin classics. At Oxford he took up also mathematics, with the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. After his double first and his degree, Parliament and politics absorbed a large part of his time. He retained, however, what Gibbon calls an invincible love of reading, and even mastered the works of St. Augustine while he was a young member of the House of Commons. His two works on Church and State, of which the first is the subject of a famous Essay by Macaulay, were probably written under the influence of scholastic and patristic ideas. It was these books that introduced Gladstone to the reading public as an eloquent controversialist of great rhetorical power. Macaulay's criticism of "The State in its Relations with the Church" is almost entirely destructive. It is indeed as fatal to his own Whig Erastianism as to the form of ecclesiastical polity which Gladstone at that time considered an attainable ideal in public affairs. Gladstone argued that the Church of England could be made paramount in the administration of the country without recourse to any penalty of a material kind for rejecting the ordinances of the Church. Macaulay had little difficulty in pointing out the numerous contradictions to which this doctrine led. When he came to the constructive part of his Essay, he found that the easiest and simplest way out of the dilemma was to have no theory at all. Erastianism and the Voluntary System can be readily put into a philosophical, or at least a theoretical form. Any other principle of the relation between Church and State is mere patchwork, which may be justified on practical or historical grounds, but cannot stand the fire of scientific criticism. These early efforts of Gladstone's genius are valuable and interesting because they show his resolute determination to get at the roots of things. The second book, the book on "Church Principles," was almost entirely theological in character. But the two together indicated a taste for investigation which is very seldom found to be compatible with a political career.



Gladstone in his seventieth year.
After the painting by Millais (National Gallery).

There has been of course one great and conspicuous instance on the other side. Edmund Burke was well known as a writer before he entered Parliament, and abstract propositions, though he often abjured them in terms, had a strong fascination for his mind. If it were said that Burke spoke as if he were writing, and that Gladstone wrote as if he were speaking, the paradox would be intelligible. But a good deal could be added

W. E. Gladstone at the age of thirty.
After the painting by William Bradley.

by way of comment. Burke never held an important office. He was not brought into much contact with the real business of administration. Gladstone was always strongest in the concrete, and weakest when he strayed into generalities. The style of Burke's pamphlets and the style of his speeches are exactly the same. There is in both the splendour, the turgid rhetoric, the felicitous phraseology, the instructive and yet often tiresome digression. He was a great man, made of one piece. No one would gather from Gladstone's "Gods and Men of the Homeric Age" that he was a politician at all. He did occasionally write political pamphlets. Burke's literary productions are altogether different. At one notable epoch a book of his own did affect Gladstone's public career. When in 1845 Sir Robert Peel proposed an additional grant to Maynooth, the Irish training college for Catholic priests, Gladstone resigned office before voting in its favour, that his motives for abandoning the doctrine of his work on Church and State might not be misunderstood. But as a rule he kept the two sides of his mental activity entirely distinct. If he had not been a famous statesman, he would still occupy a niche in the temple of honour as a subtle and eloquent master of polished and elaborate English. By a curious coincidence he had an especial admiration for the severely simple style of Swift. His own method was altogether dissimilar. He had a remarkable gift for threading his way through the most complicated sentences without dropping the grammatical clue. He was fertile in illustration, ample in argument, ingenious in analogy. He always maintained a high level, discarding instinctively whatever would have brought the subject down to a lower pitch. At the same time he was never monotonous. One of his chief merits as a writer is that he varies his treatment with each phase of the theme, and meets fresh points with new kinds of reasoning. His vocabulary was large, and he was a nice student of meanings, so that his books deserve to be studied from a philological point of view. Although he never wrote without a definite purpose, he was an artist in words, carefully choosing them, and combining them with great skill. His translation of Manzoni's Ode to Napoleon is a very fine piece of rhetoric, and as much like poetry as any translation can well be.

When he wrote about Homer, Gladstone showed a knowledge of his subject which could hardly be surpassed. He showed also a singular faculty of ingenious and subtle inference from literary observation. If we had any evidence about Homer, we should probably find that Gladstone had reasons for many of his conclusions in regard to matters which cannot now be tested by any definite means. As it is, the book is valuable chiefly because it impresses upon the reader the multitude of ideas that the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" contain. In this respect Gladstone's mind was extraordinarily comprehensive. He took in all aspects of a subject. He had studied Homer until the Homeric world was as familiar to him as the world in which he lived. Then he set his imagination at work, and engrafted upon the simplicity of a mythical or semi-mythical age a variety of complicated ideas which belong to an altogether different stage of human progress. But the value of the picture is not impaired by the fanciful nature of the criticism. What Gladstone has done is to express in modern language the story and the illustrations of wonderful old poems. What he has failed to do is to construct upon them a definite theory of systematic religion. No one, after reading his book, feels Homer to be less poetical. Gladstone does nothing to materialise the fancy or make the legends prosaic. If he lays upon Homer's poetry a weight which it will not bear, he has done more than any other writer to bring out the full extent of the majesty, beauty, and variety which the Homeric poems contain.

The volumes of Gladstone's "Gleanings" show the extent and variety of his studies. His essays range over a large number of topics, few of which can be described in the strict sense as literary. Gladstone always had a strong leaning towards theology, and he devoted much space to proving that "Ecce Homo" was framed in accordance with the method of the synoptic gospels. This essay is a curious illustration of his sympathy with religious views which he did not himself hold. He endeavoured to show that the treatment which Christ's teaching received in "Ecce Homo" was peculiarly suited to the age, because it brought the reader down from abstractions to the plain truths inculcated by the Founder of the Christian religion. In order to make his point good, Mr. Gladstone subjects "Ecce Homo" to the closest scrutiny, comparing it at every

step with the gospels, and explaining how it could be brought into harmony with them. Nothing was more remarkable in Gladstone than his power of concentration, of giving his whole mind to the work upon which he was at the time engaged. On the other hand he sometimes allowed himself to be so far carried away by his subject that he magnified its importance, and wrote as if a book he happened to be reviewing were a momentous epoch in the history of thought. His infinite capacity for taking pains, which was Carlyle's definition of genius, is at once the strength and the weakness of his literary efforts. Nothing was too great, and nothing was too small, for the grasp of his mind. If some of his reflections upon "Ecce Homo" seem petty, his speculation upon the influence of Christian teaching is vast and profound. In his remarks upon Theodore Martin's Life of the Prince Consort he touches very small points in the working of the British Constitution, and very large questions in the theory of government. So again in the essay called "Kin Beyond Sea." Part of it is occupied with quite minute criticism of the constitutional system of the United States, the other part with the widest contrast between the old world and the new. This sort of double operation is characteristic of Gladstone, at once as a student and as a man of affairs. It is no special peculiarity of this or that writing. It may be traced throughout his long period of literary production. He always went to the heart of the matter, and at the same time he collected by the way an abundance of anecdotes or illustrations, each with its individual place and meaning. In his "Chapter of Autobiography," which was mainly designed to show that he had abandoned the leading principle of "The State in its Relations with the Church" more than twenty years before he pronounced for the Disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, he contrived to embody an interesting survey of the changes in ecclesiastical sentiment during the forty years which had passed since he left the University of Oxford. There are few better specimens of Gladstone's written style than the concluding paragraph of this personal essay:

Photo by E. J. Lavell, Balham, S.W.

W. E. Gladstone.
Taken at Hawarden in 1887.

"It is, then, by a practical rather than a theoretic test that our Establishments of religion should be tried. In applying this practical test, we must be careful to do it with those allowances which are as necessary for the reasoner in moral subjects as it is for the reasoner in mechanics to allow for friction or for the resistance of the air. An Establishment that does its work in much, and has the hope and likelihood of doing it in more: an Establishment that has a broad and living way open to it into the hearts of the people: an Establishment that can commend the services of the present by the recollections and traditions of a far-reaching past: an Establishment able to appeal to the active zeal of the greater portion of the people, and to the respect or scruples of almost the whole, whose children dwell chiefly on her actual living work and service, and whose adversaries, if she has them, are in the main content to believe that there will be a future for them and their opinions: such an Establishment should surely be maintained. But an Establishment that neither does, nor has the means of doing, work, except for a few, and those few the portion of the community whose claim to public aid is the smallest of all: an Establishment severed from the mass of the people by an impassable gulph, and by a wall of brass: an Establishment whose good offices, could she offer them, would be intercepted by a long unbroken chain of painful and shameful recollections: an Establishment leaning for support upon the extraneous aid of a State, which becomes discredited with the people by the very act of lending it: such an Establishment would do well for its own sake, and for the sake of its creed, to divest itself, as soon as may be, of gauds and trappings, and to commence a new order, in which, renouncing at once the credit and the discredit of the civil sanction, it shall seek

Mr. Gladstone's Study at Hawarden: The Empty Chair.
From "The Life of Gladstone," by H. W. Massingham. (*Illustrated London News* Office, London.)

By McClure Hamilton (Luxembourg).

W. E. Gladstone.

its strength from within, and put a fearless trust in the message that it bears."

It has been said that the chief object of style is to bring the exact meaning of the writer before the mind of the reader. Gladstone's purpose rather was to procure assent for his own arguments and conclusions. He was not of course a man of letters pure and simple, or even a man of letters in the first place. He could never cease to be practical, even when he was most apparently remote from the living issues of the day. His mind was penetrated with the thoughts of the best writers in Greek and Latin, in English and Italian. But it was their thoughts rather than their language that he had made his own. He wrote to impress his meaning, not to try experiments in phraseology. He exercised his faculties, when he held the pen, not so much in turning sentences and rounding periods, as in preparing the way for the inferences that he wished his reader to draw. The distinctive merit of his literary work is that it unites dialectical skill with argumentative force in such a way as to make logic and rhetoric sustain and amplify each other.

CHRISTMAS HUMOUR.

WE have so often told each other there is a great scarcity of humour in modern literature that I am afraid some of us are beginning to believe it. If it were true, it would scarcely be surprising, for we do not encourage the humorist; we give him occasionally more money but always less respect than we give to the poet, and that is not saying much. The fact is, most of us have no real sense of humour; otherwise we should neither take the solemn ass seriously nor condescend to the humorist. As it is, we do both, as a mere matter of course. The general notion seems to be that if a man makes jokes he cannot also make literature, or have any feeling for it or knowledge of it; yet I suppose no man had ever a finer literary taste than that incorrigible punster and frivolous jester, Charles Lamb, and Shakespeare, our greatest of poets, was also our greatest of humorists. Humour, indeed, is a form of poetry; it is a matter of moods and emotions; your humorist, like your poet, is born, not made, and it is possible to be as subtly and greatly artistic in comedy as in tragedy, but red is not so impressive as black. We take our literature sadly and our authors by weight; when they are light we value them lightly. If a quite serious writer composes a high-class guide-book, or mugs up the record of some dead person who, at the best of times, was more scandalous than famous, and compiles an obese, uninspired volume concerning him, or her, we are prepared to count that writer as a literary man and classify his book as history; but if another, not gifted with this barren seriousness, writes some book of original humour, a creative work so far as it goes and not a mere hash of other men's thoughts and other men's writings, it does not occur to us that this may be literature, and we dismiss it in a patronising paragraph or so as something that is amusing but not dignified. Melancholy is always more respectable than merriment; a grave man looks wiser than a genial one, even if he is not. We take off our hat to the tragedian, but we pat the comedian on the back, and this familiarity breeds contempt in us, because, as I say, we have no right sense of humour and so are apt to mistake fun for folly, and serious folly for intelligence. If Hood had never written any Whims and Oddities, we should have been able to realise his greatness as a poet. Chesterton's criticisms would lose none of their acuteness if he ceased to edge them with laughter, but if only he would leave off laughing and become a solemn humbug, we might enjoy him less, but we could believe in him and admire him ever so much more and reverence instead of archly tolerating him. If we had a right sense

of humour, indeed, we should know how to value our authors who are humorists and our authors who overvalue themselves because they are not.

Howbeit, in spite of all such discouragements, and whilst we are lamenting the lack of them, humorists do still flourish amongst us and are so far from being scarce that they are probably as plentiful and as various as they have been at any period of our literary history. To name only the few that occur to one readily at this moment of writing, we have Anstey, W. S. Gilbert, Barrie, Jacobs, Jerome, Chesterton, Lucas, Belloc, Max Beerbohm, Shaw, Owen Seaman, Pett Ridge, Inglis Allen, Barry Pain, J. J. Bell, Zangwill, Wells, Walter Emanuel, Anthony Hope, Percy White, Storer Clouston, and Kipling, whom I was almost omitting, for of late he has grown prodigiously serious. So has Zangwill, for the matter of that, and so have one or two of the others; and whether this access of gravity is but the shadow of approaching middle-age, or whether it has been unconsciously induced by the discovery that in this country the serious author is more honoured than the humorous, is a nice point that I shall not attempt to resolve.

The humour of Barrie, of Anstey, of Gilbert, and of most of the others is happily unfailing; if you read "They and I,"[1] you will know that Jerome's has grown mellower and fuller-flavoured with the passing of the years; Barry Pain was as shrewdly whimsical as ever in his recent "Proots Before Pulping,"[2] and Jacobs in his new collection of stories, "Sailors' Knots,"[3] is still at his best.

"'Where's Henery Walker?' he says in a loud voice."
From "Sailors' Knots," by W. W. Jacobs. (Methuen.)

Jacobs has already had more imitators than you could number on the fingers of both hands, but not one of them has succeeded in capturing his secret. You open at the first page here:

"'Sailormen ain't wot you might call dandified as a rule,' said the night-watchman, who had just had a passage-of-arms with a lighterman, and been advised to let somebody else wash him and make a good job of it; 'they've got too much sense. They leave dressing up and making eyesores of theirselves to men wot 'ave never smelt salt water; men wot drift up and down the river in lighters and get in everybody's way.'

"He glanced fiercely at the retreating figure of the lighterman, and turning a deaf ear to a request for a lock of his hair to patch a favourite doormat with, resumed with much vigour his task of sweeping up the litter."

Then he proceeds to relate the history of the most dandified sailor he ever knew. It seems simple enough; there ought to be no secret about it at all. No eccentricity of manner; no irritating puns; no straining after epigrams; just a reproduction of the native humour of the characters who are introduced. You would think any one might loiter by the water-side, pick up the tricks of speech, the jests and wry, rough humour of the people there, and come away and write a story of this kind without any difficulty. Yet nobody has done it, and nobody seems able to do it except Jacobs. When you have said that half the humour of his tales lies in the situation, and the other half in the dialogue, that is as much as you can profitably do in the way of analysing them; it is very much better merely to read and enjoy them. There are a round dozen in this fresh volume; all of them are good, and "Deserted" and "Keeping Up Appearances," "Odd Man Out" and "Double Dealing" are as delightfully absurd, as irresistibly funny, as anything Jacobs has ever given us.

Arnold Holcombe's name is new to me. "The Odd Man"[1] is the first book of his, anyway, that I have come across, and I shall be very glad to get hold of another. His story is of how John Hicks, "born just in time to secure the advantages of cheap education," inherits from his father the shabby old thatched cottage in which he had been born. This cottage and its garden ground are all his wealth; but he is fond of books, and has no taste for work, and so long as he can pick up a sufficiency of odd jobs to keep him in food and literature he is perfectly contented. His cottage, however, stands in the centre of the village, and when much of the adjacent property has been purchased by a local magnate who is bent on developing the place, and there are two imposing villas neighbouring his land and depreciated in value because of that contiguity, it is felt that John's crazy cottage must be bought up and done away with; but John cannot be persuaded to sell. This is the pivot on which the whole story turns. His easy obstinacy thwarts the plans of the pompous capitalist, and neither threats, nor

[1] "They and I." By Jerome K. Jerome. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

[2] "Proofs Before Pulping." By Barry Pain. 1s. net. (Mills & Boon.)

[3] "Sailors' Knots." By W. W. Jacobs. Illustrated by Will Owen. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

[1] "The Odd Man." By Arnold Holcombe. 6s. (John Lane.)

flattery, nor money are of any avail with him. The respectabilities of the neighbourhood resent his presence in their midst; he is despised, ostracised, and abused until—well, in the end an uncle of his dies out in America, and makes John a millionaire, and the nighbourhood promptly revises its opinions, but John is a man of character and does not want the sort of friendship they are now eager to offer him. The whole thing is done in a spirit of admirable comedy, with a pleasant little love affair to throw the humour of it into sharper relief.

Directly the new Harmsworth publication, "The World's Great Books," began to make its appearance, I began to look out for parodies of it. Smart, popular, aggressively daring, it was the sort of literary prodigy that simply cried out loud to be parodied, and Keble Howard was the first to answer the cry with his "Potted Brains, or Quick Culture for All."[1] Mr. Howard has been satisfied with the lightest suggestion of parody; his main purpose has been to get plenty of fun out of the idea, and he has undeniably got it. His preface on "The Inner Purpose of this Work" is broadly satirical, and instead of attempting to burlesque the abbreviated books of different authors he devotes himself to telling you about the authors themselves, beginning with Aristotle, and ending with Keble Howard and John Hassall, of whom he tells you "Mr. Keble Howard is a young, earnest writer who is waiting, as patiently as may be, for the simultaneous demise of Mr. Jerome, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Barry Pain, and Mr. Pett Ridge," whilst "Mr. John Hassall is an artist who designs posters with his right hand, paints works of art with his left, and illustrates books with his teeth. His right hand works a good deal faster than his left and, therefore, brings home more money at night." It is all most excellent fooling; both author and artist have worked in the liveliest irresponsible vein, and the result must move Messrs. Lucas and Graves and George Morrow to look to their laurels.

Or would do, only that here, close in the wake of "Potted Brains," they are looking to them already, and taking particular good care of them. "Farthest from the Truth"[1] is as gloriously, irrepressibly farcical as any of its famous predecessors. You open it thinking "They have done it four times; they surely can't do it again," but you have not read a couple of pages before it begins to become sufficiently apparent to you that they *have* done it again, and done it as well as ever. This time it is the Cook and Peary event that suggests the line of treatment, and you have a series of "dashes" for prominent topics of the hour, interspersed with excellently absurd advertisements; and well-known persons in the book world, and in every other kind of world, are handled with a freedom and gay impertinence that can move even its victims to nothing but laughter.

Mr. C. L. Graves is represented, by the way, in the "Later Poems from *Punch*,"[2] for which Mr. Arthur Waugh has written an admirable preface, touching on the perishable quality of most humour, on the kind of humour that passes and the kind that endures. "Tricks of phrase vanish; superficial witticisms wither; but the heart of humour is the same, under Edward as under Elizabeth," says Mr. Waugh, and in this pleasant volume he presents "to lovers of the merry heart a collection of light verse characteristic of our own generation." The twenty-nine contributors include Owen Seaman, R. C. Lehmann, St. John Hankin, John Kendall, E. J. Milliken, A. A. Milne, C. L. Graves, G. K. Menzies, A. St. John Adcock, A. A. Sykes, and Jessie Pope.

But Miss Jessie Pope has just published another book of humorous verses all to herself. "Airy Nothings"[3] she calls them. They are delightfully airy, and may be nothings, but it is certainly something to have written them. "Any Woman to Any Suffragette" and "Any Suffragette to Any Woman" are on the borderland between jest and earnest, but the other poems in the book sparkle

[1] "Potted Brains." By Keble Howard. Illustrated by John Hassall. 1s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

"Ibsen pretending to be a lion whilst entertaining Mr. Archer."
From "Potted Brains," by Keble Howard. (Stanley Paul.)

[1] "Farthest from the Truth." By the Authors of "Wisdom While You Wait." Illustrated by George Morrow. 1s. net. (Pitman.)

[2] "Later Poems from *Punch*." Introduction by Arthur Waugh. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

[3] "Airy Nothings." By Jessie Pope. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

with the same delicate fancy, the same quite irony and gay humour that made "Paper Pellets" one of the most successful among recent collections of light verse.

The first time I came across the name of William Caine it was on the cover of a book published by Arrowsmith, and bearing the unpromising title of "The Confectioners." He was part author of that book, and I am ashamed to confess that, at the moment, I cannot recall the name of his partner; but I remember it vividly as the most original, fantastic, laughter-compelling book I had lighted upon for many a long day. Mr. Caine has since given us off his own bat—or, more correctly, off his own pen—"The Pursuit of the President" and "The Victim and the Voter," and now he is here again with "Boom! A Novel of the Century."[1] I shall not attempt to outline his story. It is dedicated "To My Conscience," and there is no denying that the dedication is well deserved. For the rest, "my book is devoted to showing that, in this twentieth century, Advertisement is the surest and speediest method of attracting attention, of achieving any object whatever," remarks Mr. Caine, and he holds you with a capital burlesque that has a deal of cold truth underlying it to enforce his argument. Everybody who reads it will rejoice in it unless he happens to be the original of one of the characters—for I have reasons for suspecting that some of them *have* originals.

"Alas, my poor Folio."

From "Farthest from the Truth," by the Authors of "Wisdom While You Wait" and George Morrow. (Pitman.)

It is too late in the day now to be praising the Savoy Operas, particularly these four of the most popular of them that are published by Messrs. Bell.[2] Many of their countless admirers will be glad to have "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Princess Ida," and "The Yeomen of the Guard" so well printed and so beautifully illustrated as they are in this large and handsomely got-up volume, a specially interesting feature of which is the Foreword, in which their author relates divers notable or amusing incidents in connection with the writing and production of them. Coming to "The Yeomen of the Guard" he says:

"The genesis of this libretto was a placard advertisement of the Tower Furnishing Company, in which a Beefeater was a conspicuous figure. I was on my way from Uxbridge to Paddington, and having missed my train at Uxbridge, I had an hour to wait, and so it came to pass that I had plenty of time in which to study the advertisement on the walls. The Beefeater on the placard suggested to me that an effective libretto might be constructed, the scenes in which should represent two views of the Tower of London, with a body of Beefeaters as male chorus. My first idea was to make the piece modern, with young ladies, guardsmen, a Lieutenant of the Tower, and so forth; but a picture of a jester in a magazine which I bought to read while I was waiting suggested to me the advisability of putting the piece back into the sixteenth century in order that I might be able to weave that effectively dramatic figure into the story. I had christened the piece 'The Beefeaters,' but Sir Arthur Sullivan considered 'Beefeaters' to be an ugly word; so at his urgent insistence the title was altered to 'The Yeomen of the Guard,' notwithstanding the fact that the Yeomen of the Guard, properly so called, have no association with the Tower of London."

Sir William Gilbert adds that this piece was a special favourite with Sullivan; he himself regards it as the best work he and Sullivan produced together, and is also "disposed to believe that if I had not missed that train I should never have written that piece." Mr. Flint has not aimed so much to depict the tricksy, grotesque fantasy of the plays as to illustrate their picturesqueness, their quaintness, and those scenes and characters whose grace or beauty or dramatic effectiveness made them fitting subjects for his delicate art.

"The decay of originality in England at the moment is obvious," says Marmaduke, in his "Maxims,"[1] and he puts it down to the undue cultivation of the warehousing properties of the brain. "There are the warehousing and the manufacturing minds," he reasons; "it is a grave error in our system of education that it cultivates the former in preference to the latter. When there were comparatively few books, the warehousing mind was invaluable; the 'learned' collected, stored, and conveyed knowledge which might otherwise have been lost. In the altered conditions of our time it is the manufacturing faculty that should be cultivated; we should develop the creative power of the brain." That is perfectly true; it is an important facet of the very truth I tried to enunciate when I wrote the opening paragraph of this article. But there is a rich supply of all sorts of truth in Marmaduke's "Maxims"; they are a very mine of truth, much of it compressed into tabloid form and flavoured with wit and irony and sly sarcasm and epigrammatic humour. The score or so of sketches and essayettes on a variety of subjects, ranging from "The Gods of Belgravia" to "The Art of Self-Advertisement," are delightfully witty and outspoken; but we can more easily sample the book by stealing some of the maxims that bejewel the earlier pages:

'It is not the mischievous that do the most harm: it is the mistaken."

"Man is the Lord of Creation; woman the Lady of Recreation."

"Genius is Nature's millionaire."

"We never forgive those who cannot hurt us."

[1] "Boom!" By William Caine. 6s. (Greening.)

[2] "Savoy Operas." By W. S. Gilbert. 32 Illustrations in Colour by W. Russell Flint. 15s. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

[1] "The Maxims of Marmaduke." By C. E. Jerningham. 5s. (Methuen.)

"Frequently the extraordinary man is only the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances."

"Cleverness without self-confidence will scarcely bleat; self-confidence without cleverness will roar so that to most it appears a lion."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss; it gathers gloss, however, which is considered to be altogether preferable in these days."

"Ability will out—in England, generally at the elbows."

"Pit cleverness against character; character wins."

"Well-bred incivility should seldom exceed the limit of delicate inattentions."

Talking of civility, you may get some acute satire and some excellently flippant hints on points of etiquette from Harry Graham's "Deportmental Ditties."[1] He starts with you at birth, and proceeds thereafter to furnish you with outrageous advice as to your behaviour in childhood, the way to propose, how to conduct your marriage, on table manners, politeness in general, dancing, and how to comport yourself in various circumstances that the genteel man of the world ought to be prepared to face. He sandwiches between his satirical counsels appropriate anecdotes about his relatives or friends, as thus, in the middle of a dissertation on Politeness:

"My cousin John was most polite.
He led short-sighted Mrs. Bond,
By accident, one winter's night,
Into the village pond.
Her life perhaps he might have saved,
But how genteelly he behaved!

"Each time she rose and waved to him,
He smiled and bowed and doffed his hat;
—Thought he, 'Although I cannot swim,
At least I can do that.'—
And when for the third time she sank,
He stood bareheaded on the bank!"

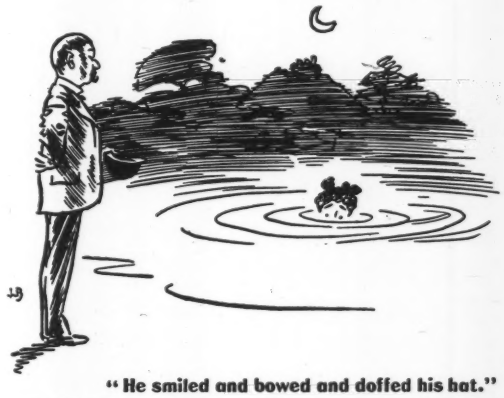
There are fifteen of these "Deportmental Ditties," written with a neatness and rollicking drollery that make delectable reading, and twice that number of "Other Verses" that are equally good, and over sixty drawings by Mr. Lewis Baumer that are as clever and as humorous as the very best of the verses.

One time and another, I have read five of Mr. Horace Wyndham's novels; whatever he writes is well worth reading; and I thought that in "Reginald Auberon" he touched his high-water mark. But his new novel, "Chetwynd's Career,"[1] will rank with his highest; if it were not that it becomes a little less probable towards the close it might even have surpassed it. Chetwynd is a brilliant piece of characterisation; he portrays himself and is made to betray all his weaknesses unconsciously with a skill and cynical humour that are at times almost cruel. He is not such a callous brute as the inimitable Auberon, who reappears in these pages married again and sedately settled down, nor is he quite so much of a snob, but he is equally vain and selfishly careful of his own interests. It is the autobiography of a cad, but Chetwynd is an interesting

[1] "Deportmental Ditties." By Harry Graham. Illustrated by Lewis Baumer. 3s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

[1] "Chetwynd's Career." By Horace Wyndham. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"I didn't become a head-jailer because I liked head-jailing."—Wilfred in "The Yeomen of the Guard."
Reproduced from colour illustration in "Savoy Operas," by W. S. Gilbert. (Bell & Sons.)



"He smiled and bowed and doffed his hat."
From "Deportmental Ditties," by Harry Graham. (Mills & Boon.)

cad; you despise him, but cannot deny that he is uncommonly entertaining. Mr. Wyndham has insight, a wide knowledge of life, and a great gift of irony; withal he works with so light a hand that though you cannot say any of his characters are pleasant people, his novel is one of the pleasantest as well as one of the ablest novels of the year.

"Two on a Tour" [1] is the light-hearted record of a cycling tour that was "hatched in Arcady," and gone upon by "Christopherson and I," two sober married men who had been on similar journeyings before. There are many adventures and some hearty laughs in it. There are hearty laughs too in "The Humour of the Post-Office" [2]—far more than you would perhaps think could be extracted from so business-like a quarter. Some of the incidents and anecdotes related of the postal service are indeed so farcical that it was necessary Mr. Hyamson should assure us in his preface that they are all authentic and he has not drawn on his imagination for a single one of them. I had intended quoting one or two that I have chuckled over, but my space is running out, and I can only advise you not to miss the book if you are looking for amusement. Another amusing miscellany of a totally different order is Mr. Alfred H. Miles's "Drawing-Room Entertainments." [3] Here you have a number of monologues, duologues, and dialogues by various authors, admirably suited for drawing-room and platform use and sure of a warm welcome from amateur entertainers who are seeking good recitations and playlets for their Christmas repertoires.

Among the most charming of Christmas booklets are the series of "Cecil Aldin's Little Books of Life and Sport" [4] that come from Mr. Heinemann. These include Steele's tales of "The Perverse Widow" and "The Henpecked Man"; "Wives," "The Widow," and "Bachelors, and A Bachelor's Confessions," by Washington Irving; and the perennial "Jorrocks on 'Unting," by R. S. Surtees. Aldin's colour pictures, full of the old-time atmosphere and alive with jolly old men and stately dames and dainty damsels, to say nothing of his inevitable dogs and horses, are a sheer joy.

Even the children are liberally provided with humorous reading in these latter-day Christmases. Once upon a time they had little more than a choice of mild fairy stories, moral tales, cautionary poems, and the queer, familiar humour of the nursery rhymes. There is a curiously agreeable flavour of that far-away era in "The Daisy, or Cautionary Stories in Verse. Adapted to the ideas of Children from four to eight years old," [1] and the quaintly simple verses and suitably quaint illustrations cannot fail to fascinate the small persons of the nursery for whom they are intended. "Powder and Jam" [2] appeals to readers of the same ages, and if the conceited boy whose neck stretches until his head is above the clouds, and Wee Winnie Wankie who wouldn't use a hankie and had something astonishingly inconvenient happen to her nose, are ineffective as awful examples to the youthful reader, they will at any rate easily succeed in keeping him thoroughly amused. There is less of wildly fantastic fun and more of adventure in "The Story of Little Black Bobtail," [3] which is really a narrative of three little black children who lived in a little house by a river and were one day overtaken by a flood, and escaped on a raft made out of a ladder and had some quite exciting experiences. It is a capital little yarn, and the illustrations are exactly as odd as they ought to be.

[1] "Two on a Tour." By Walter A. Mursell. 1s. (Alexander Gardiner.)
[2] "The Humour of the Post-Office." By Albert M. Hyamson. 1s. net. (Routledge.)
[3] "Drawing-Room Entertainments." Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 1s. net. (Stanley Paul.)
[4] "Cecil Aldin's Little Books of Life and Sport." Illustrated in Colour and in Black-and-White by Cecil Aldin. 1s. net each. (Heinemann.)

[1] "The Daisy, or Cautionary Tales." With Illustrations by Ruth A. Hobson. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)
[2] "Powder and Jam." By Mary Bisgood. With 32 Coloured Plates by the author. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)
[3] "The Story of Little Black Bobtail." By the Author of "The Story of Little Black Mingo." Illustrated in Colour. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

"Youngsters should be cautious o' spurs; they may use them wot is called incontinently, and get into grief."
From "Jorrocks on 'Unting." Pictures by Cecil Aldin. (Heinemann.)

"The Story of Simple Simon" [1] is of course the immortal old favourite that we all know—or think we do. I must admit my education was so far neglected that I never knew there were more than three verses of it, and here I see there are seven, and Frank Adams's full-page colour pictures and smaller black-and-white sketches catch the fun and spirit of them all completely. The same artist does the fullest justice, too, to Mr. Gurney Benham's "Arthur and the Boilybird" [2]—a startlingly up-to-date alphabet book in which A stands for Arthur himself, and B for the Boilybird whose portrait must be seen before you can believe in him.

Then, for the youngsters also, there is the tale of the merry doings of the "Farm Babies," [3] who are all chickens and animals, and are sketched with Cecil Aldin's characteristic humour; and it is Cecil Aldin again who draws and paints pictures for "The White Kitten Book," [4] wherein you may read how the white kitten Snow had trouble with the black kitten Soot, and a rascally funny dog whose name was Sweep. The humour of "Dollikin Dutch" [5] is quieter, and there is a touch of pretty sentiment about it, so that you laugh at what happened to Dollikin, who had one of her wooden legs tied on and had to walk with a crutch, when she was given away to Piet, the little Dutch boy, and went to help him and his sister Nella—but you laugh sympathetically.

"The Land of Nod" [1] brings you round to adventures again; a full, long story and a capital one, and one that older children will enjoy no less than their younger brothers and sisters. It is the story of how Tinkle and Tess were taken to the Land of Nod one Christmas Eve by the Sand Man, of the many unexpected things that happened to them there, and how amongst other and much stranger people they met with Santa Claus and were allowed to go over his workshop. It is a merry and ingenious narrative, skilfully unfolded by Mr. Walker McSpadden, and as skilfully illustrated by Mr. Edward L. Chase with brush and pencil.

These, it goes without saying, are but a small selection of the humorous books of the hour; I have spoken only of such as chance to have come under my own notice. Others are dealt with elsewhere in THE BOOKMAN, and I am satisfied that those and these together are enough and good enough to demonstrate that if we tell each other again that Christmas is growing duller, that our humorists are dying off and there is a dearth of humour, it is merely because we are anticipating the pudding and mince-pies and are suffering from a premature nightmare and shall not know any better until we wake up.

DRAYTON FORD.

[1] "Simple Simon." Illustrated in Colour by Frank Adams. 2s. (Blackie.)

[2] "Arthur and the Boilybird: An A.B.C. Story." By W. Gurney Benham. With Colour Pictures by Frank Adams. 1s. 6d. (Blackie.)

[3] "Farm Babies." By Cecil Aldin. 3s. 6d. and 5s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

[4] "The White Kitten Book." By Cecil Aldin. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

[5] "Dollikin Dutch." With Coloured Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

[1] "The Land of Nod." By J. Walker McSpadden. Drawings by Edward L. Chase. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

"And when night came they all squeezed into one big basket and tucked themselves under the blankets and slept sweetly under the moon and stars."

From "The Story of Little Black Bobtail." (Nisbet.)

HOW I SPEND CHRISTMAS.

WITH SOME REMARKS ON CHRISTMAS AS DICKENS DREW IT.

BY BARRY PAIN, ARTHUR RACKHAM, JEROME K. JEROME, KATHARINE TYNAN, W. PETT RIDGE, MRS. HENRY DUDENEY, TOM BROWNE, R.I., JOHN GALSWORTHY, HAROLD BEGBIE, JOSEPH HOCKING, W. HEATH ROBINSON, MAX PEMBERTON, AND JOHN HASSALL, R.I.

BARRY PAIN

is reticent about personal experiences.

Doubtless, in writing of Christmas, Dickens followed his habitual practice of saying rather more than the truth. But Christmas of the Dickensian kind existed and still exists. Nor does it seem to me excessive that for one day in three hundred and sixty-five we should, under the stimulus of certain festive indulgences, consent to lay aside our usual rancour.

I regret that I cannot forward any personal experiences for publication.

BARRY PAIN.

ARTHUR RACKHAM

keeps Christmas where there is turkey.

I imagine I am correct in assuming that your Dickens Christmas in part, if not mainly, depends on the presence of snow, ice, turkeys, and plum-pudding. Also potations to be finished under the table, and poor relations who keep in bed all day in the unsuccessful endeavour to get rid of the effects of these.

I hate keeping in bed all day, but I *do* "keep Christmas," and I keep it where I believe there is turkey and am sure there is plum-pudding of sorts. But, Lord! I don't care so long as the real old-fashioned English Dickensy Christmas is made possible by the presence of snow and ice galore—there's six feet of snow there already, they say, so that's all right. NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!

"Keep Christmas," indeed! I should think so.

ARTHUR RACKHAM.

JEROME K. JEROME

thinks it does us good.

I hold that the effort made by quite a number of persons at Christmas to be amiable cannot but be beneficial to them.

JEROME K. JEROME.

KATHARINE TYNAN

tells some Christmas memories.

I should say that the Dickens Christmas has always been kept, and is still kept, wherever there are children. I remember quite Dickensian Christmases in my own childhood—a Santa Claus father coming home laden with good things on Christmas Eve, a Christmas tree, a magic lantern show: all sorts of romps culminating in the pantomime somewhere about Twelfth Day. That was a real Dickensian father who took some eleven of his offspring to the pantomime, taking up at least half a row of seats in the old Dublin Theatre Royal, and requiring some four cabs for transport. I can quite well remember sitting under a Sheraton sideboard, hidden in the obscurity from my elders, on a day whose evening was to bring the pantomime. I had a large pink sea-shell clasped to my bosom in whose depths I used to delight to hear the sea murmur, but I was not listening to it, not I. I was staging my small heart on its rugged edges, holding myself in lest I should scream for joy. And what pantomimes! Little they know of them in this age of tights and double-entendres. What rosy and azure and emerald forest glades there were, dwindling away into mystery! What lovely fairies with tier upon tier of gauzy skirts, as modest as flowers! Once the spirit of Christmas impelled some adventurous children to escape from the house in the dark of a snowy morning of Christmas Day. One at five years old gave away the escapade by making a hullabaloo because her clothes were mysteriously turned black in the darkness of the morning and was put in Coventry afterwards by her elders. After childhood and through young womanhood, Christmas, beyond the gifts and the Christmas cards, did not make for my much happiness; but the Dickensian Christmas set in again when there were children to keep it for. It is now set for us all like a golden rose in the middle of the winter. Do we keep Christmas? Most certainly we do. With Christmas early services, if not midnight services, with all manner of gifts, with a quiet mid-day meal, but an uproarious evening one—with crackers and parlour-fireworks, roast turkey, champagne and all the rest of it. Nor is there flatness to follow: for there is yet to come the Christmas tree, which we make a feature of the season. The children gave it up when their ages were between six and nine as being "too kiddish," but they have now returned to it. And there are any number of children's parties to follow. The question—was there ever a Dickensian Christmas outside Dickens?—seems to be an absurd one. There *was*, and there *is*. With goodwill, with joy in giving and receiving, with always a thought of the Child who is the King of children, and the centre of the festival, the loveliest festival of the year.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

PETT RIDGE

thinks the Christmas guest is more soberly inclined than he used to be.

I think I have spent many a Christmas that has been as happy as any described by Charles Dickens, although the procedure differed, and the calls upon pantry and cellar were less. The Christmas guest is

more soberly inclined than in the forties, and less disposed to—as the little girl said in Phil May's sketch of the boy who was purchasing his second halfpenny ice—make a God of his stomach.

W. PETT RIDGE.

MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

thinks the Dickens Christmas never existed.

As the incurable optimist, I buoyantly insist to myself that the Dickens Christmas did not, and does not, exist outside his pages. For was it not a cheap blend of over-feeding and wishy-washy sentimentality? Call it a sticky compound spread thick over the pure metal of a significant festival!

I do "keep Christmas"—yet not that way! And probably people, reading this (if they trouble to), will say, "How bitter and dyspeptic this woman is!"—which she really isn't, either!

ALICE DUDENEY.

TOM BROWNE

is looking for an old-fashioned Christmas.

The Dickens Christmas has always existed in my own fancy, but somehow there it stops. I don't mean that I have not had good Christmases in good spots, among good friends, but to my mind the world has got soured and cranky, and too old for merrymaking. The spirit of festivity—the proper simple kind of festivity that was content with a roaring fire, a sprig of holly, and a sip of punch—seems to have died out, and nothing will waken it. I would go a long way for an old-fashioned Christmas. Kindness, welcome, friendship, and hearty good cheer were the main ingredients of the festival, with a simple delight in the fact that it *was* Christmas. Of course, it is not the fault of Christmas; it is the fault of ourselves. We get hard and selfish and cynical. Tiny Tim's toast has no meaning to us. We need a wakening up like Scrooge had. Then we might believe in the observation:

"At Christmas be merry, and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with the small."

TOM BROWNE.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

prefers Christmas at Dingley Dell.

I have certainly never spent such happy Christmases as those I have passed at Dingley Dell. But that is only to say once more that art is life quintessentially expressed.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

HAROLD BEGBIE

enjoys and defends the Dickens Christmas.

Those who condemn the characters of Dickens's novels as exaggerations inhabit drawing-rooms and move in an orbit of rigid formalism; no one who escapes from the conventions of his coterie and moves,

**"Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale."**

From "Simple Simon." Illustrated by Frank Adams. (Blackie.)

even if it be but a little, on the wide sea of a various and almost infinite human nature will bring so dull a charge against the great novelist. Likewise, modern incredulity concerning the Dickens Christmas exists only in particular and the most narrow sets of a formal society. The Dickens Christmas, as Christmas shops attest, flourishes throughout Christendom, and will certainly continue to flourish, albeit with the alterations of custom and the changes of spiritual progress, so long as human nature moves at all in "the first ferments of the great affections."

It must be remembered that Scrooge himself did not believe in the Dickens Christmas; his unbelief was justified so long as he remained in the stagnant circle of his own insular existence. One must step out from one's self to see how other people live. This is what the critic finds so hard to do; this is what the great creative novelist could not help but do.

For myself, I can remember no Christmas except a Dickens Christmas. My boyhood in retrospect has two clear memories—cricket in summer fields, and wonderful joy and high excitement at Christmas. We hung our stockings to the bed-post; we smuggled candles and matches under our pillows; we pretended sleep while our parents went round the midnight house with gifts; by candlelight in the small hours we opened boxes of crystallised fruit, examined our toys and books, and in an atmosphere of oranges and almonds and raisins, which haunts me to this day, fell asleep with our excitement unabated. And on the great day the house was always decorated, we made our gifts, we received tips from uncles and aunts, we went to church and sang "Hark, the herald angels sing!" we came back to the most splendid dinner, concluding with fiery pudding and delightful crackers, we were solemn over the toast to brothers in India and "absent friends," we recovered our gaiety at an inexhaustible

dessert, and we spent the rest of the day in family games, music, good humour, visits to cottagers, and in discussions as to what we should buy with our tips. How we counted again and again the large half-crowns! how we contemplated the bright sovereigns! In the pockets of our knickerbockers those precious coins became as hot as mince-pies!

Of course one remembers the Christmas when elder brothers protested that the festival was a pagan bore, and when, for the first time, consciousness reeled under the staggering idea that there was something indecent in that magnificent dinner. But lightly lies the recollection of this phase on my memory of Christmas. The restrospect is sacred with parents' love, and glad with innocent and delightful joy. A grateful and a pious memory! And now one takes great pleasure in making Christmas a time of merriment for those who are growing up under one's own protection. God keep the Christmas Day afar off when there shall be no joy in our house.

The over-eating and the over-drinking of the Dickens Christmas are largely the dark imagining of the atrabilious critic. There was no downright beastliness at the table of Bob Cratchit. One may say to the critic what Coleridge said to him who asked what was the spiritual good of such and such a text in the Bible: "It proves that nothing can be so trifling as not to supply an evil heart with a pretext for unbelief."

It is not difficult to see that the Dickens Christmas must offend people who live in a hot-house atmosphere of artificiality, and who regard frigidity of soul as one of the aims of evolution. But if for a month before Christmas these sad, anæmic, feeble servants of convention would go into the outer real world, and, throwing aside their carefully folded garments of formalism, set themselves either to double-dig an acre of stiff soil, or to make a broad swath through a forest, they would discover in themselves not only a new appetite for wholesome food, but a new appetite for large and generous joy; they would soon "take the Plie" of a Dickens Christmas. It is the law of human nature that without labour, hard bodily labour, deep and abiding joy is hard to come by; and I think that true vision is quite difficult for those who follow the wholly artificial existence of a social civilisation. One must live with nature even to see the narrowness of drawing-room walls.

Where men work hard for daily bread, and the family life is pure and innocent, and the influence of Christ is human, simple, and happy, Christmas will be found to be a festival of delight, a time for the receiving and the giving of a most pleasant joy. And —it is far older than Dickens.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

In Santa Claus's Workshop.
From "The Land of Nod." By J. Walker McSpadden. (Harrap.)

JOSEPH HOCKING

believes in the Dickens Christmas.

I do not agree that the Dickens Christmas never exists outside Dickens's pages. I can scarcely remember a Christmas during my life when Christmas has not been "kept." Moreover, in my capacity as minister of religion I have had to visit many homes at Christmas time, and almost without exception practically all the festivities associated with the great novelist's pictures have been duly observed.

As to my own home, we never miss making Christmas a great festive occasion. The house is full of visitors, and all the games, and many more, which Scrooge saw in his dream are played with great gusto. Thank God for it.

I wish some great novelist would write some truly Christmas stories.

JOSEPH HOCKING.

W. HEATH ROBINSON

talks gloomily.

Alas! I have principally one impression of Christmas, an impression so sad and overpowering as to nearly obliterate others from my memory.

It grieves me therefore very deeply, to have to tell you that I feel hardly qualified to answer the questions you put to me. [See picture.]

W. HEATH ROBINSON.

Mr. W. Heath Robinson taking his Christmas Cheer.
(Drawn by himself.)

MAX PEMBERTON

finds the Dickens Christmas in the country.

I do not at all agree with the pessimists. Perhaps I should have done had I continued to live in London, but I have found an old-world village of Suffolk where I think that Christmas is much as Dickens described it. In this part of the world Nature does her best to bless us with a frosty element which puts the Christmas card to shame. Dickens wrote as an idealist, of course, but I find a world of kindliness and goodwill quite in keeping with his teaching, and I am sure that many of these village folks do know a real joy of Christmas which even the superior person might find infectious. The old traditions live well in the village of which I am speaking; there are bell-ringers at midnight and children's voices in the early morning. We skate and slide and eat a good deal too much. Let me add happily that I think we drink in moderation.

MAX PEMBERTON.

JOHN HASSALL

keeps it up for a whole week—tree and all.

The most charitable way to think of people who say that Dickens's Christmas only existed in his imagination is to imagine that they were never children at all.

Ever since I can remember, Christmastide has been the same in my circle, and so far from diminishing since 1870, when Dickens died, I fancy the festivities have become more elaborate. Some misguided waits, I'm told, have started already (November 3), but perhaps they've got the date mixed up with Guy Fawkes' day. I am quite sure that in every home where there are any children it would be nothing less than a catastrophe if Santa Claus failed to fill the stockings at the bedsides, or even to put the surplus of gifts around the bed as near as possible.

The number of Christmas trees at Covent Garden shows that the idea is still alive—and the mistletoe and the holly; and all the other signs, such as the poulterer's decked up to the roof, the butcher's festoons and rosettes, and all the other shops should show that so far from dying out it is more of a festival now than it was fifty years ago.

In the country, of course, as modern education has developed the idea of appearing ridiculous, the yule log has died out, I believe, but that's the only significant loss. In my private circle it lasts for a whole week—tree and all.

JOHN HASSALL.

CHARLES LAMB'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY ELLEN MOXON.

"WE are not of Alice nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name." [1]

Few who read the immortal conclusion to Charles Lamb's reverie, "Dream Children," can repress a sigh for what might have been; for his was a heart which would have leapt out in glad response to the laughter and the charm of childhood. He had set before himself the sacred task of standing between a misjudging world and his sister Mary, and the ordinary household ties and joys could never be his. But, although he was not to know the thrill of clinging baby fingers, there came into his life as the years passed onward a little girl who so endeared herself to him that he ended by adopting her.

Most of our knowledge of Emma Isola is gleaned from the letters of Charles Lamb; [2] those tantalising precious letters, which, by reason of the strange and wondrous way in which their earlier editors set about their task, have called forth the tears and smiles and imprecations of so many subsequent editors.

Emma Isola stands a faintly outlined figure in the early editions of the letters; but with the labours of each succeeding editor the place she occupied in the hearts and household of Charles and Mary Lamb has become more clearly defined.

She was born in 1809, and was of Italian parentage, being the daughter of Charles Isola, one of the Esquire Bedells of the University of Cambridge. It was in this city that Lamb first met her, at the house of the aunt with whom she resided after the death of her parents. Apparently she was a sprightly child, full of laughter and fun, and the Lambs took an immediate liking to her. They invited her to visit them in London, and from that time it became an established custom that her school holidays should be spent with them.

Charles Lamb at the age of fifty-one.
From a copy (in the National Portrait Gallery) of the painting by Henry Mayer at the India Office.
From "The Works in Prose and Verse of Charles and Mary Lamb," Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. (Frowde.)

When she left school she became a member of Lamb's household, and Charles took her education in hand himself. She had a smattering of French, music, and Italian, and he set to work to teach her Latin. He seems to have found it a hard but very diverting occupation. She had eyes, he said, for everything but her book, and when he made her sit with her back to the window he declared she must have eyes in the back of her head, as she still continued to see every one who came down the road.

"I am teaching Emma Latin," he said, "to qualify her for a superior governess-ship which we see no prospect of her getting. 'Tis like feeding a child with chopped hay from a spoon. Sisyphus! his labours are as nothing to it. Actives and passives jostle in her nonsense, till a deponent enters like Chaos, more to embroil the fray. Her prepositions are suppositions; her conjunctions copulative have no connection in them; her concords disagree; her interjections are purely English 'Ah!' and 'Oh!' with a yawn and a gape in the same tongue; and she herself is a lazy, blockheadly supine. As I say to her, Ass *in præsenti* rarely makes a wise man *in futuro*. But I dare say it was so with you when you began Latin, and a good while after."

Mary Lamb contributed a poem to *Blackwood's Magazine* in June, 1829, in which she playfully alluded to Emma Isola's difficulties in learning Latin. In the course of it she advises her to dry her falling tears, and expresses the hope that she will some day rival her friend Sara Coleridge, who was an experienced linguist.

Just about this time Emma set up an album. Charles Lamb took endless delight in it, and the task of extorting contributions for it from his numerous friends gave him quite a new interest in life. None of his wide circle was safe from him: each was pounced upon in turn. He wrung a few verses out of J. B. Dibden, and wrote the following note of thanks:

"Your verses are very pleasant, and have been adopted into the splendid Emmatic constellation where they are not of the least magnitude. . . . Emma has just died, chok'd with a Gerund-in-dum. The King never dies, which may be the reason that it always *reigns* here.

"C. L. his orthograph.

"What a pen!

"The umbrella is cum bak!"

[1] "The Collected Works of Charles and Mary Lamb." Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. 5s. net. (Frowde.)—"Essays of Elia." 1s. net. (Collins.)—"Essays of Elia." 8d. net. (Cassell's People's Library.)—"Essays of Elia." 1s. net. (Dent, Everyman's Library).

[2] "Letters of Charles Lamb." Edited by Alfred Ainger. 2 vols. 8s. net. (Macmillan.)—"Letters of Charles Lamb." 2 vols. 1s. net each. (Dent, Everyman's Library).

Verse-hunting was more than a passing fancy with Emma Isola; she kept an album for years, and succeeded in obtaining contributions from Thomas Moore, Leigh Hunt, Southey, W. S. Landor, Barry Cornwall, George Dyer, Carey, T. Noon Talfourd, Keats, Wordsworth, and Tennyson.

Meanwhile, she had obtained a post as governess to the children of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Fornham in Suffolk. Presumably her uncle, as Lamb liked her to call him, had by this time instilled into her some elements of the Latin tongue. She was very happy in her new life, both Mr. and Mrs. Williams treating her with every possible consideration. Lamb visited her on several occasions, and became himself a prime favourite in the clergyman's household.

Once when he was visiting Emma she took him into a corner and lectured him. "Now don't drink any more, for my sake," she said. "Do check yourself after dinner; and when we get home to Enfield you may drink as much as ever you please, and I won't say a word about it." This remark is often quoted against Lamb by those who like to look upon him as more or less of a drunkard. We may gather that he did not regard himself in that light from the evident relish with which he tells this story against himself. But he knew, and the child of his adoption knew, that while he was very far from being a drunkard, there had been social occasions when a very slight indulgence had necessitated his being carried home to bed—a contingence which Miss Isola naturally wished to avoid.

Towards the end of February, 1830, Charles Lamb received a rude shock in the form of a letter from Mrs. Williams, stating that his adopted daughter was lying seriously ill with brain fever. The state of agitation into which this news threw him is evidenced by his reply:

"DEAR MADAM,—May God bless you for your attention to our poor Emma! I am so shaken with your sad news I can scarce write. She is too ill to be removed at present; but we can only say that if she is spared, when that can be practicable, we have always a home for her. Speak to her of it, when she is capable of understanding, and let me conjure you to let me know from day to day the state she is in. But one line is all we crave. Nothing we can do for her that shall not be done. We shall be in the terriblest suspense. We had no notion she was going to be ill. A line from anybody in your house will much oblige us. I feel for the situation this trouble places you in. Can I go to her aunt or do anything? I do not know what to offer! We are in great distress. Pray relieve us if you can, by somehow letting us know. I will fetch her here or anywhere. Your kindness can never be forgot. Pray excuse my abruptness. I hardly know what I write. And take our warmest thanks. Hoping to hear something,

"I remain, dear Madam,
"Yours most faithfully,
"C. LAMB."

Mrs. Williams's next letter was more hopeful, and Lamb wrote in reply:

"DEAR MADAM,—We cannot thank you enough. Your two words, 'Much better,' were so considerate and good. The good news affected my sister to an agony of tears; but they have relieved us of such a weight. We were ready to expect the worst, and were hardly able to bear the good hearing. You speak of her so kindly, too, and think she may be able to resume her duties. We were prepared, as far as our humble means would have enabled us, to have taken her from all duties. But far better for the dear girl it is that she should have a prospect of being useful. . . . She will make up for this sad interruption of your young friend's studies. I am sure she will—she must—after you have spared her for a little time. Change of scene may do much for her. I think this last proof of your kindness to her in her desolate state can hardly make her love and respect you more than she has ever done. . . . Madam, I trouble you with my nonsense, but you would forgive me if you knew how light-hearted you have made two poor souls at Enfield that were gasping for news of their poor friend.

"Believe me, dear Madam,
"Your ever-obliged servant,
"C. LAMB."

When Emma was able to be moved Lamb went to fetch her home. He makes some amusing comments on their return journey, in a letter to Mrs. Hazlitt:

"We travelled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage coach that is called a well-informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriage by ditto, till all my science, and more than all, was exhausted, and I was thinking of escaping my tormentor by getting up on the outside; when, getting into Bishop's Stortford, my gentleman, spying some farming land, put an unlucky question to me: 'What sort of a crop of turnips do you think we shall have this year?' Emma's eyes turned to me to know what in the world I could have to say; and she burst into a violent fit of laughter, maugre her pale, serious cheeks, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied that 'it depends, I believe, upon boiled legs of mutton.' This

From a print by permission of Milton Meyers.

Enfield Town early in the nineteenth century.
When the Lambs were living there.
From "A Guide to Enfield and its Neighbourhood," by Alfred H. Hyatt. (Samuel Short, Enfield.)

clenched our conversation; and my gentleman, with a face half wise, half in scorn, troubled us with no more conversation, scientific or philosophical, for the remainder of the journey."

When Miss Isola reached Enfield, a certain Dr. Asbury was called in to attend her. One morning he received the following characteristic epistle from Charles Lamb:

"DEAR SIR,—Some draughts and boluses have been left here which we conjecture were meant for the young lady whom you saw this morning, tho' they were labelled for—

MISS ISOLA LAMB.

No such person is known on the Chase side, and she is fearful of taking medicines which may have been made up for another patient. She begs me to say that she was born an *Isola* and christen'd *Emma*. Moreover, that she is an Italian by birth, and that her ancestors were from Isola Bella (Fair Island) in the Kingdom of Naples. She has never changed her name, and rather mournfully adds that she has no prospect at present of doing so. She is literally ISOLA, or single, at present. Therefore she begs that the obnoxious monosyllable may be omitted on future phials—an innocent syllable enough you'll say, but she has no claim to it. It is the bitterest pill of the seven you sent her. When a Lady loses her good *name* what is to become of her? Well, she must swallow it as well as she can, but she begs the dose may not be repeated.

"Yours faithfully,

"CH. LAMB (not Isola)."

The Cottage at Edmonton where Lamb died.

From "The Letters of Charles Lamb." (Dent, Everyman's Library.)

Emma went back to Fornham for a time, but a new interest had come into her life in the shape of Edward Moxon. He was in the employment of Longmans, and had been a constant visitor of Charles and Mary Lamb for some time. Lamb described him as an honest young Yorkshireman, rather too honest for his trade, and something of a poet. He took considerable interest in him, and endeavoured to promote his interest on every occasion. Moxon was not satisfied with his position, and desired to set up as a publisher on his own account. Lamb introduced him to the poet Rogers, and the latter generously lent him £500 to start with, and also gave him some of his own books to publish. One of Moxon's earliest publications was "The Last Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb.

Young Moxon was an ever-welcome visitor, for he had much in common with both Charles and Mary Lamb. With Charles he discussed the old Elizabethan dramatists he loved so well, and to Mary he brought the news of all the latest novels. "He is a friendly, serviceable fellow," says Lamb, "and thinks nothing of lugging up a cargo of the newest novels, once or twice a week, from the Row to Colebrook to gratify my sister's passion for new things. He is her Bodley."

Naturally Edward Moxon and Emma Isola saw much of each other, and to Lamb's delight their companionship gradually ripened into love. He interested himself very much in the love-making, he was in his element plaguing the lovers and devising plans for their meeting.

"Emma has teized me to take her to the gallery of an Opera on Tuesday," he writes to Edward Moxon, "and I have written for orders. Can you house and bed us after the opera? Miss M., maybe, won't object to sharing half her bed, and for *me*, I can sleep on straw, rushes, thorns, Procrustes' couch! or anywhere. Do not write if you *can take* us in—write only if you can't."

Lamb's frequent notes to Moxon concerning the publication of his books contain urgent invitations to visit them. At the close of one of these notes he writes: "I had sneaking hopes that you would have dropt in to-day, 'tis my poor birthday. Don't stay away so. Give Forster a hint. You are to bring your brother some day—*sisters* in better weather."

Edward Moxon and Emma Isola became formally engaged in 1833. In announcing it to Wordsworth, Lamb writes: "I am about to lose my only walk companion, whose mirthful spirits were the 'Youth of our house,' Emma Isola. . . . With my perfect approval, and more than concurrence, she is to be wedded to Moxon at the end of August—so 'perish the roses, the flowers,' how is it?" By way of postscript he adds: "Moxon has introduced Emma to Rogers, and he smiles upon the project. I have given E. my MILTON (will you pardon me?) in part of a *portion*. It hangs famously in his Murray-like shop."

One of Edward Moxon's presents to Miss Isola was a watch. Concerning this Lamb writes:

"For God's sake give Emma no more watches; one has turned her head. She is arrogant and insulting. She said something very unpleasant to our old clock in the passage, as if he did not keep time, and yet he had made her no appointment. She takes it out every instant to look at the moment hand. She lugs us out into the fields, because there the bird boys ask you, 'Pray, sir, can you tell us what's o'clock?' and she answers them punctually. She loses all her time in looking to see 'what the time is.' I overheard her whisper, 'Just so many hours, minutes, etc., to Tuesday; I think St. George's goes too slow.' This little present of time—why—'tis Eternity to her!

"What can make her so fond of a gingerbread watch? She has spoiled some of the movements. Between ourselves, she has kissed away 'half-past twelve,' which I suppose to be the canonical hour in Hanover Square.

"Well, if 'love me, love my watch,' answers, she will keep time to you.

"It goes right by the Horse Guards. Dearest M——, never mind opposite nonsense. She does not love you for the watch, but the watch for you. I will be at the wedding, and keep the 30th July, as long as my poor months last me, as a festival, gloriously."

Lamb had been present at the marriage of Hazlitt, and he said that he had like to be turned out several times during the ceremony. "I do not know what business I have to be present in solemn places," he says in his essay on "The Wedding." "I cannot divest me of an unreasonable disposition to levity upon the most awful occasions. I was never cut out for a public functionary. Ceremony and I have long shaken hands."

We hear of no misdemeanours on Emma Isola's wedding-day, so we may presume that for once he smothered the chuckles which he said both funerals and weddings excited in him. He tells us that he returned from the wedding, calm, happy, and half as sober as a judge. Miss Lamb was unable to be present at the wedding, but she wrote a pathetic letter of congratulation —the first letter she had been able to write for months:

"MY DEAR EMMA AND EDWARD MOXON,—Accept my sincere congratulations, and imagine more good wishes than my weak nerves will let me put into good set words. The dreary blank of unanswered questions which I ventured to ask in vain was cleared up on the wedding-day by Mrs. W. taking a glass of wine, and with a total change of countenance, begging leave to drink Mr. and Mrs. Moxon's health. It restored me from that moment, as if by an electrical stroke, to the entire possession of my senses. I never felt so calm and quiet after a similar illness as I do now. I feel as if all tears were wiped from my eyes, and all care from my heart."

The honeymoon was spent in Paris, and Lamb speaks of Moxon "flaunting it about *à la Parisienne*, with his new bride, our Emma, much to his satisfaction, and not a little to our dulness."

Edward Moxon wrote a sonnet to his wife which he sent to Lamb for criticism, along with other poems. Both Charles and Mary were charmed with it. Lamb writes:

"I have only allowed myself to transpose a word in the third line. Sacred shall it be from any intermeddling of mine. But we jointly beg that you will make four lines in the room of the last four. Read 'Darby and Joan,' in Mrs. Moxon's first album. There you'll see how beautiful in age the looking back to youthful years in an old couple is. But it is a violence to the feelings to anticipate that time in youth. I hope you and Emma will have many a quarrel, and many a make-up (and she is beautiful in reconciliation!) before the dark days shall come in which we shall say, 'there is small comfort in them.' You have begun a sort of character of Emma in them, very sweetly; carry it on if you can, through the last lines."

He concludes the letter with an earnest request for their company:

"Tell it not in Gath, lest the daughters triumph (Emma). I am at the end of my tether. I wish you would come on Tuesday with your fair bride. Why can't you? Do. We are thankful to your sister for being of the party. Come, and *bring* a sonnet on Mary's birthday. Love to the whole Moxonry, and tell E. I every day love her more, and miss her less. Tell her so, from her loving uncle, as she has let me call myself. . . . I am well and happy, tell E."

Within a very few months of writing the above Lamb passed away.

> "The frolic and the gentle
> Had vanished from his lonely hearth."

On Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd and Mr. and Mrs. Moxon fell the task of collecting and copying the letters of Charles Lamb: those priceless letters of which Mr. William McDonald says, justly, that it would require preternatural talent to trace them to their present resting-places, and the revenues of a small kingdom to buy them back.

Edward Moxon had the honour of publishing some of the earlier works of Tennyson, and of helping the young poet on at least one occasion out of financial difficulties. Tennyson was not unmindful of this in later years; Moxon died suddenly leaving his wife and children ill provided for, and Tennyson anonymously provided them with an annuity.

Not by reason of her own personality alone does Emma Isola lay claim to our regard. She cheered a path that had sad need of cheering; she brought laughter and youth into touch with one of the saddest struggles that was ever waged.

Not what *she* was then, but what the gentle Elia was, must be one's chief excuse for bringing together these widely scattered references to Emma Isola, references which bear upon their face the quaint hall-mark of the master of smiles and tears—the whimsical great-heart, the man with the heart of gold, whom to know was to love.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best advice from literature on gift-giving.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to E. M. FORREST, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool, S., for the following:

HOW TO STUDY THE STARS. By L. RUDAUX.

"Come into the garden, Maud."
TENNYSON, *Maud*.

We also select for printing:

THE PREMIER AND THE SUFFRAGETTE. By NAPIER HAWKE.

"Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair."
COLERIDGE, *Christabel*.

(Mildred Emerson, The Bank, Barnard Castle.)

THE PREMIER AND THE SUFFRAGETTE.

"Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead."—POPE.

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

A QUESTION OF QUALITY. By MADAME ALBANESI.

"You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole,
He had but one eye
To ogle ye by,
Oh, murther! but that was a jew'l!
A fool
He made of the girls, did O'Toole!"
THACKERAY, *Phil Fogarty*.

(Miss Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks.)

IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN. By WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell."
HOOD, *Faithless Sally Brown*.

(Miss Jessie Gresham, 2, Dean Avenue, Newton Heath, Manchester.)

MY RECOLLECTIONS. By EUGENE STOCK.

"I recollect a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass.
She did not make the least objection!
Thinks I, 'Aha!
When I can talk I'll tell mamma!'
And that's my earliest recollection."
FREDK. LOCKER.

(Miss S. Braine, Lyceum Club, 128, Piccadilly, W., and Mrs. I. A. Thomas, Cheriton, Knighton Drive, Leicester.)

II.—This Competition has proved a remarkably popular one; it has brought in a large number of very good replies. The PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best Christmas greeting in four lines of verse is awarded to THOMAS LAW, of School House, Holytown, for the following:

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Health and wealth with wisdom to use them,
Joy and peace, with love to diffuse them,
Books, the best, with leisure to read them,
Lots of friends, and never to need them.

Among the best of the others received are:

Herewith a greeting fair and true
To each remembered friend.
May Christmas bring this year to you
All that my heart would send.

(M. F. Lusty, Clayton Hospital, Wakefield.)

Good luck! my friend, to your journey's end.
In Destiny's aeroplane
May you rise to the height of joy and might
And never come down again.

(J. E. Bell, 7, Woodland's Avenue, Redhill, Surrey.)

We specially commend also the verses sent in by K. E. Mold (Banbury), Betty Thoms (Withington), George Williams (Penzance), Mary L. McCallum (Streatham, S.W.), Miss B. O. Andrews (Scarborough), Winifred K. Lodge (Norwood), Miss E. Chapman (Chesham), Miss V. Huish (Derby), G. Kendall (Godalming), James E. Ruddle (Tunbridge Wells), Mrs. Kirkland (Glenfarg), May H. Timms (Northampton), Miss Parry Okeden (Walsingham), Miss I. J. Bryant (Ilminster), Mrs. R. Wood (Box Hill), Marion Burd (Solihull), Mollie Kennedy (Banbury), L. B. Wood (Bowdon), Miss A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Norma Hamilton Baird (Suntford Mills, Nr. Banbury), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), J. P. Wynne (Manchester), Oscar Bewton (Blackpool), A. M. C. Hooper (Shepton Mallet), Mrs. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), George Brown (Edinburgh), Miss D. Allen (Liverpool), Eleanor Kennedy (Hornsey Lane, N.), Alice Whitehead (Norbreck), F. Harold Buss (East Dulwich), and Chas. Campbell (Glasgow).

III.—The best review sent in is of "The Reformation and the Renaissance," by Miss Annie Jones, but it runs to a hundred and fifty words and is therefore disqualified. The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded for the following almost equally good paper sent in by MISS V. HUISH, 103, Kedleston Road, Derby:

OPEN COUNTRY. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan.)

One thing is certain. The writing of "Open Country" was a labour of love. If Mr. Hewlett is not in the habit of encamping at park gates and dispensing with dress clothes, it is apparently from no want of inclination. Those in sympathy with Senhouse in quest of a golden girl will welcome his book. No orthodox conventionalist need apply. We think of Locke's "Septimus" and Crawford's "Cigarette Maker," and we see it is necessary a man should be a little mad, "and yet a gentleman," to be altogether delightful.

Of the others, we have room to print only:

THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND. By G. F. G. MASTERMAN. (Methuen.)

Mr. Masterman's observations on the Conquerors, the Suburbans, the Multitude and kindred subjects have some flavour of pessimism. In fact, we Suburbans alone come out of the ordeal with respectability, though bereft of many other virtues, and are "the most hopeful promises for the future." But Mr. Masterman's pessimism is stimulating. It shocks and disturbs us on every page with the most agreeable sense of life. We commend the book to all, even to optimists, not only for new ideas and originality of thought, but that they may be stirred to a consideration of the condition of England.

(Ethel J. M. Milner, Lawn House, Atkin's Road, Clapham Park, S.W.)

BELLA DONNA. By ROBERT HICHENS. (Heinemann.)

Were it not that we believe Mr. Hichens to be too great an artist to write that fearsome thing, a novel with a purpose, we should be strongly inclined to regard his latest work as an attempt to portray the misery of wickedness as personified by Mrs. Chepstow. As a matter of fact no one can help pitying her for having married such a thorough well-meaning prig as Nigel Armine. The whole book teems with very real "human interest," and it is a nice psychological question whether Mrs. Armine's ultimate "treatment" of her husband is consistent with her character as worked out by the author.

(Jack Hedley, Straymede, Harrogate.)

GREECE. By EDITH A. BROWNE. (A. & C. Black.)

". . . Greece as it is . . . under normal native conditions." This the authoress endeavours to set forth in the latest addition to that excellent little series for children, "Peeps at Many Lands." Such points as the physical aspect and architecture of the country; its people at work and at play, their customs, manners, festivals, and means of transit are instructively dealt with; the whole being interspersed with true stories of the writer's own wanderings and adventures, interestingly told. There are twelve illustrations in colour and a sketch-map of the country, a useful adjunct to a book of travel too often omitted.

(Gertrude Brown, 28, Shardeloes Road, New Cross, S.E.)

We also select for commendation the reviews sent in by Halbert McGowan (Blairgowrie), P. E. Deggan (Gloucester), Florence Graham Stirling (Cowrie), Edith Cowell (Bishops Stortford), J. Murray Watson (Edinburgh), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Constance M. Kerr (Dirleton), Winifred M. Lodge (Norwood, S.E.), Irene Lalonde (Weston-super-Mare), M. C. Murray Browne (Gloucester), G. Howard Pearman (York), G. L. Elwood (Grimsby), John Hood (Ayr), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), E. Ward (Southsea), Francis P. Hardeman (Newcastle, Staffs.), Elsie Rippon (Hull), Joan Mainwaring (Brockley, S.E.), Noel T. Methley (Bristol), and Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to MRS. JOHN ADAMS, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.

V.—A BEAUTIFUL PRESENTATION EDITION OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," illustrated in colour by Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., has been awarded to MISS LAURA A. WILKS, 15, Avenue Victoria, Scarborough, for the following list of twelve most humorous chapters from books in the English language:

1. "Cutting the Knot," from *Vice Versa*, F. Anstey.
2. "A Whitewashed Uncle," from *The Golden Age*, Kenneth Grahame.
3. Chapter XIV. in *A Master of Craft*, Jacobs.
4. "Enter the Aunts and Uncles," from *Mill on the Floss*, G. Eliot.
5. "Buying of a Horse," from *Out of the Hurly Burly*, Max Adeler.
6. Chapter XVIII. in *Dolly Dialogues*, Anthony Hope.
7. "The Remise Door," from *Sentimental Journey*, Sterne.
8. "In which the Daughters of the Great Mel have to digest him at Dinner," from *Evan Harrington*, Meredith.
9. "A Brief Account of the Progress of the Action Bardell *v.* Pickwick," from *Pickwick Papers*.
10. "The Queen's Croquet Ground," from *Alice in Wonderland*.
11. Chapter II., "The Horse Deal," from *David Harum*.
12. Chapter VII., "Visiting," from *Cranford*.

The best of the other lists submitted are those of Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Miss Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Mrs. Lemon (Shifnal), Mrs. J. D. Watson (Tyburn), and Alice Whitehead (Norbreck).

New Books.

THACKERAY.*

Although we are all prone to say that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains, and although there is no more painful way of taking pains than doing a piece of work over again from the beginning, it is by no means always the case that refashionings are improvements, and they are perhaps allowed to be so rather less often than they really are. But it must be a very incompetent or a very "difficult" judge who does not admit that Mr. Lewis Melville has made a very great advance, in this present Life of Thackeray, on that which he wrote ten years ago. He has wisely aimed at making it not a new edition, but a new book, and has succeeded. The method is greatly improved; the information is greatly enlarged; and in certain respects, which we shall notice in more detail later, the two volumes are made almost indispensable companions—certainly most valuable helps and guides—to any edition of Thackeray's Works, complete or incomplete. The book could only be superseded in its own way either by that official biography on which the great novelist laid his embargo, or by a complete collection of the letters published and unpublished—a collection which cannot, even in the former case, be achieved till periods of copyright, in some cases very long, have run out. As it is, Mr. Melville has drawn as much as possible on this one infallible source of biography, a source which it is very difficult even for the letter-writer himself, however cunningly he "writes for pub-

* "William Makepeace Thackeray: A Biography." By Lewis Melville. 2 vols. 25s. net. (John Lane.)

William Makepeace Thackeray.
From a pencil sketch by Richard Doyle, in the British Museum.

lication," entirely to foul, and which in the case of a man like Thackeray, with his unconquerable impulsiveness and his horror of publicity, is nearly pellucid. But he and any one who, like him, is interested in Thackeray must envy the future Boswell or Lockhart, who, though not enjoying the personal advantage of his antitypes, will be able to weave the whole, with comment and connection, into a perfect web.

Next to the letters—but at a very long distance in some cases—come the anecdotes and remarks of Thackeray's acquaintances. Some of these, the present writer confesses, he would not himself put before the public without a large and conspicuous salt-cellar by their sides—in other words, without very distinct caution as to their possible fallaciousness. But it is of course, in the circumstances, impossible to dispense with things of the kind, and Mr. Melville has done his weaving with perfect good taste and feeling.

He has not attempted much criticism, electing rather to make the book mainly if not wholly a study of the life; but it would have been impossible to abstain altogether, and the critical remarks given—generally on wider rather than narrower points—are sound and good. One need only object mildly to the phrase "glorious nonsense" for "The Rose and the Ring." For "glorious," *passe*; but if "The Rose and the Ring" is "nonsense," where, my brethren, are we to look for sense? In Martin Tupper? On the same page a remark makes one rather curious to know whether it is made quite *obiter*, or founded on deliberate examination. Mr. Melville says that Thackeray "was one of the few men of genius who could dictate their work." Is the faculty so rare? Milton certainly dictated: it may be said that he could not help it, but it seems to have been no trouble to him, I think there is evidence in Boswell that Johnson did not dislike dictation in this sense also. To collect the evidence might not be the idlest task for a person of the type and tastes of the elder Disraeli.

On the whole Mr. Melville may be pronounced to have the first requisite of a good biographer—that is to say, a rational though sincere sympathy with his subject. Neither his admiration for Thackeray's work nor his affection for Thackeray's character is pushed to the point of foolishness, though he is farther still from that kind of "picking-to-pieces" which has sometimes succeeded foolish praise as a biographical characteristic. He points out, very well and very truly, what comparatively few critics have pointed out before him, that though it is ridiculous to accuse Thackeray of choosing bad characters by preference, the defect of being "disagreeable" in subject does apply, with a rather singular pervasiveness, to the work of his earlier and unsuccessful time. So too, though by no means Pecksniffian, he is almost severe on the reckless way in which the novelist "burnt the candle at both ends," expending money, time, and energy on things that were not precisely necessities and tasking his energies unnecessarily to supply the money and make up the lost time. One can only reply—indeed, Mr. Melville admits nearly as much himself—that you must take a man as you find him; and that one of Thackeray's own phrases, "Grudge myself good wine! as well grudge my horse corn," probably contains (though it would not do for everybody to urge it) a pretty sound argument. In a strictly regulated and economical life, his genius would probably have moped and pined like a lark in a cage. With the pathos of the end the biographer has managed to deal excellently. It could hardly have been better done, precisely because it could hardly have been done more simply and yet with adequate expression.

Five-sixths of the second volume, however, are occupied with matter of the nature of appendices—the matter referred to at the beginning of this review—and in regard to this it is difficult to praise Mr. Melville's diligence and discretion too highly. In the first place he has collected together all the attainable reports (and in some cases the prepared drafts which were never or only partially delivered) of those speeches in public which supply not the least of the many ironies, little and great, that made up the life of this great ironist. It is well known that as an after-dinner speaker, or as a speaker on any public occasion when he had not to deliver a regular "lecture," Thackeray was what may be called a certain misfire. His failures, indeed, do not seem to have been always as bad as he thought they were; but he scarcely ever had a success, and not seldom sat down plump, giving up the whole game when he had uttered half a dozen sentences. As, though disliking it almost as much, he became an excellent lecturer, it is not improbable that more frequent practice would have conquered his stage fright in this kindred matter, but he never actually got over it. Here we have a baker's dozen of his speeches, delivered in some half-score years, and including the never yet reprinted speech from the Chair at the Theatrical Fund Dinner of 1858. They are certainly curious to read. There is no better form of "speech" than the quiet, discursive, conversational one—and of this it may be said that in every page of his writings Thackeray has shown himself a master. Yet when he had to do it *as* a speech, he could not manage it. Even on those which were regularly prepared—those which came nearest, in short, to actual lectures—the frost seems to have thrown its baneful influence and prevented delivery.

But this addition of the speeches is but a small part of Mr. Melville's *bonuses* to his readers. He has given the fullest list of portraits of Thackeray that the present reviewer knows, and *apropos* of this it is time to mention that the whole book is freely illustrated with such portraits, with views of places, etc. Some of the sketches, especially the two by Maclise which form the frontispieces to the volumes, are from the (American) collection of Major Lambert, and have never before been published. They are of great interest, especially the second, which was

taken as late as 1857, and being absolutely full-face, disguises the broken nose without altering the expression.

There is also a full list of Thackeray MSS. in their present homes, a generous ditto of "authorities," and finally an admirable bibliography. There is of course no doubt that bibliography, at one time unduly neglected, has of late years become something of a fetich with some people, and, like all fetiches, an object of disgust and contempt to others. But in the peculiar circumstances of Thackeray's life, fortunes, and reputation, it acquires an importance which it rarely has elsewhere. And Mr. Melville is a model bibliographer. As a conscientious one, he cannot indeed forgive publication where it is certain. But though it is difficult not to think that not a little that Thackeray wrote need not be *republished*, the fact of its original publication cannot be too carefully registered. And Mr. Melville is not of the restless and reckless tribe who are always hunting out possible, or what they think possible, additions to the already recognised works. His canons of admission and rejection seem perfectly sound. The book, therefore, deserves recognition as a thoroughly craftsmanlike piece of work—one which must have given its author far more trouble than flashier things give theirs, but one where that trouble is not thrown away, as it is in some cases, because it has saved its readers trouble in the same proportion and has given them in abundance what they ought to want.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SOCIALISM ON THE MARCH.*

Despite the "thunder of the captains and the shouting," few Englishmen know what Socialism is, or what it proposes to set up on the ruins of our present economic system. By the usual irony which lurks in popular discussion, the crowd imagines even that when the day comes our Collectivist rulers will share out the whole property of the nation in equal parts to man, woman, and child. This would be precisely the opposite of all that Socialism has in view: and yet on such a misapprehension argument is carried forward in clubs and newspapers. Surely it is time that the largest movement of our age were studied in its own writers and its principal doctrines exhibited in their true light. The rank and file who march whither the *Clarion* is leading them are not always clear as regards the goal or the route of that enterprise. Many are still Utopians, dreaming of a happy Lubberland where they shall lie, like gods together, enjoying their lotus after brief toil, but how the thing is to be done they know not. However, learned or ignorant, friends or enemies to the great secular Evangel, I would advise them all to read Miss Jane T. Stoddart's "New Socialism," and thereby to make themselves acquainted with its later, more practical phases during the past ten years.

This "impartial inquiry" is a good sample of the book which intervenes between newspaper literature and the scientific treatise. It sums up, explains, and labels for reference the ten thousand articles wherein the church of Karl Marx and the sects which dispute over his dead body proclaim their several creeds. For an English work it has the rare merit of being in compass and outlook European. Its record of printed matter bearing on the questions handled is astonishingly full. And its tone and temper seem to me admirable. Miss Stoddart sets down naught in malice, certainly; she writes as a social reformer, a Christian, and an Anglican (if I do not fail in my interpretation), but she feels the pathos in a life such as that of Marx, who was heroically poor and a martyr to his convictions: and she never can forget the sad phenomena, the world-wide misery which, even though it blunders in means and principles, the Socialist movement is attempting to heal. Her style is that of the reporter—present tense, lively sentences, quick change; it reminds me of the best German pamphlets and echoes many of the battle-cries that have been flung upon the breeze, or, as I say, the thunder of the captains and the shouting. Altogether, the book answers its purpose excellently well.

Now let us understand that Socialism, pure and plain, is the negation of private capital in favour of public or State control. It is at least so much as this: it may be more, and may extend even to Communism, which would be the negation of all private ownership; but the central doctrine is "No capital in private hands." How to attain it? Karl Marx answered, "by revolution." He was a prophet and foretold catastrophe on a scale so much wider than the upheaval of 1789 as the working-class numbered more millions than the bourgeoisie. Marx lived on the thought and was inspired by the memory of that year of violence, 1848, when the Social Republic appeared for a moment in France. But the revolution tarried in its coming; either vision failed the prophet or he did not measure the horizon aright. He grew old; his creed began to show crumbling walls and rusty cannon; the younger battalions of Socialists turned their fire upon his very citadel, and it is the conflict ensuing that our book describes. In 1891 the Congress of Erfurt renounced the methods of blood and iron; the vote was to take the place of the rifle, and Parliaments were to be captured, not blown up. In 1896 an Austrian ex-Minister of Finance, Prof. von Böhm-Bawerk, published a small but decisive critique of the older Socialism, entitled "Zum Abschluss des Marx'schen Systems"—"The End of the Gospel according to Marx." In 1897 Eduard Bernstein opened the campaign in "Die Neue Zeit" against the Marxian theories and prophecies, which broke German Socialism to pieces. Then the Frenchman, Georges Sorel, terrified at such a transformation of the war between classes to parliamentary intrigues and alliances, rose up to affirm that Marx, and Marx alone, was the genuine Messiah. Sorel has become the leader of a movement which identifies the "people" with the manual labourers, which renews the strife of classes, scorns political action, and would promote a universal strike as the one straight way to overturn Capitalism. Hence we may look on Sorel as Marx come to life again, or the Revolution in the workshop at deadly odds with politicians like Jaurès and Clemenceau in France, like Bebel at Berlin, and Ferri among Italians. It is the street against the academy; the horny hand of toil rejecting the friendship of the kid glove.

What does all this controversy portend? It means, we answer, a struggle between the Moderates who believe in taking as much as they can get during the period of transition (or as Germans would say, the Interim) and the "Enragés," who cannot wait until the millennium shall be decreed by Act of Parliament. These want their Utopia now. Moreover, half a century of research and experience has taught many that were once unmitigated Marxians a little wisdom; they foresee difficulties in front, dangers to freedom, to culture, nay, to progress, in a strictly organised régime where officials would be only too prone to exercise "sovereign sway and masterdom" over the subject masses. And so they have degenerated into scrupulous Socialists who cannot feel perfect confidence in the democracy. Such men, I take it, among ourselves would sympathise with Mr. Graham Wallas and enjoy the vigorous assaults lately made on his former companions in arms by Mr. H. G. Wells. But indeed, our English writers can never long maintain the uncompromising theories which find favour abroad. If Socialism passes into social reform, what is left of Marx? It is that threatened breaking of a cast-iron system which alarms the old school and has called a new one—of the Syndicates or fighting Trade Unions—into being. The man with the red flag becomes the Right Hon. John Burns with a seat in the Cabinet, and the red flag does not wave over his department. M. Briand, who spoke out boldly for the universal

* "The New Socialism." By Jane T. Stoddart. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

strike, is now French Prime Minister; but if workers under Government struck to-morrow he would call out the military and suppress them. As for the manual labourer, can we suppose that he is fitted by education or gifts of nature to carry on the social system without aid? We must fall back at last on Edmund Burke's definition of "the people" as consisting of all classes in an ordered society, rather than accept Mr. Keir Hardie's idea that public opinion, the guide of State-policy, means the opinion of the working-man. But to Karl Marx the working-man was everything, for labour alone gave a value to commodities. This mechanical theory, which reduces mind to foot-pounds, and takes from realities their intrinsic worth, is of a piece with that other which declares all men equally important to the world at large. It is the fallacy upon which Marxian Utopias will ever be wrecked. And these ten years of war to the knife between Socialists prove that if one of their sections came into power the rest would form an opposition, driven to protest in the name of freedom, of untrammelled effort, of genius, and of humanity itself against a dogmatic tyranny more intolerable than any the world has yet seen.

WILLIAM BARRY.

FRIENDS OF SIR WALTER.*

Mrs. MacCunn has produced a really interesting and readable book on the subject of Sir Walter Scott's friends. It seems invidious to select some, and to reject others, but the task could not have been accomplished otherwise, at least within the limits of a single volume. Scott's friends are legion, even if we only take those enumerated by Lockhart, and Lockhart did not exhaust the catalogue by a long way. It is a pity, however, that some of the more prominent of these have been omitted. Take the Ballantynes, for instance. James and John Ballantyne were among Scott's earliest friends, and friends all through, despite their later troubles. A highly profitable section might have been devoted to those publishing friends of Scott, including Constable, who is only casually mentioned, and Cadell, whose name does not occur at all. Miss Edgeworth, the real inspirer of the Waverleys, is left out in the cold on the ground that her biography has been already published. As a matter of fact, not one, but two monographs on the "divine Maria" have appeared quite recently. A page or two, for all that, could well have been afforded to one who was certainly the most outstanding of Scott's intimates among the literary women of his time. Susan Ferrier also is overlooked. It was of her that Lockhart wrote that she "knew and loved Scott well, and had seen enough of affliction akin to his, to be well skilled in dealing with it." We miss Lockhart himself, to be sure, but as Mrs. MacCunn rightly says, "Lockhart's spirit and Lockhart's judgment are present in every paragraph that deals with Scott and Scott's intimates." One is tempted to cavil at the absence of Washington Irving from this list of Sir Walter's friends: and surely there should not have been lacking from such a portrait-gallery of men and women whom association with Scott has made immortal even a brief sketch of one whose practical friendship was valued so highly—Joseph Train, to wit. The world hardly knows what Scott as a writer of romance owed to the Galloway exciseman.

Omissions notwithstanding, this is an admirable piece of literary craftsmanship, and a useful addition to the ever-increasing literature which the magical name of Scott has called into being. Mrs. MacCunn does not tell us much that is new, but the old facts, drawn from an extraordinarily wide area of information, are so exceedingly well digested that the ordinary reader will find here almost all he wants to know about the more representative, at all events, of those whose fortune it was to be styled friends of Sir Walter. There are others, again—a considerable number—who could never be content with this (as it must necessarily be) somewhat *réchauffé* method of meting out the Scott pabulum. The phrase is used in no disparagement of the writer's ability to put together in sound business-like English the captivating story she sets herself to tell. No one knows better than Mrs. MacCunn the hopelessness of being original nowadays on almost any of the Scott topics. And if there is little that is fresh and novel, there are all the evidences, anyhow, of a writer's painstakingness upon every page of the book. This book has not been dashed off at a white heat, but is the result of long and careful planning, and of thorough familiarity with the whole gamut of the Magician's life and work.

Of the great literary men of any age, Scott had, perhaps, the most abundant and the most abiding friendships. He counted the King amongst his friends, and his domestics, it was said, were more his friends than his servants. He was on friendly terms with the gangs of gypsies and gaberlunzies who gathered at his gate day by day. And of his affection for children—the "Eppie Daidles" and "Pet Marjories"—there is nothing more delightful in the multitude of kindly acts which fill his whole career.

Among the best things in Lockhart, and among the best things in Mrs. MacCunn's volume, are the recital of the Tom Purdie and the "Pepe" Mathieson incidents, and of the overwhelming devotion which existed between Willie Laidlaw and the master of Abbotsford. The chapters descriptive of the Abbotsford household are, indeed, far and away the finest in the book.

Of the humbler friends of Sir Walter, the Ettrick Shepherd must always hold front rank. Conceited to a degree, once actually telling Scott to his face that as "King of the Mountain and Fairy School" he could never

Parliament House Group.
From "Sir Walter Scott's Friends," by Florence MacCunn. (Blackwood.)

* "Sir Walter Scott's Friends." By Florence MacCunn. 10s. (Blackwood & Sons.)

play second fiddle to the author of "Marmion"; once daring to address a letter to Scott under the shameless apostrophe of "Damned Sir," it was amazing how Scott kept his temper, how his admiration—nay, his love—for the "poor herd body"—Carlyle's sneer at Hogg—suffered practically no eclipse. As the phrase goes, Scott "liked" Hogg. Some of the most pleasant hours of his life were spent at Mount Benger, the Shepherd's home amid the Yarrow uplands. Scott, we know, had a profound respect for Hogg's wife, and Margaret Laidlaw's affection for Scott shines out no less in Lockhart's pages than in Hogg's own narrative of the friendship. Lockhart, however, has taken too much for granted, if we are to trust his statements as to James Hogg's behaviour. Rough and boorish as Hogg undoubtedly was in some ways, he could be gentle and gentlemanly on occasion; could look to his manners when he chose. After what Laidlaw has said, there are several passages in the Biography which are manifestly the outcome of a false prejudice on Lockhart's part. Laidlaw declared that some of Lockhart's charges were absolutely without foundation, and Willie Laidlaw's word was aye as good as his bond. That Scott and Hogg, quarrels and rivalries notwithstanding, were at heart the best of friends, is hardly to be doubted. And there is no more touching episode in Hogg's memories of his friend than his own account of that beclouded autumn afternoon of Scott's funeral: "I followed my friend's sacred remains to his last narrow house, remained the last man at the grave, and, even then, left it with reluctance."

But Mrs. MacCunn chronicles with equal felicity Scott's friendships in the higher grades. He was the bard of the House of Buccleuch, a scion of the family, and his weight and influence with more than one bearer of the title were constantly used for the welfare of other people, and other schemes than his own. Up to the last of life Scott's affection and interest revived at any mention of Buccleuch. Mrs. MacCunn imagines, along with Lady Louisa Stuart, that Frances, Lady Douglas, sat for Scott's study of the character of Jeanie Deans. That, however, is not likely to be the case. As Helen Walker was Jeanie's prototype in the actual incident on which her story is founded, the probability is that Helen's character was also that which is so effectively reproduced in the novel. We know, at any rate, that Helen Walker was just such a woman as Scott has depicted, drawn, not from the daughter of a ducal house, but from a simple and modest peasant maiden of the Border.

It is impossible to remark on each and all of the personages who flit through the pages of this fascinating record of noble and true friendships. Scott's Parliament House friends, George Cranstoun and Will Erskine, are duly noted. Cranstoun's sister Jane Anne, by the way, Scott's confidante in his youth, and in after-life the Countess von Purgstall, may easily be the original of Di Vernon, despite Lockhart's denial thereanent. Lockhart, good, discerning man though he was, did not know all the ins and outs of Scott's mind, and in the Life there are passages connected with some of the characters of the Waverleys in which Lockhart is distinctly in error. Basil Hall's claim for the Countess is assuredly well argued and appears to carry conviction with it. Of the makers of the "Minstrelsy," John Leyden demands the highest place. Surtees and Sharp were, if the phrase be permitted, little better than sharpers, palming off on Scott, more than once, new wares for old. Had Leyden lived, no man would have been prouder of his achievements than his quondam college acquaintance, Walter Scott; nor would any man have more sincerely rejoiced over the fortunes, or mourned the misfortunes, of the author of "Waverley" than the author of the "Scenes of Infancy."

Mrs. MacCunn mentions the "Marmion Group," in which are embraced such figures as the impressionable valetudinarian William Stewart Rose and George Ellis, whom Scott termed his "sheet-anchor": Forbes, the banker, father of Scott's successful rival in love, and Skene of Rubislaw. Morritt of Rokeby (which should be pronounced Rookby) has been assigned a sort of nondescript place in this galaxy of more or less brilliant satellites. It is doubtful if Scott had a more honourable or a more trusted and sure friend amongst the many who gloried in the name. Perhaps nowhere is there a gentler expression of old and tried friendship than in the letter Morritt wrote to Scott on his retirement from the Court of Session in 1830:

> "You think you will tire of solitude in three months, and, in spite of books and the love of them, I have discovered by experience the possibility of such a feeling; but can we not, in some degree, remedy this? Why should we be within two days' march of one another and not sometime together as of old? How I have enjoyed in your house the *summum bonum* of Sir W. Temple's philosophy—something which is not home and yet with the liberty of home; which is not solitude and yet hath the ease of solitude, and which is only found in the house of an old friend. . . . Well, then, for auld lang syne will you not, now that the Session has no claim on you, combine our forces against the possibility of *ennui*? If you will do this I will positively hold myself in readiness to do as much by you in the next November, nor shall the month ever pass without bringing us together. If I plead thus strongly it is because I feel the advantage to myself. Time has made gaps in the list of old friends; . . . young ones, though very cheering and useful, are not and cannot be the same."

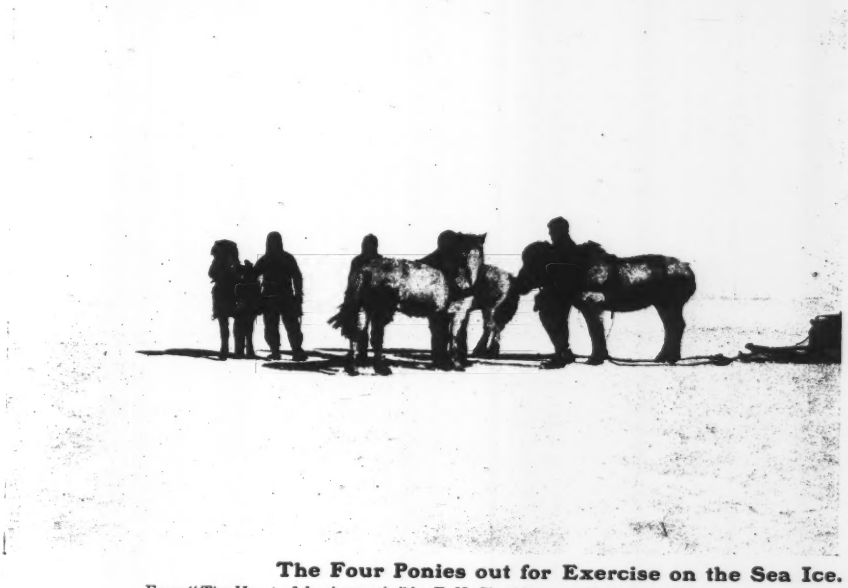
There are some slips which should be put right in the next edition of this truly refreshing repertory. Ettrickshall, repeated more than once, ought to read Ettrickhall; Halyards, Hallyards; Reggersburg, Riegersburg; Tullietudlem, Tillietudlem; and Sir Adam Ferguson's name is persistently printed with a double, instead of a single *s*.

W. S. CROCKETT.

TO THE FROZEN SOUTH.*

"From pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy" we pray to be delivered. But surely the framers of this ancient supplication did not mean that we should take no pride in such a stupendous achievement as is represented by these two weighty and handsome volumes; if they did, then they must have had a most parochial view of human nature. Because we do take a huge pride, in which there is neither vanity nor hypocrisy, in the success that resulted from the heroic efforts of Sir Ernest H. Shackleton and his party of devoted followers to cap all previous explorations in the Antarctic. Yet, given anything like fair fortune, he has done no more than what was expected of him at home here. When accompanying him down the Thames in the *Nimrod*, some of us fell to discussing his chances of success; and, arguing from those British physical characteristics of his, his manner and method of directing this or that, and his experiences with Captain Scott, we found it impossible to get a level bet on the issue of the venture. The odds were largely that he would either go farther than any other man had gone, or he would never come back—unless the expedition should be attended by an unusual series of setbacks ere the great plateau journey could begin. As a matter of fact, that long tow from Lyttelton to the edge of the ice-region, 1510 miles, put the stout, old, tubby *Nimrod* into an unpleasantly leaky condition. And what else could be expected with a sea of forty-odd feet running and that terrible strain everlastingly on the aged sealer's bows? There was no wonder that "Oyster Alley," the passage in the cabin, became a confused jumble of all the wet things imaginable under the circumstances. But what did this, or the shrieking gale, or the huge seas that broke aboard from time to time, smashing bulwarks and stables

* "The Heart of the Antarctic: Being the Story of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1907–9." By E. H. Shackleton, C.V.O. With an Introduction by Hugh Robert Mill, D.Sc. An Account of the First Journey to the South Magnetic Pole, by Professor T. W. Edgeworth David, F.R.S. 36s. net. (Heinemann.)



The Four Ponies out for Exercise on the Sea Ice.
From "The Heart of the Antarctic," by E. H. Shackleton. (Heinemann.)

—happily named "Cavalry Club"—and sending all hands to the pumps: what did all this matter to men who could still keep up their evening "sing-songs" and a constant stream of humour? The wanderlust of the Anglo-Saxon was on and about them. In the air and in their veins there was that spirit of "go one better" which has so far kept the nation (and let us pray that it ever will keep it) in the forefront of such things. And, scarcely to be more defined than grasped, coming from the white unknown and whispering incessantly within them, there was that magic call of the vast silences of polar latitudes—a call that is even more imperative to the man who has been there than it possibly can be to the man who is drawn away by the mere spirit of adventure. Thus in their hearts chanting the song of the Never-give-in, when the wind slackened between the gales they made the decks "a second Petticoat Lane" with drying chattels. But Sir Ernest and a few others, being old sailors, knew that "the fewer things you have to get wet, the fewer you have to get dry."

And so it was that they came to the Great Ice Barrier, that still unsolved mystery of the Antarctic, which made some of the old-time navigators turn to the Arctic, saying that the Barrier was so impassable that the south polar regions would never be explored, and ignorant of the fact that the probing of its mystery will most likely open up some of Nature's secrets. Then, after being ice-balked of wintering on King Edward VII.'s Land, such diversions happened as "Chinaman" (one of the ponies) falling between two floes and being dragged out just as they came together, to be given half a bottle of brandy as a reviver; of an ice ledge breaking away the moment after all their scientific instruments were removed from it; and of other casual occurrences of the kind. As to their wintering in the hut, more quietly merry or human reading could not be desired; and, allowing for the excitement of slips in "th' imminent deadly breach" of frozen snow, much the same could be said of that perilous ascent of Erebus. Indeed, every member of each party seems to have seized all possible occasions for jokes and laughs; as if there had been a clause to that effect in the agreement, and every man was determined to fufil it to the letter.

Then we come to the great southern journey, with the success of which the whole civilised world has been ringing for some months; where "Chinaman," "Gris," "Socks," and the rest of them did their share of hauling, then died to become food, that the four men might go farther. And here it is, more than in the general fitting out and commanding of the expedition, in his method of furthering the advance and at the same time providing for the return, that Sir Ernest has proved his qualities as a polar explorer. Of the heroism, the fortitude, and the exceeding good-fellowship of that journey, what can be said here? For these things, as for the plain human telling of it all, its thrills and its wondrous interest, the reader must go to the book itself; there he will find that although the motor-car was a practical failure for the long journey, in nine hours three men did as much haulage with it as six men would have done in three days without it. Concerning the great venture on the plateau, one gets a glimpse of its magnitude by the fact that while Captain Scott's advance of 297 miles on the previous farthest south was counted a wonderful feat, Sir Ernest and his three companions went 363 miles farther still. One fine point in the whole stirring narrative is the unstinted praise that the leader gives here and there to his various followers. In itself that journey is, as was Captain Scott's before it, an epic of heroic perseverance far greater than some that have furnished material for world-wide and deathless pieces of imaginative literature.

As to the important scientific results of the expedition, these are amply stated by Professor David, Dr. Marshall, Mr. James Murray (biologist), Mr. R. E. Priestly (geologist), Mr. Douglas Mawson, B.Sc., and Lieut. Adams (meteorologist). Of the illustrations the least that one can say is that they, both the photographic contributions—which are particularly numerous—and the colour-sketches of Mr. G. E. Marston, surpass, as a whole, anything of the kind in any previous book on polar exploration. Besides, there is an additional value lent to the whole work by a remarkably condensed summary on Antarctic ventures and discoveries from the pen of Dr. H. R. Mill.

J. E. PATTERSON.

SHELLEY.*

Mr. Clutton-Brock is a careful critic and a sound and graceful writer, and his book of three hundred pages is not only an excellent introduction to the study of Shelley, but is serious and new enough to call for the attention of those who are familiar with his life and the criticism of his work. He wrote it to please himself. He is a great admirer of Shelley, whom he calls "the greatest lyric poet of his country, perhaps the greatest of whom we have any knowledge." He has also considered and passed his own judgment upon Shelley's life, his practice and ideas. What that judgment is may be seen from the following passages, or inferred from them:

"It was a part of his imperfection that he believed his will to be omnipotent over his own nature, and saw no reason why it should not be omnipotent over the outside world. He never, in the course of his short life, attained to a full consciousness of himself, never knew that there was any impulse in him except that of will. He was not aware of the animal that existed in him as in all men. He mistook his appetites and instincts for will; they seemed to him to be all spiritual, and he has represented them as spiritual in his poetry. . . .'

But—

"Judged by the standard of ordinary morality he comes off so well that no one need fear to apply it to him."

* "Shelley: The Man and the Poet." By A. Clutton-Brock. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen & Co.)

And yet again—

"His main fault, in the disaster of his first marriage, was that he ceased to love his wife and could not exercise his will and reason to maintain his love for her."

At the end of his book he tells us that he has written about Shelley "as a middle-aged man for other middle-aged men."

All the important passages in Shelley's life are dealt with by a wise use of contemporary sources that does not overpower the writer's own commentary. He presents Shelley fairly, and though his opinions are decided he gives the material for them so carefully that it is still possible to draw from it quite different conclusions. As a narrative it is orderly and pleasant to read, and there is no equally good book of its size. But when Mr. Clutton-Brock tells us that he wrote it to please himself he probably does not mean that it pleased him to repeat and rearrange the facts of the poet's life. His pleasure has been largely in expressing his own opinions. The majority of people will not quarrel with his judgments. They are sensible and kind, and so far as those of a middle-aged living man can be towards a poet who died at thirty, sympathetic. The fault we find with them is that they can do no good. Shelley himself is out of their reach, and equally so, we think, are those who are likely to act in a similar way; it might even be urged that the criticisms of the middle-aged, however sober, heighten the attractions of what they condemn. But that is open to dispute. What seems certain is that Mr. Clutton-Brock writes with the conscious or unconscious assumption that Shelley himself might have been the better for his view, and, furthermore, that he might have adopted it and have left his genius unimpaired or even the same in essentials. The critic admits that the poet's inability to submit to routine was part of his genius. It was like fresh air to him. Take it away and you have something different—something good, possibly better, but not Shelley. And to say that his faults—for example, his desertion of Harriet—had nothing to do with his genius because that had not yet discovered itself, is to say what is very unlikely and cannot be proved; while it is rash, to say the least of it, to imply that if Shelley, which he could not do, had overcome his dislike of Harriet, used "a little sagacity," and gone on living with her, things would have been better or perhaps quite well. Mr. Clutton-Brock says so, perhaps, lest young men might ape Shelley's conduct and think to equal him. We should have preferred a history of the extravagant importance given to the one incident in Shelley's life which is still liable to be called discreditable. It has been dwelt on far too much, at first because, though it may have had nothing to do with it, it was followed by Harriet's miserable suicide, and now because it has become a sort of test case of the "privileges of genius." But at the present day little is left to be said when it is clear that to desert Harriet was as much a part of Shelley's nature as to write "The Witch of Atlas" or to wish to solve "the great mystery" in the sea.

We could wish that the critic had given more space to Shelley's poetry. For he is usually very just—sometimes new, as in his moderate opinion of "The Cenci"—but seldom quite full enough, except in his admirable discussion of "Adonais." We feel that he could have done more towards defining if not explaining Shelley's power. So early as "Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon," he finds something in Shelley's "unlike the poetry of any other poet"; "Lines on Lechlade Churchyard" he thinks "no other poet could have written"; while in "Alastor," he says, the closing lines "sound with a music then new to the world." But beyond this and a calm discrimination between what is good and what is not so good, between the short poems and the long ones which are chiefly valuable as shrines for other short ones, he tells us rather little. He does not dwell sufficiently on the intellectual far more than sensuous quality of the lyrics, nor on those sudden transitions which are so characteristic, completing the effect of the finest, marring that of others. Of his style also Mr. Clutton-Brock says little. He insists upon its swiftness, but takes for granted too much the usual view of Shelley's lyrics, where room might have been found for considering such faulty peculiarities as the use of "lake-reflected," "lake-surrounded," "music-panting," of parentheses and other awkward turns made for the sake of rhymes, of which many examples can be found in his best work. The final effect of Shelley's poetry is often so superb that there can be no harm in showing what clogs cling about its flight. In one detail, perhaps, Mr. Clutton-Brock finds fault where it is not due. Writing of "The Ode to Liberty," he quotes "Teaching the woods and waves and desert rocks," etc., with the remark that the conjecture "that she taught the woods and waves to talk of her loss is as meaningless as any frigid fancy of the eighteenth century." But the passage is, from Shelley's point of view, singularly just, since he assumes that Liberty takes refuge with Nature after being exiled from men.

EDWARD THOMAS.

SUSANNA AND SUE.*

There is an indescribable charm about Mrs. Riggs's new book. One would hardly have thought that the main idea would entitle the story to be called charming, yet so sympathetically is it written, and so skilfully is the plot handled, that it more than deserves this term; it is so exquisitely alive with humour and pathos—so instinct with the love of humanity. "I am leaving you, John," Susanna writes to her husband, "to see if I can keep the little love I have left for you as the father of my children. I seem to have lost all the rest of it living with you. . . . I am tired, tired, tired of praying and hoping, too tired to do anything but drag myself away from the sight of your folly. You have wasted our children's substance, indulged your appetites until you have lost the respect of your best friends, . . . and you have made me of late an object of pity; a poor, neglected thing that could not meet her neighbour's eyes without blushing." Then, taking her little daughter Sue with her, she makes her way to a small Shaker Settlement a few miles from home. The Shakers welcome her, as they do all wanderers who come to them, and invite her to live amongst them as "company" until such time as she shall decide whether to be "gathered in" and join them, or whether to return to her husband and son. "All you've got to do now's to be 'pure and peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated and without hypocrisy.' That's about all there is to the Shaker creed," they tell her, "and that's enough to keep us pretty busy." Susanna settles down amongst them, and their pure, quiet lives soothe her, and gradually a little of the peace of mind that she has so long yearned for comes back to her. The pictures of Shaker life and religion are exceedingly fresh and interesting, and the characters of the Shakers themselves very cleverly drawn. Here is one type: "Ansel was a slow-moving, humorously-inclined, easy-going Brother, who was drifting into the kingdom of heaven without any special effort on his part. 'I'd 'bout as lieves be a Shaker as anything else,' had been his rather dubious statement of faith when he requested admittance into the band of Believers. 'No more crosses, accordin' to my notion, an' considerable more chance o' crowns!'" Ansel is an exception to the general type of Shakers, but he is honest and God-fearing, and "upholds the banner of Shakerism in his own peculiar way." The creed is very strict. Shakers renounce the world, and never marry, and the men and women take up the "cool, cheerful, casual, wholly impersonal attitude of Shaker friendship, a relationship seemingly outside of and superior to sex, a relationship

* "Susanna and Sue." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Reduced reproduction of three-colour cover design of "Susanna and Sue," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

more like that of astral bodies." The little tragedy (to the Shakers) of the two young Shakers who actually fall in love with each other and run away and get married is very finely told. Brother Ansel holds decided views on the subject of women. "Jest as long as they think marriage is *right*, they'll marry ye spite of anything ye can do or say—four of 'em married my father one after another, though he fit 'em off as hard as he knew how. . . . There's no stopping women-folks once ye get 'em started; they don't keer whether it's heaven or the other place, so long as they get where they want to go!" Sue is a sweet, lovable little child, and her quaint questions and ideas are delightfully entertaining. It would be unfair to give away the ending of the story—and tell what Susanna finally decides to do after many tears and prayers, and of the wonderful surprise that awaits her; but we can assure all who have read and enjoyed Mrs. Riggs's former books that this one will in no way disappoint them. The book is admirably illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.

A NORTHERN QUEEN.*

The three events in the life of Christina of Sweden which have roused fierce discussion are her abdication, her conversion, and the execution of her equerry Monaldesco. They are supposed to supply the key which unlocks the riddle of her perverse and peculiar temperament. Speaking psychologically, Christina was a complex being, full of contradictions, endowed on the one hand with certain masculine mental attributes which were brought to nought by feminine weaknesses and frailties on the other. Above all she was gifted, or perhaps cursed, with an inordinate spirit of self-satisfaction which robbed her of the power to criticise her own actions. Regarded historically, her reign was on the whole an unsatisfactory interlude between that of the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus and the new dynasty as represented by Charles X., who was brilliantly successful in war and whose son did much to advance the position of the country. Considering that Sweden was at this time one of the greatest powers in Europe and that no decision on international affairs was arrived at without reference to her wishes, the author might with advantage have given more of a political aspect to her book, yet Christina is chiefly interesting as a woman, and perhaps it was wise to present her in a personal light.

Up to the abdication Christina's story is well known. The brown harsh-voiced infant who showed delight at the roar of cannon before she could speak, who was educated like a prince and outstripped her tutors in most branches of learning, was the daughter of a good king and a foolish mother. Crowned at the age of six, her tendencies were for a time kept in check by her right-hand man, Chancellor Oxenstiern, but presently became too strong for his control. Her refusal to marry, her indiscreet choice of favourites, her lavish expenditure and her predilection for everything French led to the dissatisfaction of her people and brought about the first of the episodes which require the skilful handling of a biographer. Concerning her abdication, the author says: "Religion; a longing for novelty; a weariness of the routine of business and statecraft; a craving for leisure to pursue the studies she loved; a wish to play a striking and original part—to these several causes has been attributed a step sufficiently remarkable, especially in a woman of no more than twenty-seven, with life before her, to excite the keenest curiosity and interest. Most if not all these reasons may have had a share in shaping her course," which is a strictly non-committal statement.

Almost immediately upon the abdication came the theatrical march across the Continent, the reception into the Catholic Church and the entry into Rome. Here the author makes clear the futility with which not only this, but most of Christina's acts were attended, unfortunately for herself.

> "Rome and Christina," she writes, "had quickly ceased to answer to each other's expectations. An ideal queen had existed in the minds of those who awaited her coming—a queen brilliant in regard to the intellectual gifts which were of world-wide renown, devout, modest, humble, and anxious to sit at the feet of the Pope, and to learn, in the atmosphere of Rome, all the spiritual lore there to be acquired. This dream was dispelled almost upon the day that saw Christina ride into the city upon her white charger."

In fact the people found themselves confronted by a woman the exact opposite of all they had pictured.

The author gets nearest the truth concerning the much-disputed act of violence which brought about the death of Monaldesco. She explains Christina's attitude by stating that "she had never recognised the fact that, in laying down her crown, she had relinquished the rights attaching to it—the right of executing justice upon the guilty being prominent amongst them." Monaldesco had been detected in treachery, his execution would in other circumstances have followed as a matter of course; it was the apparent informality which lent to the episode an element of horror it might otherwise have escaped.

There is a vast amount of material to be sifted, and the author has shown judgment in her selection and has succeeded in writing a very entertaining biography, not the least interesting part being the account of Christina's friendship with Cardinal Azzolino. This is comparatively new to English readers and shows the ex-queen in a more homely and less presumptuous light than is the case in her relations with other friends or ministers. Baron de Bildt's work has been found useful here, and the author appears to have adopted his spelling of names, which in one or two instances is curious.

* "Christina of Sweden." By I. A. Taylor. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

The pictures are taken mostly from original paintings in Sweden and are very artistically reproduced.

FRANK HAMEL.

THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.*

Mr. Symons could hardly have set himself a more difficult and arduous task than that which he has accomplished in his new volume, "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry." But we think he has needlessly complicated that task by having to explain and vindicate a title which only loosely applies to his book as a whole, and by a masterly attempt to define the indefinable, poetry. Inasmuch as the romantic element in poetry appears in all great poetry, Mr. Symons warns us that "movement" must here be understood not in the usual historical sense, or with the definiteness with which we say, for example, the Tractarian or the Agrarian "Movement." Merely as a matter of "convenience," again, he has taken the year 1800 as a sort of "centre, or barrier that admits only such poets (but also all such poets) as were born before that year, and lived on into the nineteenth century." Collins and Chatterton are therefore only referred to in his Introduction. What Mr. Symons precisely means by "romantic" the following extracts may in part reveal.

"The quality which distinguishes the poetry of the beginning of the nineteenth century, the poetry which we can roughly group together as the romantic movement, is the quality of its imagination, and this quality is seen chiefly as a kind of atmosphere, which adds strangeness to beauty."

"Imagination was realised (by the 'best poets' of this renascence) as being, what only Blake quite clearly said, reality; and the beauty of imagination the natural element of that which it glorifies."

But even in these shadowy sentences some of the terms used are almost as elusive as that which they define—"strangeness," for instance. Mr. Symons's definitions too of poetry are quite as subtle and elusive, though quite as sound and incontrovertible for those who are already more or less of the same conviction. But it is pretty certain that if his reader is not quite convinced in his own mind as to what poetry actually is, this extraordinarily interesting introduction will only partially succeed in enlightening him. For, after all, the one clear lantern which Mr. Symons carries through this maze of infinitely various verse, and lifts to illuminate each poet in turn, is only his own rare and assured intuition, fortified by lifelong study and reflection, and not a little practice—by as close a scrutiny of the art he deals with as of the world it reflects and transforms. His principles best manifest themselves in this practice.

It will come, however, as something of a shock to the reader of the Introduction to find on turning the page the names of John Home and of Dr. Erasmus Darwin blandly and resignedly confronting him. He will probably have forgotten that rather portentous list of names and dates in the index. "Romantic" will hardly have prepared him for "The Loves of the Plants." But, though we feel that this arbitrary year-by-year progression was not the method best adapted to Mr. Symons's peculiar gifts, by no means the least entertaining part of his book is the irony, sarcasm, and somewhat acrid humour in which he deliberately indulges at the expense of the poets who did their best, quite unaware of the fact that they had really no best to do.

"No one has the right to bore the world, or one great poet, with as little excuse as Hayley. He was a rich man, and, in the days of patrons, the prodigal patron of his own ineptitudes."

That is a little pompous, perhaps. But what a condensed and mischievous piece of criticism is the following:

"Allan Cunningham has been praised, with and without discrimination, by many more famous persons, from Scott, who christened him 'honest Allan,' to Southey, who called him 'Allan, true child of Scotland'; but he has never been better characterised than by a Mr. McDiarmid, at a banquet given in his honour at Dumfries: 'As a poet he leans to the ballad style of composition, and many of his lyrics are eminently sweet, graceful, and touching.'"

And on the other hand, how exactly fitting to this quotation from Leigh Hunt's, three sonnets called "The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit," is the comment that follows.

"Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt love and graves,
Boundless in hope, honoured with pangs austere,
Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves:
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear,
A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped round in waves,
Quickened with touches of transporting fear."

"This seems to me for once to touch and seize and communicate a strange, cold, inhuman imagination, as if the very element of water entered into chill communion with the mind. . . . There, at least, Leigh Hunt speaks the language of poetry, and with a personal accent."

Throughout this volume, whether, apart from the true and greater Romantic poets, it deals with Byron or Landor, or Clare or Elliott, with Southey or Moore, or Wolcot or Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, are evident the same "personal accent," the same devoted concentration, the same quiet, masterly effort to pierce to the heart of the matter without bias, with scrupulous avoidance of anything brilliant and superficial. "For the critic to aim at making literature is to take off something from the value of his criticism as criticism." Whether Mr. Symons has aimed at making literature or no, there is not a page in his book which is not literature of as rare and high an order as the criticism it conveys. It is life at its richest and profoundest with which poetry deals. With every faculty brought to

Mrs. Norton.

From an engraving by F. C. Lewis after a drawing by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.
(From "The Life of Mrs. Norton," by Jane Gray Perkins. (John Murray.)

* "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry." By Arthur Symons. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

bear in a concentration beyond, possibly, all conscious effort to bring about, the poet works. It is therefore life as the critic has found it which, with every faculty he possesses of reason, and consciousness, and reflective imagination, he lays for comparison against the life manifested in the poetry he criticises. In this volume a personality is portrayed as remarkable as the method of its portrayal. And so far as style is concerned, in none of Mr. Symons's books is it so equable, flexible, and mature, so perfectly subservient to his thought, and above all so simple and so fresh.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

A FORGOTTEN POETESS.*

There was a time when the *Quarterly* placed Mrs. Norton first on a list of the women poets of her day, and Miss Barrett second. Her novels never achieved any particular success, but much of her poetry was for a long while astonishingly popular; it had just those qualities of high sentiment, histrionic passion, and easy melody which make the poetry that pleases the many, but does not wear well. Her verses are almost as dead as her novels, and it is mainly for the story of her life that she is now remembered.

It is the story from which Meredith drew inspiration for "Diana of the Crossways." Diana is not slavishly modelled on Mrs. Norton, nor are all the incidents in the novel merely lifted out of her life; Meredith, of course, used his material with the cunning of an imaginative artist, but the essentials of her character and of her career are in his pages. Caroline Norton was a granddaughter of Sheridan; she was one of a family of seven children, all of whom were clever and extraordinarily good-looking: "they all sang, they all drew, they were all precocious scribblers." At the age of nineteen, she married George Norton, a jealous, obstinate, slow-witted country gentleman who was out of sympathy with her literary ambitions, resented her intellectual superiority, enforced his wishes by petty acts of brutality, and made her as unhappy from the outset as such an uncongenial companion was bound to. There were many quarrels; then a separation; and presently Mr. Norton instituted the famous divorce proceedings, naming the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, as the co-respondent. At the trial Mrs. Norton's innocence was triumphantly vindicated; but though her husband grudgingly admitted that he had never really believed her guilty, the mean asperities of his character made reconciliation impossible.

His death in 1875 was more of a relief than a grief to her, and two years later, only three months before her death, she married Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. To her wit and brilliancy and charm there is ample testimony, and the several portraits in this voume show her to have been as beautiful as those who knew her say she was. We have had plenty of gossip about her, much gathering up of scandal and rehashing of half-truths, but not until now a full and authoritative biography of this woman who deserves to be remembered, as Miss Jane Gray Perkins says, "not only for her misfortunes, but for the real service she rendered to her own kin," in the helping to bring about certain ameliorations in the laws affecting the rights of women. Miss Perkins has done her work sympathetically, conscientiously, and with no little skill; she has produced what is unquestionably one of the most valuable and interesting of recent literary biographies.

THE INCURABLE ROMANTICK.†

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is a delightful writer. No one can deny it. At the same time he has just failed as yet to prove that he is a great writer. It is not that I am unwilling to afford him his due. He has talent so brilliant as to be almost, if not quite, genius. He is a careful and conscientious craftsman. It is obvious that the way he says a thing is of supreme importance to him, and he is particular and nice about the finish of his work to a point further than which no other contemporary novelist has gone. His puppets jig through tragi-comedies that are vastly pretty, whose movement is vigorous, almost irresistible, with the veritable Hewlett glamour over all. But the fact remains that they are often, as here, only puppets after all.

For this, his new story, there is Sanchia-Josepha Percival, and John Senhouse, but especially John Senhouse. Some of us met him in "Halfway House," apparently four years after the occasion of his meeting with Sanchia-Josepha. The interval saw changes in him. At the time of our story he "had theories about everything in Nature and Society, and practised more of them than you would have thought possible." There was nothing in the civilised world that he was not able to go without. He was educated at Rugby and King's College, Cambridge, whence he walked away at the age of twenty, without a penny in his pocket, worked his way to Holland from King's Lynn, wandered through Germany to Poland, got himself packed off to Siberia, and made a sudden and unexpected reappearance in the home of his father, a rich colliery-owner, some two years afterwards. He is a full-fledged Socialist, or rather Anarchist, by this time, "in touch with half the dreamers of Europe." He supports himself by a little journalism (*The Dawn, The Fiery Cross, The Intransigeant*), and a little painting (after Corot). He has made with his own hands a tent which never leaves him, and which he conveys up and down the world in a tilt-cart. He is often to be heard of in "California, Colorado, the Caucasus, and Cashmere." One would have thought it cheaper for him to buy a new tent whenever he landed in these parts. When in England, he picnics on the estates of the nobility and gentry of his acquaintance. As the guest of Roger Charnock, M.P. for Grazeby, at Bill Hill, he meets Sanchia, visiting at the neighbouring Lady Mauleverer's, in the wood, in circumstances a little romantic. She has no shoes or stockings on, for one thing. She is anxious to clear the surface of a water-lily pool from unsightly weeds. She pins her outer garments about her middle, wades far out, and does wonders with a long branch. Senhouse, painting on the bank, introduces himself, goes to fetch his bed, makes a raft of it, and helps. Two little vulgar boys, though they do go to a public school, take a snapshot of the scene with a kodak. "At the end of the week they were fast allies, at the end of a fortnight inseparable companions, sketching together every day, and he teaching her to read Greek out of the *Anthology*. At the end of three weeks they were eternal friends." After which they wrote to each other at intervals during two years. The letters of Senhouse we are given. Those of Sanchia-Josepha were burned after having been read.

Sanchia has a mother, of social ambitions, a father, "old Tom Percival," an East India merchant, and four sisters, Philippa, Hawice, Melusine, and Vicky. Of these, it is really only Vicky of whom we are given to know anything. Different young men flit into the picture, among them Mr. Nevile Ingram. He reads poetry with Sanchia, who passes on the lessons learnt to Senhouse. There are complications, and there is Senhouse to the rescue. But for Sanchia wedded there are no more letters.

"Open Country," is, as I have suggested already, a delightful book. There are a few Meredithian touches, the episode of Mr. Roger Charnock's blue silk socks for one, that are really brilliant. What is the matter with Mr. Hewlett is that, like Senhouse, he is "an incurable Romantick," and we are sure that he too prefers it with a "k." Does he not also call Epictetus "an antick sage"? Artificiality may go with mediævalism, but the open road and the countryside and their influence upon the gentleman

* "The Life of Mrs. Norton." By Jane Gray Perkins. With Portraits. 12s. net. (John Murray.)

† "Open Country." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

gypsy of our own time call aloud for different treatment. Here Mr. Hewlett suggests himself to me as an artist of exceptional talent who has chosen to work in the wrong medium. It is inevitable that the result, however brilliant, should be a little unsatisfactory.

A. G.

THE RENAISSANCE OF RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.*

Time was when Mr. Richard Le Gallienne raised the enthusiasm of a generation of readers who are now pleased to turn their backs upon him as they revel among the fertile pages of Shaw and Chesterton, or relish the prose of Mr. Belloc, or chant the verses of a flight of poets worthy the attention even of the artist of praise who wrote the "Retrospective Reviews." He has almost been a dead-living poet—one who promised much, fulfilled a little, and passed out of ken. But such neglect, doubtless provoked by Mr. Le Gallienne's recent books, is not entirely fair, for any one could point to at least a dozen of his essays, about half as many of his poems, besides a volume or two of literary criticism, which, in spite of the fact that they are half-forgotten now, are destined to be remembered in the future. Perhaps the attitude against Mr. Le Gallienne's work is due to a feeling that he has betrayed a trust. He commenced well, whimsical, self-conscious to a pose, yet well, and he inspired confidence. Then came "The Romance of Zion Chapel" and "The Worshipper of the Image," books obviously evoked by the needs of what Mr. Le Gallienne himself would call "the Muse of Daily Bread," and they wrecked a faith which had been previously, and, as I still think, unduly shaken by the gay irresponsibility of "The Quest of the Golden Girl." The unfairness of which I write lies in the hitherto unobserved fact that during the period in which Mr. Le Gallienne has offended literary taste, he has been doing work which ought to have received the highest approval of those who have any care for good writing. Such delightful essays as "The Blue Jar" and "At Elim," to name but two among his more recent works, have all the bright charm of the best of his earlier "Prose Fancies," and, in addition, a mellowness which should incline one to forget, one could hardly excuse, his callow romances. And now, like the promise of a new Le Gallienne, comes a book of Poems containing more genuine poetry than any volume yet issued by him.

The early Le Gallienne was an unabashed euphuist, an artist in conceits; and although his euphuisms were never so crowded as those of the euphuists of the past, they came at times perilously near spoiling the flavour of his essay; not, however, as in the Elizabethans, by a profusion of sugar, but by an excess of piquant spices, which would, far too frequently, surprise the palate by an irrelevancy which was almost an impertinence. Not even his poetry was safe; but in the present volume the mood which stimulated these whimsies of the pen is never insistent. True, we still hear of "the blue publicity of heaven," as well as a night beneath "an operatic moon," and once in a while the poet draws upon his almost forgotten toy-box of golden, silver, ivory and other girls, moons, pearls, and what not, after his old manner.

> "Her face was like a moon-white flower
> That sways upon an ivory stem,
> Her hair a whispering silver shower,
> Each foot a silver gem."

But for the rest the note is higher, the feeling deeper, and the technique surer. With few exceptions the typical Le Gallienne conceit has ripened into an instrument of poetry, it is no longer a trick; and the airy flippancy of his earlier style has been rendered negligible beside the development of that note of melancholy which has hitherto mourned through his works so luxuriously as to have moved us to nothing but admiration of the way in which it enjoyed itself. Mr. Le Gallienne's life, as we know, has not been without its sorrow, and even tragedy, and it is this more than anything that has mellowed his song; it is, in his own words, the

> "Sorrow that breaks and breaks the heart,
> Yet makes a music all the while."

Most important of all, however, and despite the fact that these new poems contain many purely personal lyrics of great beauty, is the manner in which the poet allows his sympathy to touch the trials and sorrows of the world. The egotist forgets himself in the tragic life about him, and sings brave songs for prostrate and oppressed nations. And in doing so he certainly sounds a note that will reach across the ages. Those who were fortunate enough to read Mr. Le Gallienne's noble elegy, "Christmas in War-time," when it first appeared during the dark hours of the Boer War, will remember how it interpreted the national sorrow of that time, and some of its haunting lines may have lived with them till now. When they come to re-read the poem in the present volume they will find its beauty unimpaired by the lapse of years, a proof that what is finely contemporaneous in art will live. In his deepened concern for humanity Mr. Le Gallienne sings a song which, by the law of opposites, suggests Kipling. "The Boy of the Little Peoples" is a fine piece of sentiment occasionally suggesting in its tenderness the modern poems of Ireland:

> "O leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and sea,
> A little grass, and a hill or two, and a shadowing tree."

Suggestion of other poets is a Le Gallienne characteristic; he has never got away from his masters, not through weakness but, as I am prepared to believe, from choice. He likes to mingle with his own song memories of the songs of others. It is a kind of homage, and in its way original and not unpleasant. For Mr. Le Gallienne does not copy; his masters step into his songs and take up the refrain. He has himself noted the same thing in Kipling, and he has shown how that poet plays on his banjo the songs of other bards. Mr. Le Gallienne does much the same. But he plays a mandolin—not the mandolin of the suburban drawing-room, but the mandolin of Italy. "New Poems," however, inclines one to the belief that he intends discarding that instrument for the lyre.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

* "New Poems." By Richard Le Gallienne. 5s. net. (Lane.)

THE INCOMPARABLE SIDDONS.*

Our stage has had comediennes by the score—from Nell Gwyn to Ellen Terry—but, curiously enough, it can only boast one great tragic actress. When we think of Lady Macbeth we think of Sarah Siddons and she stands in a class by herself. Others attempted, she made real, the sleep-walking scene. Somehow or other she thrilled, she swayed, she dominated her audience. It is a little difficult for posterity to understand in what lay her strength, but the tradition she has left behind her is too insistent to permit the suspicion that hers was a mere triumph of declamation or stagey manners. Her eyes seemed to sparkle or glow at a distance, say her contemporaries. She had tones in her voice which could curdle the blood or force tears to flow. Majesty is admitted to have been suggested inevitably in all her performances. Though of little more than medium height, she left the impression of a woman much taller than she was—indeed, goddess-like in stature. Tate Wilkinson declared that if he had wanted to show wild Indians what a queen was like, he would have bidden them look at Mrs. Siddons. Yet Mrs. Clement Parsons, in her new biography of the actress, says, and says with every apparent justification, that Sarah Siddons "stands

* "The Incomparable Siddons." By Mrs. Clement Parsons. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse.

From an engraving by Francis Haward after the painting by Reynolds.
"Indisputably the finest female portrait in the world."—Sir Thomas Lawrence to the Royal Academy students, 1824.
From "The Incomparable Siddons," by Mrs. Clement Parsons. (Methuen.)

for the mother-woman" in combination with the supreme and instinctive artist. It is certainly a fact, when we leave the greatest of her impersonations out of reckoning, that she excelled in characters "in which the motherly and domestic phases of feminine emotion predominate"—Constance in "King John," Volumnia, Hermione, and Queen Katharine, not to mention the heroines of half a dozen second-rate tragedies of her day. She was, in some ways, the Mrs. Kendal of the eighteenth century, but of course much more than that. Her life was one of irreproachable propriety, given up to the pursuit of her profession and to maternity, and her art reflected her life. Engaged at sixteen and married at eighteen to her insignificant actor-husband, she passed at once, as Mrs. Parsons says, from the state of maid to that of matron, and her well-balanced, perhaps rather cold, nature required no outlets for sex-passion save those which were legitimate. Mothering her children was the sufficient preoccupation of her leisure, and any maternal sentiment in her parts always made to her a strong appeal. Yet this staid, home-loving creature, whose favourite note in acting was that of pathos, proved the incarnation of Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth. How account for the paradox? No doubt the stateliness of her beauty, the eloquence of her glances, the thrilling quality of her voice, and the majesty of her stage-presence had much to do with the effect. For the rest we can only fall back for explanation on that power of the imagination which always accompanies genius. When in the midst of the domestic tragedy of which her two elder daughters were the victims she had to picture the artificial woes of Mrs. Beverley, she wrote: "It is sometimes a great relief from the struggles I am making to wear a face of cheerfulness at home, that I can at least on the stage give a full vent to the heart which swells with its weight almost to bursting; and then I pour it all out upon my innocent auditors." So perhaps in her more tragic rôles Mrs. Siddons showed on the stage a side of herself, passionate, tempestuous, savage, which never appeared in her private life.

Her professional career, save for the set-back which Mrs. Parsons appropriately calls "false dawn," was one of almost continuous success. Her début in London was made rather too prematurely—during Garrick's farewell season at Drury Lane in 1775—and it was attended by dire failure. She was nervous, she had had little experience of a big theatre, she had only recently recovered from a confinement, and she made a wrong choice of part, electing to appear as Portia, whereas she was never even in her best days a mistress of comedy, and always somewhat lacked a sense of humour. But seven years later she conquered the town as the tearful heroine of Southerne's "Isabella," and from that time onward she remained the idol of London playgoers till she retired in 1812, nineteen years before her death. Her artistic prosperity, which had as its only irritations the conscienceless meanness and extravagance of Sheridan, was balanced by sorrows and bereavements which came on in a regular succession like blows delivered by a fate jealous of her popularity. Two of her daughters, Sally and Maria, succumbed in the flower of their youth and beauty to pulmonary disease, and both girls had their lives made miserable by the fickleness of the famous painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, who made love to both, and jilted both, and then too late fastened all his hopes on Sally. Of the girls' misery, of their mother's consequent distress, and of the father's coldness and reserve Mrs. Parsons has made a most interesting story, drawing largely, of course, on Mr. Knapp's arrangement of the Lawrence correspondence, and in other chapters she writes no less vivaciously of Sarah's too-classical actor-brother, John Philip Kemble, and of the numerous other members of the Kemble family. They were a prolific race, but Mrs. Siddons did not leave a large progeny behind her. Three years after her retirement a son of hers followed his two sisters to the grave, and the retired actress, her biographer tells us, comforted herself by repeating, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," as if the verse served as a narcotic. On that occasion "her sight was almost washed away by tears," so that she did not wholly reserve her weeping for the stage. While acting pathetic rôles she wept profusely. Miss Kelly remembered that when she played Arthur to Mrs. Siddons's Constance, her collar was always soaking wet after the scene between the lad and his mother was over, and Sally told a correspondent that as Mrs. Haller her mother cried so much that she was always ill when she came home. With all her sensibility, however, the tragedienne was a splendid trencherwoman. If her husband nourished her tears on nothing stronger than small beer, she made great play with fork and knife. "Never was such a woman for chops," said her butcher. And Scott's two amusing stories of her summed up in the sentences, "Beef cannot be too salt for me, my lord," and "You've brought me water, boy; I asked for beer," both turn on her relish for pleasures of the table. Readers will find these and all the other authentic anecdotes in Mrs. Parsons's biography, for which indeed she seems to have ransacked every available authority. The trouble she has taken was worth while, for it has resulted in a most entertaining and brightly written narrative.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE HAVEN.*

For once Mr. Phillpotts has deserted Dartmoor, and the scene of "The Haven" is laid in Brixham. The central idea of the story is that the descendant of a long line of sea-faring folk must in the end return to the sea, not gladly, but because there is no abiding peace for him on land. The dominant figure is John Major, the owner and skipper of the trawler *Jack and Lydia*. Generation after generation of Majors had been fishermen, working their own boats, never rich and never poor; and John Major's hope was that his only son Ned would follow in his footsteps. But the boy's interests were all in the country. He hated the sea, and though he loyally strove his hardest to become a fisherman, his heart was never in his work. To his father the discovery came as a bitter disappointment, but with all his passionate devotion to the sea, he was too fair-minded to keep his son to an uncongenial calling. The boy turned to farming, and throve amazingly. He married, after an idyll of child-love charmingly described by Mr. Phillpotts, and in his new happiness he never dreamed of returning to the sea. But a sudden accident robbed him of his young wife, and in his grief he found no solace except on the sea, and the book ends with Ned at work on his father's boat. The young man had found peace, and the old man's faith had its reward.

The mere story in Mr. Phillpotts's books is usually of secondary importance, but the central incident of "The Haven" is worth summarising because of the light it throws on the difference between Mr. Phillpotts and Mr. Thomas Hardy. The comparison of the two men is at once commonplace and unavoidable. At first sight, in method and technique, the younger man seems more than the disciple, almost the successor, of the last of the great Victorians. Yet sound as Mr. Phillpotts's work is, it seems strangely lacking in grip after such a book as "The Return of the Native." Accurate in detail and colouring, with a genuine sense of "atmosphere" and a keen appreciation of character, Mr. Phillpotts's work is so good and yet so curiously unsatisfactory that, while it can claim to be judged by the highest standard, it leaves in the reader's mind a tantalising sense of comparative failure. If just misses complete success. Perhaps the clue is to be found in a certain want of logical consistency. In "The Haven" the central idea, round which the whole book is built, is that the sea will claim its own. To parody a popular cry, the idea is "Back to the Sea." But if we examine the story we find that Edward Major's return to the sea is the result of a mere accident. The death of his wife, which is the turning-point in his career, is pure chance. It does not follow necessarily from any preceding incident. Mr. Phillpotts does not even lead up to it in any way. It comes like a bolt from the blue, and but for the catastrophe thus arbitrarily introduced, Edward Major might have remained a farmer to his dying day. In Hardy's work the conclusion follows logically from the premisses. Every incident is part of the chain, and the catastrophe results naturally and inevitably from the events which precede it. Hardy creates a sense of a compelling destiny by linking up a multitude of small incidents in a logical sequence, till we feel that the individual is powerless against the forces of nature. A catastrophe arbitrarily introduced, such as the unforgivable drowning of Beauchamp at the end of "Beauchamp's Career," is always inartistic in itself, but particularly in such a book as "The Haven," where it weakens the force of the main theme.

That Mr. Phillpotts can challenge a comparison with Hardy argues that his work is enormously above the average of current fiction. Indeed "The Haven," though a sombre and rather pessimistic book, is full of fine work. The picture of the Devonshire fishing village, with its strongly contrasted types, ranging from the puritan "Holy John," with his unshakable faith, to the drunken scapegrace Dick Varwell, in whose mouth Mr. Phillpotts places many cynical but shrewd comments on modern society, is finely done. The women are hardly as good as the men, but the melancholy Mrs. Michelmore, a Brixham edition of Mrs. Gummidge, is a real and living figure. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Phillpotts uses dialect with good judgment, and the details of the picture are studied with a minute accuracy which again recalls the work of Hardy. It is no mean achievement to write a book which contains no single well-educated character without ever being tedious or indulging in caricature. No one can read "The Haven" without feeling it to be a faithful transcript from life. It carries conviction in every page. It is not easy reading, and Mr. Phillpotts's restraint occasionally makes us wish that he would let himself go. His humour is too grim to lend much relief to the sombreness of the general scheme. But as a study of humble life it would be difficult to find anything in recent fiction more careful and more finished than this.

* "The Haven." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (John Murray.)

SHAKESPEARE.*

Two of the most attractive gift-books of the season are these charming editions of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice." The delicate art of Mr. Hugh Thomson is exquisite fitted for the portrayal of the open-air life and green and leafy scenes of the forest of Arden. His Rosalind remains a very woman, graceful and winsome, even in her manly disguise; his Touchstone is the most engagingly droll of jesters; and all his pictures are instinct with the natural simplicity and rural loveliness

* "As You Like It." With Plates in Colour by Hugh Thomson, R.I. 10s. 6d. net. Edition de Luxe, £2 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Merchant of Venice." With Plates in Colour by Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I. 10s. 6d. net. Edition de Luxe, £2 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Shylock leaving the Ducal Palace.

Reduced reproduction of one of Sir James D. Linton's three-colour illustrations to "The Merchant of Venice." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Touchstone: "Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool I."

A reduced reproduction of one of Mr. Hugh Thomson's three-colour illustrations to "As You Like It." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

that are the keynote of the play. On the other hand, the more ornate brush of Sir James Linton is no less admirably suited to the statelier persons and more gorgeous setting of "The Merchant of Venice." Portia and her lovers, Shylock and Jessica, the proud Venetian merchants, the palaces and splendid streets of the city are pictured imaginatively in all the rich, glamorous hues of old Italian days and nights.

Each book is prefaced with a deftly written story of the play by A. T. Quiller-Couch, who gives a brief account of its origin and some concise and suggestive criticism of it. The artistic printing and binding of the volumes are entirely in harmony with the beauty of their illustrations.

AS WE SEE THE FRENCH.*

One afternoon when I was on a walking-tour in Luxemburg, I had occasion to await for certain hours a pleasant little train that curls along the frontier stream and sends up to the hills on either side a struggling cloud of smoke. The whistling and the smoke are not so frequent as to interfere with any dreams that may be dwelling in the grape—this was, indeed, a subject of discussion as we waited through that afternoon. We were in a village of a lovely name, a mile or so above the railway, and our hostess, who had just returned from finishing her education in a convent of Loraine, our hostess who was sitting in the parlour of her parents' inn put forth a kind of proposition that I should not have expected to proceed from any convent. She maintained that there was less of virtue in the wine of Luxemburg than in the Moselle wine. But in her presence it was difficult to see the limitations of the wine of Luxemburg. She said the reason was that hardly any trains came through these valleys, while the rush of trains along the banks of Moselle was continuous. Where there is real life, she said, where you are passing to and fro, you send a real life into the wine; but where the vineyard is remote from real life the wine will be insipid. . . . A part of Madame Duclaux's book has got to do with vineyards that she knows quite well, and so there is produced a very pleasant wine. A part concerns itself with distant vineyards, where she is not on such terms of gay familiarity, and here it is that we look questionably at the wine—though, be it understood, not at the moment when our hostess pours it out for us. Now Mr. Sherard is on terms of intimacy, it would seem, with many vineyards; the result should be delectable. But after we have drunk we have our qualms; they are so serious that we begin to ask if he was really intimate—or if alas! we should not have been ready to accept the philosophic illustration of the tavern-keeper's girl of Luxemburg.

Mr. Sherard's book is an extraordinary mixture. Sometimes a page or two fascinates us, as for instance the description of Wordsworth (his great-grandfather) writing in collaboration an official ode for which he had not bargained. Then we come across a page that jars and jars. "William Butler Yeats was there," says Mr. Sherard, "and I was pleased to make his acquaintance." So that Mr. Sherard's intentions, at any rate, were laudable. Then he proceeds: "I admired his striking figure and appearance. He has all the physical advantages which make for success and, as I wrote to him the other day, *quo non ascendas?*" Synge is called Syng, and in the index "Syng, a dramatist." Seeing that the author of "The Playboy of the Western World" has what Mr. Sherard would call "a foremost place in the literary world," we may be pardoned if we cannot overlook these errors. If the word *continuations* is to be employed instead of trousers, why should it be made conspicuous in inverted commas? Why should the word *deal* be put between inverted commas? For what class of readers is this book produced, since we are told exactly who the authors of *The Wrecker* are? Why should we wish to gaze at the card of Alphonse Daudet, which has (naturally) nothing but his name and his address upon it? And yet in this book there are some pages that have pleased us, not with the opinions or the moralisings of the author, but when he discloses some forgotten fact.

Madame Duclaux's book is not so good as some that she has written. It is not a condemnation if we say it is inferior to "The Fields of France," but when the authoress is telling us about some writer she has personally known, she is illuminating, even if her flash-light is turned off again with startling speed. The last essay in the book is devoted to Anatole France. No mention is made of the illustrious writer's novel in which Madame Duclaux is supposed to be represented. The other books of France are discussed very much as any other sympathetic person would have discussed them. In the very brief essay on Gaston Paris we are delighted with a vivid picture of the great man. But how sketchy it is in comparison with the essays, say, of "La Vie Littéraire" or the essays which Madame Duclaux could give us, if she would. How can a universe like Balzac be depicted in so small a space? Was it wise to make these snap-shots of the French Procession? We might as well try to interview a number of eminent gentlemen while they are walking up the floor of the Senate House at Cambridge to receive their honorary degrees. Imagine the feelings of Louis Quatorze with his four pages of large print! But, unlike him, we are not "inamusable" and we read the book because we cannot help it, because it is by Madame Duclaux.

H. B.

* "The French Procession." By Mary Duclaux. 12s. 6d. net. (Unwin).—"My Friends the French." By Robert Sherard. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

THE PROCESSION OF ST. PAUL'S.*

The chronicle of St. Paul's makes a conspicuous thread in the fabric of English history. Canterbury and York may boast their archiepiscopality, Durham its princely privileges, but St. Paul's is the cathedral of the capital, where all great events have their echo if not their issue. First in St. Erkonwald's Saxon fane; then in the stately Gothic church, whose spire pierced further heavenwards than Salisbury's even; finally under the great dome which Wren, playing Lucina to the phœnix, set to rule over modern London, the pageant of our history has been enacted in epitome. There Lanfranc held the first great council of English bishops in 1075, when the question of precedence was settled and London was honourably set on Canterbury's left hand. A hundred years later, when the strife between those angry men, Henry II. and Becket, was at its height, Bishop Gilbert Foliot, who took the king's part, was excommunicated at his own high altar. In St. Paul's, as elsewhere, the decree which shut the churches against all Englishmen was read, and there, a few years later, John made his ignominious surrender to Rome. It was presage of the new times when Wycliffe stood before proud Bishop Courtenay to answer for his opinions; but with him came the unpopular Duke of Lancaster, between whom and Courtenay were angry words, and what should have been an examination ended in a riot. During the wars of the Roses the cathedral saw many oaths made which were afterwards to be broken, and in the early years of Henry VIII. there were many gilded pageants. But the new times were indeed at hand when in 1530 six hundred of the clergy resisted the king's decree and their bishop's and rioted in the Chapter House; and when, three weeks after Anne Boleyn's death, Latimer of Worcester "shot his bitter arrows" from the pulpit of the cathedral. Then came the terrible days of the burnings, and in 1561 the spire and roof of the great church were themselves destroyed by fire from Heaven. Repairs were still in hand on the arrival of the busy Commonwealth, which had no use for such relics of mediævalism and converted St. Paul's into a cavalry barrack. But the Restoration soon put a stop to this bad work, and the Great Fire swept away its traces. And then came Wren to build the temple wherein Marlborough's splendid victories were to be celebrated, Nelson and Wellington to be buried with pomp.

Thus, to one who is no specialist, the history of London's cathedral presents itself, as a pageant of events, a procession of memorable men: Ralph de Diceto, with his "Imagines Historiæ"; Bishop Pecock, who, too early, held that the Christian religion was not a matter of demonstration but of probable argument, and chose recantation rather than martyrdom; Colet, the scholar, friend of Erasmus and More and the rest of that gracious company of the Renaissance; the brilliant Pace, whom his troubles drove mad; Bonner, Mary's imbrued left hand; Ridley the martyr; Donne, dean and poet, whose whimsical shrouded effigy survived the fire; Laud, Juxon and the others, a company too great to enumerate.

In his "Memorials," portly as the dome itself, Archdeacon Sinclair tells the story of these men and many another, from the shadowy Restitutus to Dr. Winnington-Ingram and Dean Gregory. Nor is it only of men and events that he writes. He skilfully reconstructs the old cathedral, and four chapters are devoted to Wren and his work. Such matters as sources of revenue and the personal staff are discussed. The book bristles with facts and dates.

Archdeacon Sinclair is, of course, indebted to Milman's "Annals," from which he quotes at great length; but Milman's book was published forty years ago and much history has been made since then and left its mark on the records of the cathedral. Of matters peculiar to the church there are, for example, the decoration by Sir William Richmond and the introduction of the Order of St. Michael and St. George into the south-west chapel. To each of these a chapter is given. The story of the last half of the nineteenth century is told from the diary of Robert Green, who was Dean's Verger for that period and kept a faithful record. Separate chapters treat of "Organists, Organ, and Music," "Library, Bells, and Clock," and not the least useful are those which list the memorials and burials in the old and new cathedrals. There are also useful appendices, a bibliography, and, of course, an index. Mr. Louis Weirter's drawings, best, perhaps, when least imaginative, make an acceptable garniture.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Memorials of St. Paul's Cathedral." By William Macdonald Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London, etc. 16s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Novel Notes.

BELLA DONNA. By Robert Hichens. 2 vols. 4s. net. (Heinemann.)

The East, which is so much older and so much wiser than us, which creates great religions where we propound pale philosophies, commits great crimes where we play with petty sins, has a tremendous fascination for certain types of Western mind. Yet it has become a truism that between East and West a great gulf is fixed. Even Mr. Kipling has penetrated little further than the fringe of the Orient. He has written of the East in contact with the West. Mr. Hichens does still less. He only writes of the West in contact with the East. Yet what an Englishman may know of Egypt it seems (to one who knows nothing) that Mr. Hichens knows. In "The Garden of Allah" he created the magic of the desert in a manner at least artistically convincing. London, Sicily, and Egypt are the three lands—for may not London be described as a land?—which Mr. Hichens has selected for the background of his fictions. The scene of his latest novel, "Bella Donna," passes from the first to the last. It is a study of racial temperament. Like all its author's books it moves slowly, much of the development of the story going on within the minds of the characters. And it is characteristic of Mr. Hichens that his subjectivity is not confined to one of his creatures. So many psychological novelists put themselves into the brain and nerves of one of their characters and draw but an external portrait of the rest. Mr. Hichens's greatest virtue is his imaginative insight, which not only gives all his men and women the warmth of life, but sets them also in a real atmosphere. "Bella Donna" is the name given to a certain Mrs. Chepstow, once famous, afterwards notorious for her beauty. When the story opens, her thirty-eighth birthday has dawned many times. There are possibilities here which Mr. Hichens has used to their utmost. Besides this woman there are only three other people in the book of importance. One, Nigel Armine, is a northern idealist to whom Egypt means land to be reclaimed from the desert, and Mrs. Chepstow means a woman whose goodness has only to be cultivated. It is, again, very characteristic of Mr. Hichens that of the two other men one is a successful London physician, whose name is Meyer Isaacson and in whose veins the Eastern blood is ever ready to grow clamant; while the other, the Egyptian, Baroudi, was born of a Greek mother and is thus in touch with Europe. How Mrs. Chepstow, feeling her dominion over men to be failing, marries Nigel Armine, who takes her to the East, how she is affected by the East, with its codes so different from ours, and the part Meyer Isaacson plays in her life, is the tale of Mr. Hichens's telling, and a tale well told.

Mr. Henry Baerlein.

ON THE FORGOTTEN ROAD. By Henry Baerlein. 6s. (Murray.)

This "Chronicle of the Crusade of Children, which Happened in the Year 1212" is a very remarkable piece of work. Mr. Baerlein presents the history of a forgotten folly in the form of a narrative from the mouth of one of the principals of the crusade. This gentleman is very far from being a hero, but he impresses the reader with a sense of actuality. It is the lighter side only of the crusade which is dealt with, and in this Mr. Baerlein displays a deftness and humour which are worthy of all praise, while a note of pathos is occasionally struck with a sure hand. An extract from the interview with King Philippe Auguste of the narrator and his son, who was responsible for the crusade, will serve to give an idea of the manner and the elusive attractiveness of the story: "Philippe Auguste looked upon the floor and scowled and scowled. And then I got the grand idea, which rescued us. 'O King,' I said, 'is there a hole perhaps in one of your two stockings?' And I gave an explanation that in our part of the country when you have a hole in either of your stockings there will be a letter coming to you. 'Prithee,' said a courtier, 'let me fling him forth. He is a ribald ruffian.' But very luckily there was a hole. The King himself had found it and it made his joy. 'Give me your letter,' said the King. And there he learned of our crusade. So much of simpleness had soiled the previous crusades, for many who were not adventurers had been commanded by the Church to travel thither as a penitence, seeing they were men of sullied lives. Where they succumbed the children would succeed. Assuredly they would succeed." Mr. Baerlein has written what is emphatically a good book, which, though it costs no more, is worth a dozen novels.

GRANITE. By John Trevena. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

We are not quite sure whether Mr. John Trevena has made out a really strong case in favour of the "trilogy" form as compared with the sequel which the old mid-Victorian novelists tried with some patience and discarded. Why three? Why not thirteen? The epic of Dartmoor seems indefinite. Our best story-tellers to-day are not agreed about it. If you have followed the works of Mr. Eden Phillpotts you will assuredly find it hard to plunge without a decent show of reserve into the stark, staring realism of Mr. Trevena. Or, if you appeal to the written records of the Rev. S. Baring Gould, who has spent a whole lifetime of honourable and honoured service as Rector of Lew Trenchard, you will turn quite impatiently aside from "Heather" and from "Furze the Cruel" and from "Granite" and class them heatedly as the product of a perfect nightmare of mental disorder and physical indigestion. Yet Mr. Trevena is, in some respects, like the Ancient Mariner. He has the power of holding you with his glittering eye, and he has, in addition, a pretty little knack of his own, wherein he takes you captive at the outset by a piece of weird but striking symbolism, so captive indeed that you find to your own surprise you plod relentlessly through all the moorland bogs and quagmires he strews about your feet at other stages. Why? Probably because he startled you with some questions like these: "Has not a plant a soul? Has it not comprehension and discernment? Has it not passions? Watch the passionate embrace of the love-apple? Consider the sun-dew," and you were honestly puzzled about his answers. There is, in addition, a strange set of characters in "Granite," ranging from the son of the quarryman who becomes a preacher and tries to fight the drink traffic; a light o' love with the call in her eyes, Patience, who "was always kissing or desiring to" and who "went hot-foot to the Three Towns and to ruin"; her heroic but inarticulate sister Temperance; and the curate, Gerald Spiller, weak in knees and in character, an easy victim of a melodramatic type of squire who seemed to consistently love ways that were dark and evil, and readily made Spiller a slave to intemperance. These persons are used to illuminate strange unwholesome depths of depravity and waywardness in the life of a remote moorland, but the result seems to us to be unutterably morbid and depressing.

THE WRONG SIDE OF DESTINY. By Edith Mary Moore. With a frontispiece by Balliol Salmon. 6s. (Cassell.)

Here is a fine tale of that true love which suffers and is strong: the sort of love one meets more often in the novels of other days than in those of our own, but interpreted in the most modern of terms and the most up-to-date of settings. Mrs. Moore lives in a suburb of South London, and it is in such a suburb that her tragi-comedy mainly works itself out. Rose Esquilant, whilst a very young woman (with a temperament), is married to a perfectly correct and stolidly affectionate man of business some years her senior. Then she falls in love with Leveson Garland, who becomes the godfather of her two boys David and Richard. Her passion for Garland (a passion largely, if not wholly, spiritual) is held in check by her joy and pride in her boys and her sense of duty to them. She is their chum and they her devoted worshippers. But they grow up: Richard to become a prosperous person in the City, with a comfortable little wife at Framley and a perfect baby; David to become a journalist and poet and to fall in love with Janet Hawksford, woman-writer, who has a dipsomaniac husband in an asylum. Rose Esquilant is confronted with an awkward problem when Janet frankly returns the love of David, and there is talk of their living together on the Continent. But, believing as she does that their love is greater than the conventions, Rose goes to Janet's room and says that she understands. Janet leaves, and David enters, misconstrues the attitude of his mother, and—shoots himself! The conclusion seems to us needlessly brutal, and scientifically unsound. Heredity ought to count for something in such matters surely; and Rose and her husband both in their different ways are peculiarly level-headed. Why should their son be mad, even though he write verse? Besides, there is no earthly reason, so far as Mrs. Moore has made things clear to us, why David should have failed to understand his mother's position; an allusion to "Paolo and Francesca" should not have sufficed to send him astray. This irritating finish

apart, and a degree of extravagance in some of the conversations duly noted, "The Wrong Side of Destiny" calls for warm praise. It is written with singular grace, and it is full of kindly wisdom and observant humour.

ARSÈNE LUPIN. The Novel of the Play. By Edgar Jepson and M. Leblanc. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This tale of how Arsène Lupin robbed the millionaire is told with the note of audacious make-belief peculiar to the rest of the now well-known "Lupin Tales." The book, so one of its sub-titles informs us, is "the authentic novel of the play," and makes interesting reading of its kind. Arsène Lupin appears here as the Duke of Charmerac, and as the true identity of the hero-villain is never really hidden from the reader, we are not "giving" the story away by venturing so much. The "Duke" is engaged to the uncomfortably vulgar daughter of Millionaire M. Gourhay-Martin—the man he is planning to rob. One day the millionaire receives a letter from Arsène Lupin telling him to pack up and send off to him certain valuables to which he has taken a fancy. In the event of the said valuables not being delivered by a certain time, Arsène Lupin will call on a specified date and remove them in person. The rest of the story resolves itself into a detailed account of how the millionaire attempted to preserve his property from the thief, and of the methods adopted by the latter to secure the "goods," despite all precautions. In addition to the general mass of plot and counter-plot, there is a little thread of a love story running through it all; the interest of the book is very distinct, and is well worked up in the final scenes, where Arsène Lupin and Guerchard, the detective, fight matters out to a finish.

STRADELLA. By F. Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This is a Venetian love story, set in the time of Charles II., after the restoration. Stradella, the hero—"the celebrated Maestro Alessandro Stradella of Naples"—is engaged by the Senator Michele Pignaver to give lessons in music to his niece, Ortensia, who is seventeen, and very beautiful. As the Senator is fifty, and by no means a lovable man, his intention to marry his niece (the relationship is not a blood one) is frustrated by the girl and the maestro falling in love with one another; and—to escape marriage with her uncle—the beautiful Ortensia runs away with the handsome musician. To recover his niece, the Senator hires two bravi to pursue the eloping couple, kill Stradella, and bring the girl back. Meanwhile, however, a lady of Venice has fallen in love with the maestro, and she likewise hires the same two bravi to pursue the runaway couple, kill the girl, and bring the graceful musician, "bound hand and foot," to her villa on the Brenta. The story then proceeds to tell of the chase of the lovers by the bravi; and how, when the bravi reach the town where the couple are, it is to find that Stradella has been imprisoned on a false charge, and that Ortensia has taken refuge in a convent. It is interesting, and in some ways amusing, reading to learn how the intending murderers rescue their prospective victims from prison and the convent, and actually facilitate their marriage; yet, apparently, fully intending to earn their pay as bravi. At this point, there comes into the story another character, who is related to the Pope. He conceives a great passion for Ortensia, and arranges that she shall be decoyed by one of the two bravi to a lonely house, and there left to his mercy. This is accomplished; but, at the last moment, the bravi turns upon the would-be seducer, and throws him out of the window. There follow further complications, but without giving away the end, we may say that all works out to happiness. We can recommend the book as a very pleasing love-story; though, as can be seen from the run of the "incident," somewhat melodramatic in type. The telling is good; and we feel a very genuine regret that we shall read no more from the same pen.

THE GREAT APPEAL. By Joseph Keating. 6s. (Everett.)

We are informed that a weekly journal has discovered an "insult to the King" in the pages of Mr. Keating's new novel. The reviewer, who has accordingly read the book with some care, has, however, come to the conclusion that the accusation is unfounded. Nevertheless, if it helps to draw readers to a good novel it will not have been without its uses. Though undeniably melodramatic, Mr. Keating's book would appear to have been written "with a purpose." In rather stilted language the author puts forward the case for the classes which inhabit the slums of our great towns with a lucidity that is not always untinged with bitterness. The story portion of the book is clever and is well developed, but its main interest lies outside the story, readable though that is. Well-known statesmen figure under more or less thin disguises, and as a political tract "The Great Appeal" is effective and apropos. We recommend our readers—and particularly those of Liberal tendencies—to get it.

THE SINKING SHIP. By Eva Lathbury. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

It were almost superfluous to say that Miss Eva Lathbury's latest story is full of delicate and distinguished phrasing; that the mere wording of it will give pleasure to the reader with a cultivated literary palate. The central idea of the tale also is very beautiful; it shows us the redemption of a circle of egotistical and worldly minded people by "a child's unquestioning faith"; it ends with "a marriage made in heaven." Moreover, there are fine pieces of description and some notable essays in character-drawing; and yet the story as a whole does not satisfy, judged by those high standards which Miss Lathbury's former books compel us to set up. She has attempted to blend the two conflicting atmospheres of mystical religion and the popular theatre; and the task has proved too much for her. The result is vagueness if not vapidity. At the same time, though it puzzle, "The Sinking Ship" must interest all those who ask for something beyond mere ingenuity of plot and tolerable writing in their fiction. The domestic side of the brighter sort of theatrical star is strikingly realised; Vanda, the woman of genius doomed through long years to live and play beside a man whom she has ceased to love and who never loved her, and to suffer in silly comedies whilst conscious that she was born to the greater drama, is a fascinating creation if somewhat shadowy toward the end; Renshaw, the new dramatist, is less convincing although full of fine touches; and Sybil, Vanda's daughter, and Lydie, Vanda's mother, are suggestive if incredible figures. There is a lot of humour, broad and narrow, in "The Sinking Ship," which was the name of a play, as well as presumably a stroke of symbolism. We have heard worse definitions of genius than that given by the footman-valet who says: "A genius is a pusson as lies in bed all mornin', rests in the hafternoon, and gets lively towards tea-time; it turns night into day and day into night, . . . there's no haccountin' for 'em, no trustin' 'em, no pleasure in workin' yourself to death for 'em."

THE MOUNT. By C. F. Keary. 6s. (Constable.)

"The Mount" is an old house, once a manor, which has been surroun ded and almost submerged by the encroaching tide of cottages which has transformed a small country town into a huge industrial and mining centre. The old house stands incongruous and alone, out of harmony with all its surroundings, and symbolises the position of Wilfred Ingram, the last of "the Ingrams," the local magnates who have failed to keep pace with the changes in their environment. Mr. Keary makes us realise with considerable power the social and intellectual loneliness of Wilfred Ingram, out of sympathy with his neighbours, keenly sensitive and pathetically incapable of coping with the altered conditions of Hartlebury. Hartlebury is on the

fringe of the district known as the Potteries, and it would not be difficult, if it were worth while, to guess the real name of the town which Mr. Keary has chosen for the background of his grim but powerful story. For the details are manifestly studied from life, and to the social historian the transformation of industrial England is a fascinating subject. This sombre and depressing background is a fit setting for a story which would be melodramatic but for the sincerity with which it is treated. For Ingram falls in love with a young girl, a girl of the people, a designer whose art training at Munich has brought her in contact with a Bohemian set whom it would be charitable to call non-moral. Ingram finds to his horror that she is the mistress of her employer, an ex-mayor of Hartlebury and his bitterest political opponent. He is so carried away by the shock of this discovery that he kills her seducer, partly from hatred begotten of a frustrated passion, and partly from a chivalrous devotion to the girl. Ingram's state of mind at the moment of his crime and the revulsion of feeling which follows it are described with a rare power of psychological analysis. For by a convenient but unconvincing stupidity on the part of the police, Ingram escapes detection, and is left to expiate his deed according to the dictates of his own conscience. This summary is unjust to Mr. Keary, because it suggests that the book is sheer melodrama. But in reality melodrama is more a matter of treatment than of plot, and in this case the murder is introduced not as a mere incident, but for its psychological interest. "The Mount" is not light reading, nor is it meant to be; but it is sound and careful work.

JENNY PETERS. By C. H. Dudley Ward. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

This "Realistic novel of Society and the Slums," in spite of its strength and sincerity, misses the mark as an indictment of social conditions. It is all true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. The slums where Jenny Peters was born and bred are not entirely peopled by the savage animals whom the author describes with such bitter frankness. The politicians of Society are not all gross libertines or fools of "the smart set." Municipal corruption is not so openly triumphant in our manufacturing towns, and the eight years' devoted ministry of a slum clergyman like the Rev. Richard Smith is not so easily crushed as Mrs. Dudley Ward would have us believe. There is humour and heroism and much kindliness in the slums, as elsewhere; and honesty and decency and good sense are to be found even in the habitations of Conservative peers. There is the weakness of "Jenny Peters" then—the leaving out of the picture of all save vileness and folly. The clergyman is the one clean man in the book, and his mission is made to be a failure. If only our realistic novelists could observe with sympathy the play of human passion and feeling in the world around they would not write, having the fuller outlook, with less but greater force. There is much that is admirable, in its directness, in "Jenny Peters"; notably, Lord and Lady Midland's bazaar for the unemployed ("it would seem that the misery of the poor can always be an excuse for pleasure amongst the rich," is the parson's reflection), the difficulties of tolerable housing in our industrial towns, and the speech of Mr. Vibart, M.P., to his constituents. The unrestrained carnal appetites of certain men and women are shown with no less directness in this fierce denunciatory novel of our degenerate age.

TROUBLED WATERS. By Headon Hill. (Stanley Paul.) 6s.

Mr. Headon Hill is certainly up-to-date. The plot of his new book—as usual, one of sensation—may not be particularly original; but its hero, a Labour Member of Parliament, is of a type which we have not met before in sensational fiction. Will Carwardine is a very taking young man, who has managed to defeat his employer in a fight for what has always been regarded as a safe seat for the Conservatives. Sir George Lipscombe appears to take his discomfiture in good part, but shortly afterwards he is found dead with a revolver by his side. The theory of suicide is quickly disposed of, but the murderer cannot be traced. It is sufficiently obvious to the reader that this is none other than the villainous Lord Wargrave. The author, however, manages to supply a great deal of exciting incident before the aristocratic criminal is successfully cornered. It is perhaps a pity that the reader's credulity is unduly strained in the attempt to bring about a very complete triumph of outraged virtue, but that is the only serious fault in a capable story which it is difficult to put down when once started.

THE PALADIN: As Beheld by a Woman of Temperament. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

There are two Paladins in Mr. H. A. Vachell's new book: one of them the self-imagined Paladin "armed cap-à-pie in shining armour, superbly mounted, and challenging the world"; the other a very Paladin though "disguised and afoot." Both are finely conceived and superbly realised figures, alive and memorable. There are two women that matter also; and these likewise are vital and arresting. Indeed, in characterisation, "The Paladin" ranks at least equal to the best of Mr. Vachell's previous work; in sustained interest it shows no falling off from his highest level. Society, the stage, the laboratory, and the hospital are all here and all effectively displayed. The story is built about the personality of Harry Rye, of His Britannic Majesty's Diplomatic Service, and Esther Yorke, daughter of Douglas Yorke, fraudulent banker and suicide, and the forgotten woman loved outside the law by Yorke before his great days and his startling downfall. Had Harry not been brought up by his designing mother, Lady Matilda, to "mark time" in face of any momentous decision, no doubt he would have offered his hand and heart to Esther immediately on the crime and death of her father becoming known; and all might have gone differently. But he hesitated and thought it over. Subsequently he proposed to Esther, more than once, but she would have none of him. Instead she determined to try to earn her own living on the stage. She got no further for awhile in this direction, however, than an introduction to Henry Fitzroy, the actor-manager, and his recommendation to the training establishment of Miranda Jagg. There she met Sabrina Lovell, disillusioned actress and married woman, living apart from her husband. Together they started a West End hat-shop; Sabrina fell ill and died under an operation, and the business collapsed through the failure of wealthy women to settle their bills. Esther, penniless but independent of spirit, went on tour with a theatrical company, but was stranded and almost starved to death. Harry discovered her in a state of physical and mental collapse at a Southern port, took her to France, and again entertained the possibility of matrimony, but put it into words again too tardily. Esther disappeared and became a nurse. Harry—by this time Lord Camber—married Alice Godolphin, the popular dancer, in a moment of pique. The Duchess was unfitted to Harry and he to her. She sickened mysteriously and was placed under the charge of Dr. Napier and—Nurse Yorke! Harry had not ceased to love Esther (so far as it was possible for him to love any one besides himself); his wife learnt that he was paying attentions to her nurse, and died; and Esther married the doctor. In brief, the plot smacks of melodrama; and the treatment in parts, especially in the closing chapters, is quite transpontine. But the tale as a whole is brilliantly dressed with clever phrase and picturesque incident and delightful irony; and it should appeal alike to the lover of "a good story" and the more sophisticated reader who is pleased to see the follies of the time neatly lashed and the Pharisees of our day unveiled to themselves and to others.

THE PATIENCE OF JOHN MORLAND. By Mary Dillon. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mrs. Dillon has recalled an old story of American political life in the time of Andrew Jackson for the subject-matter of her latest novel. The fascinating and much-talked-of Margaret O'Neill, afterwards Mrs. Timberlake (here called Kitty McCabe), is the heroine, and John H. Eaton, of Tennessee, Jackson's Secretary for War, is John Morland, the hero of the book. We are put on good terms with many eminent politicians of historical importance, notably with President Jackson, the autocratic and honest old general, with Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster and John Randolph. All that relates to public affairs and cabinet difficulties is thoroughly interesting, and, of course, the atmosphere at Washington is the right thing. If John Morland's patient courtship leaves us comparatively unmoved it is because we are all a little tired of the slow, constant lover who is never rewarded before the end of the story. We feel all the time that John (he is generally called "John") must be made happy, if there is any sense of justice left among novelists, for it is only writers of Mr. Thomas Hardy's rank who will dare to disappoint us. However, it is ungracious to grumble when Mrs. Dillon writes so well and gives us such ample fare, and there are many readers who will enjoy this long novel, which is certainly considerably above the average. The coloured illustrations by C. M. Relyea are a pleasant feature in the book.

JOHNNY LEWISON. By A. E. Jacomb. 6s. (Melrose.)

Here we have a good, sound novel, well constructed, on the old-fashioned, amply tested lines. Two young men in love with the same young woman are the leading characters, and there is a capital selection of relatives and friends for the rest of the company. The course of true love runs with sufficient smoothness to avoid tragedy, and no one can doubt that Miss Wakeham made the right choice. Of course we are all sorry for Johnny Lewison, but, after all, with such a father what could he expect? There was too much of Mr. Samuel Lewison, excellent man that he was, in every way, and no self-respecting young person like Marjorie Wakeham could have endured him for a father-in-law. The Lewisons, father and son and Aunt Maria, Marjorie Wakeham and her mother, Lieutenant Chard and the benevolent old Rector, and the less important personages are all drawn in excellent taste and with understanding. The descriptions of the country are quite pleasant. "Johnny Lewison," in fact, is a piece of careful work by an honest and capable novelist.

THE FOOD OF LOVE. By F. Frankfort Moore. 6s. (Nash.)

Mr. Frankfort Moore's latest novel seems to us to labour under the disadvantage of a highly unattractive title. Nor is the title even accurate, for, so far as we could see, the book contains no definition (perhaps fortunately) of what is the food of Love. However, novel-readers will not, we hope, be turned against the book by the title, for Mr. Frankfort Moore is always readable. "The Food of Love" introduces music in large doses, but we are not well enough up in that subject to say more than that it seems all right, and that the author makes it fairly interesting. The plot is a little thin and well worn, but some of the minor issues which arise from the placing of Herr Griesbach, a virtuoso of the first order, in a staid and "proper" English "county" society are extremely amusing. Herr Griesbach, indeed, is in his way a creation, but the novel's hero, a rising violoncellist, is rather an ordinary and unconvincing figure. The book begins so well that it is disappointing to find that the author has not anything very special to say, but it is distinctly recommendable for the high order of its comedy.

THE PALACE OF DANGER. By Mabel Wagnalls. 6s. (Long.)

There is a certain type of historical novel which is sometimes described as the "costume" story. In that classification we should venture to include Miss Wagnalls' "Palace of Danger," which is a good, stirring story told in the right spirit and with the requisite dash, but without much originality or much appreciation of the atmosphere of the period treated. The only respect in which the book differs from the large number of this type which have already come before the public is that the author includes a few historical notes which give the authorities for some of the incidents she brings into her plot. This shows that at least she has read up her period. The plot of the book, in which Madame de Pompadour figures prominently, is adequate and unobjectionable, and the minor incidents adventurous and exciting. "The Palace of Danger" makes good reading for an idle hour or so, but it can hardly be treated seriously.

PLAIN BROWN: A Summer Story. By Cosmo Hamilton. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton seems to possess two literary moods when he is not concerned about journalism or the theatre. Under the influence of one phase of emotion he produces strong books—scarcely fit meat for babes—under the titles of "Adam's Clay" and "The Blindness of Virtue." When he is possessed by the second, he becomes a gay, irresponsible, light-hearted trifler. He sketches his characters merely by the description of a feature and the recital of an epigram, and, although he does not reach that state of literary grace of his boyhood wherein we will assume he saw "sermons in stones" and "good in everything," he is always bright and witty and optimistic; and no critic will be surprised if some day he throws aside the motley and unites his present-day literary methods in one firm and consistent medium that will conceivably place him in a high position as a story-teller. Meanwhile, with a characteristic touch of whimsicality, he has chosen to publish this "summer story" in the depths of winter. "Plain Brown," however, does not depend upon its atmosphere or "the sun of July, the unmistakably July sun" for its appeal to the public. It is, in point of fact, a diverting comedy played out at Sumptermead, the country mansion of Sir Joseph Cressage, the next Lord Mayor of London; and the characters are the worthy baronet and his placid and restful wife; two sons that would look well behind the footlights; two daughters, perfectly distinct types thrown into excellent relief by a niece with a Rossetti-like face and a keen sense of humour; various servants, and "Plain Brown," the hero, who enters the household as a groom, and is believed by the baronet and his family to be a missing gentleman of birth and fortune. The story is excellently contrived, and there is a genuine surprise sprung on the reader at the finish.

The Bookman's Table.

VERSIONS AND PERVERSIONS. By G. Tyrrell. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews).

In a charmingly whimsical preface Father Tyrrell says frankly that "the translator is a sort of parasite in the literary body: humbly useful in his right place; mischievous and irritating out of it. . . . Like Jacob's angels, he has no wings of his own, but like angels of the transition period, he borrows those of an eagle, and flutters about as best he may, often in a way to make eagles and full-fledged angels weep." His theory of the right way of translation is "to catch the poem's one dominant inspiration—be it an imaginative idea or an emotion, or no more than a mood or a fancy—to re-embody it as best he

can in some similar or analogous form," and though he adds on the next page, "like most theories worth anything, mine has been invented for the emergency, to conceal difficulties and justify irregularities," you will find in his "Versions and Perversions" he has carried it into practice with results that are often brilliantly successful. One-half of the book is given over to translations from Heine that catch the mocking, tender, wistful spirit of the original with rare sympathy and skill. The remainder of the volume contains admirable renderings of various French, German, and Italian poets, and one can best indicate the grace and scholarly care with which these are done by quoting, and we choose from them almost at random Sallet's "Ergebung":

"Put out my eyes; but when you've done
See if you can put out the sun;
Thrust me in gaol and turn the key,
Freedom shall win, nor fails with me.

"Fetter these hands that wield the pen—
The sword most feared by knavish men;
Some hand, some pen renews the strife,
While throbs one heart for God and Life.

"What tho' my fire-touched lips were dumb,
Sealed in the darkness of the tomb;
Ten thousand voices thunder loud;
Shall mine be missed in such a crowd?

"You think the Spring is dead, of course,
Its light, its song, its sap, its force,
Because your stupid hands prevail
To strangle one poor nightingale."

These are the translations of a poet and are living poetry because something of his own vision is enshrined in them, and something of his own fine humanity.

PEACOCK'S MEMOIRS OF SHELLEY. Edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. 2s. 6d. net. (Clarendon Press.)

This is a very welcome reprint of those reminiscences of Shelley that Peacock first published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and that have never before been reprinted except in the three-volume edition of Peacock's works. No account of Shelley's early life is of more importance than are these memoirs; Peacock was an intimate personal friend of his, understanding and sympathising with him, but by no means blindly admiring him. His judgments are admirably sane and impartial; nothing that has since been written on the vexed question of Shelley's treatment of his first wife is of such great value or so convincing as Peacock's story of that unhappy business. The book contains also over thirty letters from Shelley to Peacock; and a brief account of Peacock's career and of his relations with Shelley, in an admirably written introduction by Mr. Brett-Smith.

Thomas Love Peacock.

JOHN DEE (1527–1608). By Charlotte Fell Smith. With Portrait and Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

"No charlatan or pretender, but a true devotee of learning, gifted with a far insight into human progress." In these words is summed up Miss Charlotte Fell Smith's case for one who is somewhat loosely described on the wrapper but not on the title-page of her book as "An Elizabethan crystal-gazer." Born in 1527, the son of a gentleman-server to Henry VII., John Dee was educated at Peter Wilegh's school at Chelmsford, graduated B.A. at St. John's College, Cambridge, was one of the original Fellows of Trinity, and, after taking his degree of M.A. at Cambridge, studied at Louvain, and lectured on Euclid at Paris. Known to many of the great personalities and scholars of his "spacious" period at home and abroad, and specially favoured by Elizabeth, he devoted much time to travel as well as to severe and continued study. He appealed to Mary Tudor for the recovery and preservation of ancient writers and monuments. He collected a library of 4,000 volumes, to which his biographer devotes an interesting chapter. Studying the refraction of light, he foreshadowed the telescope. He suggested that the officers of the army should be provided with perspective glasses. He advocated the establishment of a "Petty Navy Royall," so that in time of need the nation should not be "forced to use all fresh-water soldyers," and some remedy should be found for unemployment. He condemned the export of gunpowder and saltpetre, asked for a "Grand Pilot Generall of England," outlined a scheme of navy pensions, and appreciated the significance of sea-power. He wrote upon navigation and history, logic, travel, geometry, astrology, heraldry, and genealogy, and formulated a plan for the reformation of the calendar. As chemistry was then as closely associated with alchemy as astronomy with astrology, and mysticism with both, it is hardly surprising that he dabbled with the occult in his thirst for knowledge. Lytton and Lombroso in later times have done no less. If he was not blind to Edward Kelley's character at first, it is undeniable that he allowed this worthy to obtain a deplorable hold upon his credulity. It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that one who, if he did not "see" visions, believed in the "visions" others, including the "skryer" Kelley, alleged that they saw, came to be regarded by the common people as a dealer in magic and spells. In writing his Life, Miss Smith has not only given us an intimate study of a very human and supremely picturesque character, but has also called into being a moving picture of the stirring yet superstitious times in which he lived. If she has offered worship to her subject on "the other side" of idolatry, if on some points we may be inclined to differ from her conclusions, finding, for example, in Simon Forman a more likely model than John Dee for Jonson's character of Subtle in "The Alchemist," it cannot be denied that she has made us her debtors for a valuable and conscientious contribution to our knowledge of Elizabethan biography.

A HISTORY OF STORY-TELLING. By Arthur Ransome. With 27 portraits by J. Gavin. 10s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

Mr. Ransome warns you at the outset that this "History of Story-Telling" is not a history in the ordinary sense of the term. He never meant it to be, but sat down merely to write of story-telling as a man might write of painting or jewellery or any other art he loved. "I was to take here a book and there a book, and notice the development of technique, the conquests of new material, the gradual perfection of form. I would talk of old masters and

Samuel Richardson.
From "A History of Story-Telling," by Arthur Ransome. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

modern ones, and string my chapters like beads, a space between each, along the history of the art." Some of these chapters we have reviewed already in THE BOOKMAN when they appeared as introductions to certain of "The World's Story-Tellers" volumes; they are here revised and fitted into their proper places in the general scheme of the book, with additional chapters, including a critical dissertation on the origins of story-telling, and a final survey of the development of story-telling and its future possibilities. Passing from a discursive essay on origins, Mr. Ransome devotes his second chapter to "The Romance of the Rose" and, limiting himself mainly to English and French authors, and omitting those who do not appeal to him personally, or whose work does not in his opinion carry the development of the art any farther, he traces the growth of story-telling down through the centuries almost to within reach of our own day. It is a careful and scholarly work, but Mr. Ransome writes with a lightness and charm of style that lead you to lose sight of his scholarship, and hold you delightedly interested in his subject. A word of special praise must be added for the clever and distinctive portrait-studies of J. Gavin.

THREE PLAYS. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 6s. (Duckworth.)

It is a little difficult to understand why these plays of Mrs. Clifford's were published. That is not a condemnation, let us hasten to add. But it is a fact that the public to whom they will appeal, though it flocks to the mild matinée, does not read plays. Mrs. Clifford's plays have little literary interest. Neither their intellectual nor their emotional value is strong enough to give them life on the printed page. They will not compare with the other triplets—Galsworthy's, Barker's, Masefield's—which have recently been brought to birth. On the other hand, they have qualities which would make them very acceptable on the stage to a public that does not like to be made to feel too much or to think at all. Their sentiment rarely degenerates into sentimentality; the dialogue, though not brilliant, is lively; and the situations are well worked out. "Hamilton's Second Marriage," which was acted not long since at the Court Theatre, is, on the whole, the least satisfactory of the three. It seems to strike rather a false note, and is the only one which can be charged with sentimentality. "Thomas and the Princess," though it hinges on a somewhat obvious coincidence, is far better. It has a touch of poetry and pathos which redeems it from the commonplace. But, on the whole, we prefer "The Modern Way," a kindly satire on modern sex relationships, financial marriages, and platonic friendships alike. The young people who indulge in the latter luxury are particularly well drawn: the ingenuous youth who confides his love affair to his heroic "friend," who advises him to fortify himself for the fateful proposal with Rossetti and Browning. We should like to see "The Modern Way" on the stage, always provided that the good British actor treated it as farce and not as sentimental comedy.

THE STRIPLING THAMES. By Fred S. Thacker. 8s. 6d. net. (Thacker.)

Mr. Fred S. Thacker is in the unusual and (probably) enviable position of being at once the author, printer, and publisher of this book. The result of his versatility is a most attractive and readable volume with a great deal of matter in it. Few people know much of the river above Oxford, and astonishingly little has been written upon the subject. Mr. Thacker has knowledge and enthusiasm, two of the essentials for a book of this sort, and his work shows evidences of wide reading. His writing is clear and straightforward, but we think that the form of the book might have been improved. The author's method has been to give separate sections to the various villages and small towns with which he deals as well as with the river. This, we think, makes the book a little too informative—not quite light enough, in fact, for the ordinary reader who is not acquainted with the country treated and does not intend to explore it for himself. Mr. Thacker might have let himself go rather more than he does. He might also have included a full-size map in his volume. But these are small defects compared with the amount of work and the spirit in which it has been undertaken, which help to make "The Stripling Thames" a most acceptable contribution to the literature of the river. The book has a large number of illustrations, and a word of praise should be given to the drawings of Mr. Charles J. Beadon.

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(Reviewed on p. 151.)

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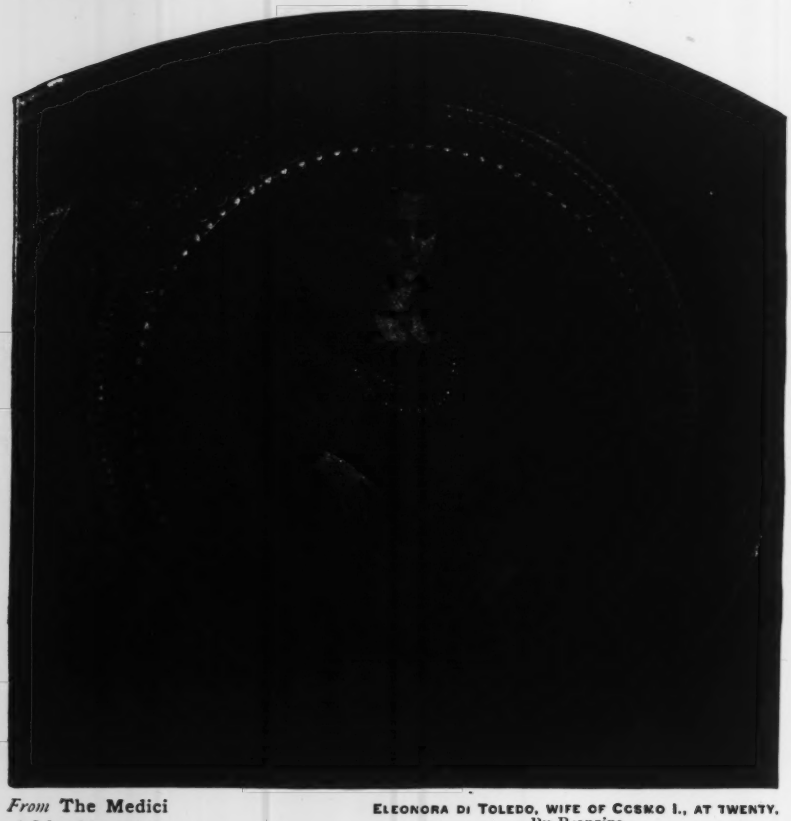

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ELEONORA DI TOLEDO, WIFE OF COSMO I., AT TWENTY. By Bronzino. (Palazzo Vecchio, Florence.) (Photo by Alinari.)

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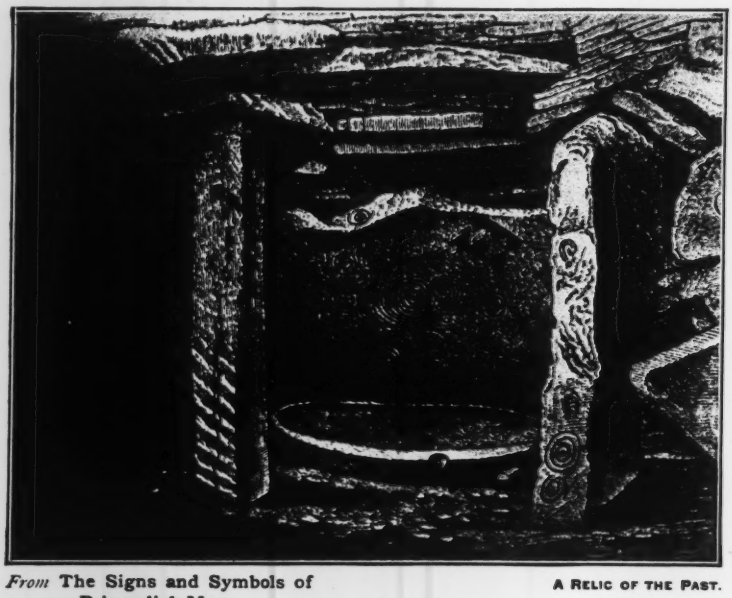

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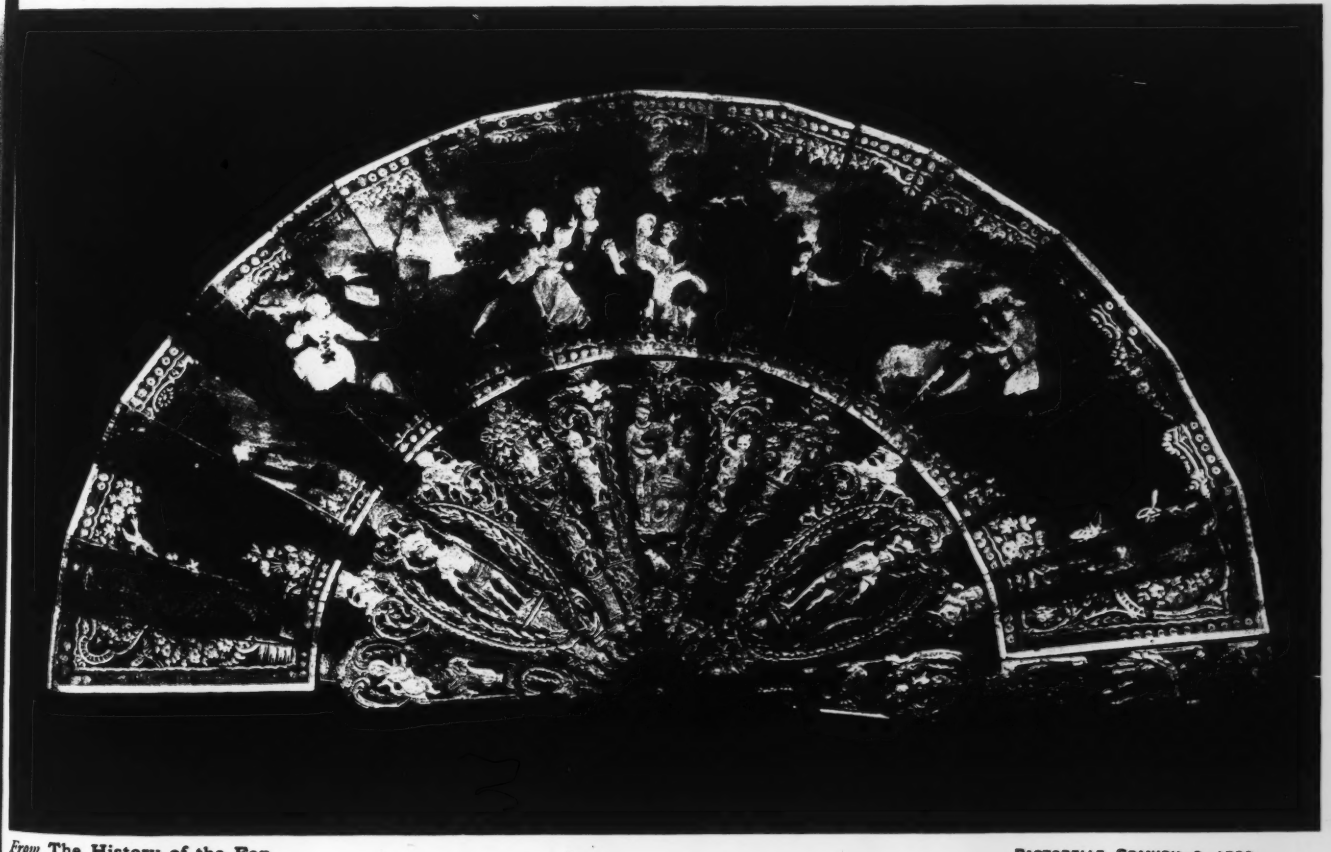
By G. WOOLLISCROFT RHEAD. Illustrated. £4 4s. net. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

Dr. Johnson rather baldly defines a fan as "an instrument used by ladies to move the air and cool themselves." The definition is literally correct, though too limited, and it certainly would not prepare the unsophisticated for much that is disclosed by Mr. Woolliscroft Rhead in this monumental his-

tory. Mr. Rhead has traced "to its source in the dimmest past the chequered history of this little toy, once the pride and glory of kings, and now the plaything of queens." He traces it to its beginnings in ancient Rome, in Palestine, in Egypt, when it was used for winnowing grain, and as a sacred instrument by the priestesses of Isis to fan the flame on their altars; shows what fantastic developments it underwent in the Far East and among primitive peoples, and how it reached a new era in its career in the sixteenth century when the folding fan was introduced into Europe and, without altogether outgrowing its early Oriental influence, took on a character and style of its own, reflecting the artistic conditions of its epoch and surroundings. It is a curiously fascinating subject, and Mr. Rhead writes of it with enthusiasm, and with an amazing fulness of knowledge. The care and pains he must have taken in the acquisition of that knowledge, in the discovery of the very beautiful specimens of fans with which he illustrates his work, and in the photographing and accurate colouring of them are sufficiently obvious. Many of the fans that are pictured here are private property—one of the loveliest and most exquisitely painted belonging to the Princess of Wales. The painting on it depicts Rinaldo in the Garden of Armida. It belongs to the Louis XV. period, has a skin mount, mother-of-pearl stick and jewelled guards. King William IV. presented it to the Duchess of Cambridge, and it was left by her to her granddaughter Victoria Mary. The colour-plates which reproduce this and twenty-six other of what are surely some of the loveliest and most delicately artistic fans in the world are the very perfection of such art. In addition to the twenty-seven illustrations in colour, there are a hundred in half-tone and nearly a hundred in line. Ably and entertainingly written, and sumptuously and artistically produced, this is a book on which author, artists, and publisher alike are to be unreservedly congratulated.

From **Armour and Weapons** (*Clarendon Press*).

JOUSTING ARMOUR OF CHARLES V., MADRID.
(Photo by Hauser & Menet.)



From **The History of the Fan** (*Kegan, Paul & Co.*)

PASTORELLE, SPANISH, C 1780.
Skin mount, tortoiseshell stick, gilt incrustations.
H.S.H. Princess Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg

From **The Home Life of a Golden Eagle**
(*Witherby & Co.*)

"PECKING AT THE PREY WHICH SHE HELD IN HER FOOT."

THE HOME LIFE OF A GOLDEN EAGLE.

Photographed and Described by H. B. MACPHERSON. (Witherby.)

The thirty-two mounted plates illustrating this account of the home life of a golden eagle are among the most artistic that have ever come under our notice. In a wild deer-forest in the heart of the Grampians Mr. Macpherson set himself to study the habits of a pair of golden eagles and to obtain photographs of them and of their eaglets showing the most characteristic attitudes of the parent birds "from the time when incubation commences until the young were ready to leave the nest." He has been most exact and painstaking in his observations, and in securing the photographs he sought has been entirely successful, the result being a book that every naturalist will be glad to have in his library.

From **English Life and Character**
(*T. N. Foulis*).

'A GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

AERIAL NAVIGATION OF TO-DAY.

By CHARLES C. TURNER. With 70 Illustrations and Diagrams. 5s. net. (Seeley.)

With the subject of aerial navigation so literally in the air as it is nowadays comes the need of a popular scientific book that shall tell the general reader all he requires to know concerning it, and this account of the evolution of aeronautics (now in its second edition) very adequately supplies the need. Mr. Turner's ballooning experiences naturally drew him to take a keen interest in the problem of flying, and he set himself to study all available records of the notable achievements in that direction. He could only acquire his knowledge by much toiling through heavy technical works, many of them in foreign languages, and feeling it might be useful to the multitude who had less time than himself to wrestle with these difficulties, he resolved to condense and collate his experiences and his knowledge in a compendious form and in such fashion that the layman could readily understand it. His chapters on the history and principles of ballooning and of mechanical flight, his dissertations on the navigation of the air and on aerial law, and on the effect that the introduction of the flying machine will have on society are extremely interesting and full of suggestion. There are some useful tables and a glossary at the end, and the photographic illustrations are especially good. It is safe to say that one may learn from "Aerial Navigation of To-day" practically all that is yet known about that fascinating development of modern science.

WARD, LOCK & CO.'S WONDER BOOK.

Edited by HARRY GOLDING. With Illustrations in Colour and Tints. 3s. 6d. and 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

The golden volume which comes each year from Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. is bright enough to shed a radiance over any nursery, however dark and dreary the day. Special commendation must be given to its dozen of coloured plates, which are excellent reproductions from oil paintings. We reproduce the frontispiece, lacking only its beautiful colouring, and feel that we give a good sample of the high standard of the volume's contents. Stories and verses and pictures without end enliven every page. There seems to be something to please every one within these golden covers; and there is at least one gentleman —The Chauffeur dolly—who bids fair to prove a serious rival to the very Golliwogg himself.

From **The New Book of Birds** (*A. Melrose*).

THE BUFF LAUGHING KINGFISHER.
(Photo by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.)

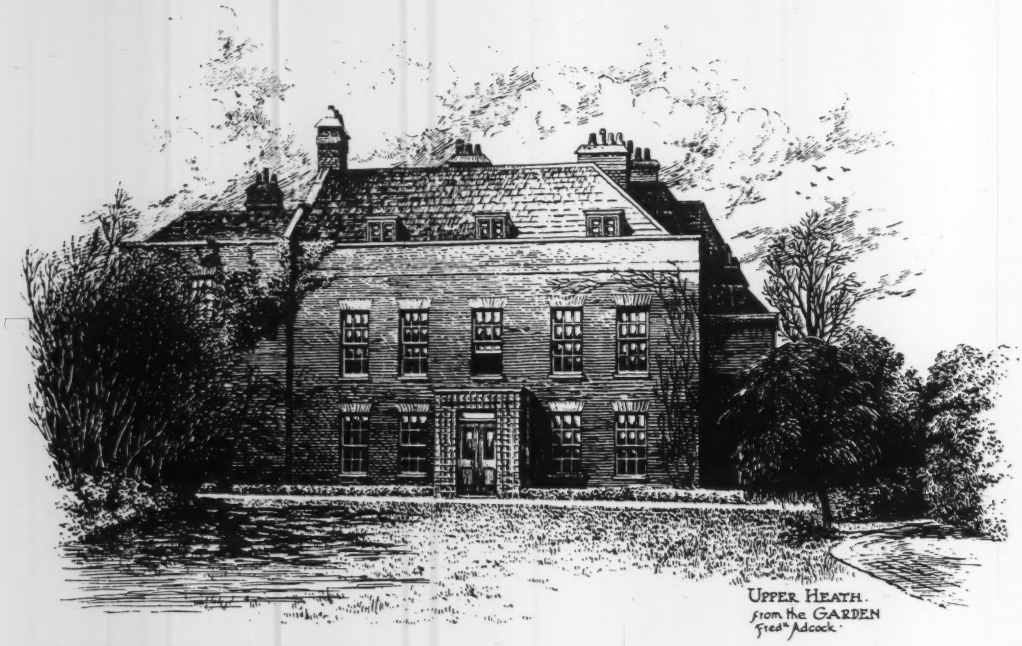
THE NEW BOOK OF BIRDS.

BY HORACE G. GROSER. With Illustrations. 6s. net. (A. Melrose.)

"An Album of Natural History" is the sub-title of this large, attractive book, and if it is primarily intended for children, there can be no doubt that it will have its interest for children of a larger growth also. Its pages, which are full of facts brightly told, of descriptions lucidly given, and of anecdotes aptly selected, are devoted to about one and twenty birds, or groups of birds, ranging from the ostrich to the titmouse, from the eagle to the lark, from the albatross to the robin, from the vulture to the hummingbird. Children will love this book, with its bold, big type and fine full-page pictures, many of them in colour. Wherever one opens the book there is not a page, it seems to us, but what arrests the eye and makes us want to read on; and we must speak a special word of praise for the colour-printing of the plates, which seems to have brought out the feathers of the birds represented in a quite striking manner.

From **The Wonder Book** (*Ward, Lock & Co.*)

ON GUARD.
From the original oil painting by W. Luker, R.B.A.



From **Some Hampstead Memories**
(*The Priory Press.*)

SOME HAMPSTEAD MEMORIES.

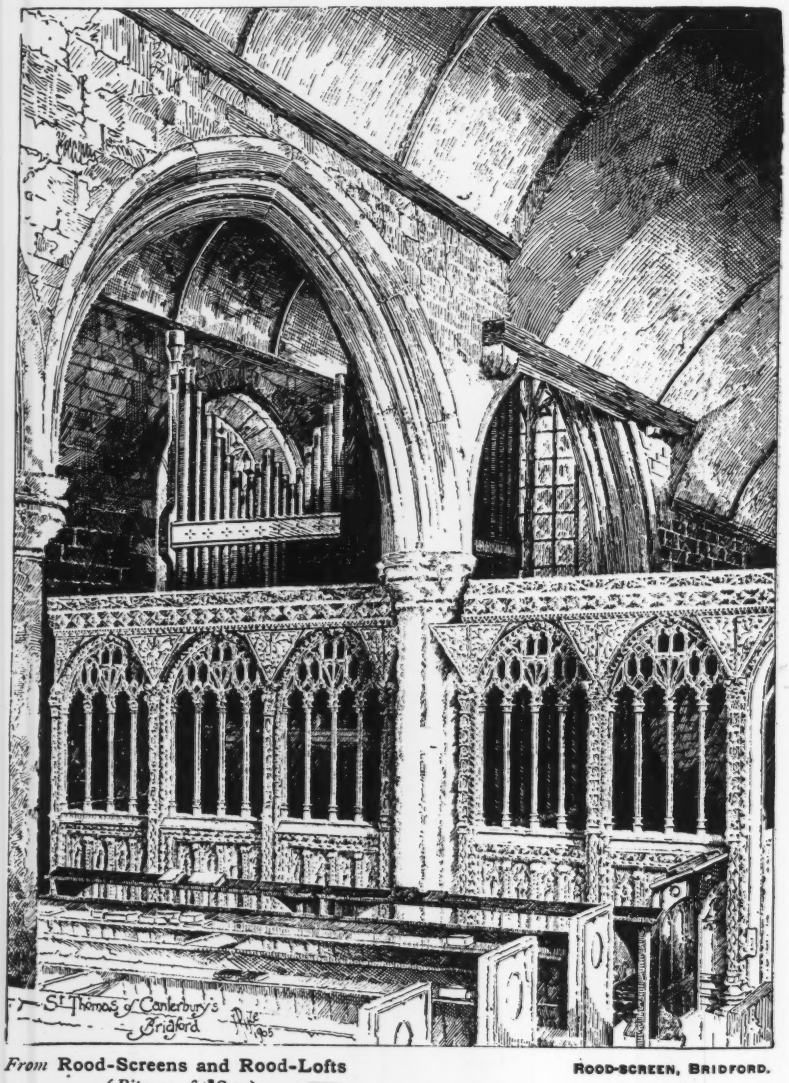
By MARY ADAMS. With Illustrations by FREDERICK ADCOCK. 2s. 6d. net. (The Priory Press.)

Probably no London suburb is richer in literary, artistic, and other historical associations than Hampstead. Glance over the pages of "Some Hampstead Memories" and your eye is caught instantly by such famous names as Keats, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Dr. Johnson, Gay, Dickens, Shelley, Crabbe, Stevenson, Romney, Constable, Mrs. Siddons, and many another; and Miss Adams's records of their connection with various parts of the neighbourhood, and her pleasant gossip about them and their doings, are all very interesting and eminently readable. Tastefully bound in white and gold, "Some Hampstead Memories" makes a most charming gift-book, and should be none the less welcome as one because it fulfils agreeably and adequately the useful office of guide-book also. The illustrations include five portraits, and twelve very graceful and delicately finished drawings by Mr. Frederick Adcock.

ROOD-SCREENS AND ROOD-LOFTS.

By FREDERICK BLIGH BOND, F.R.I.B.A., and the REV. DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B. With Illustrations. 2 vols. 32s. net. (Pitman.)

Nothing could be more thorough and praiseworthy than this elaborate history of "Rood-Screens and Rood-Lofts." For a number of years the authors have been searching for, visiting, contrasting, verifying the varied examples of screenwork to be found in many countries, and the immense amount of information and knowledge gained is given in these two handsome volumes. Speaking of the origin of the screen, Mr. Bond says that the chancel screen stands pre-eminent among the many features of archæology, in its universality and the antiquity of its use. In pre-Christian temple, in Jewish tabernacle, or pagan building there seems always to have been the symbolic or sacred enclosure. The tracing of the history of these screens from their primitive form to their latter development is a fascinating study, and in these pages are included



From **Rood-Screens and Rood-Lofts**
(*Pitman & Sons*).

ROOD-SCREEN, BRIDFORD.

From **Memorials of St. Paul's Cathedral**
(*Chapman & Hall*).

ST. PAUL'S.
(see p. 158.)

to illustrate the subject nearly ninety full-page collotype plates and upwards of three hundred other illustrations. By word and picture the intensely interesting subject has been faithfully covered, and not the least interesting items in the book are the examples to be found in the remote villages in England.

FRENCH CATHEDRALS.

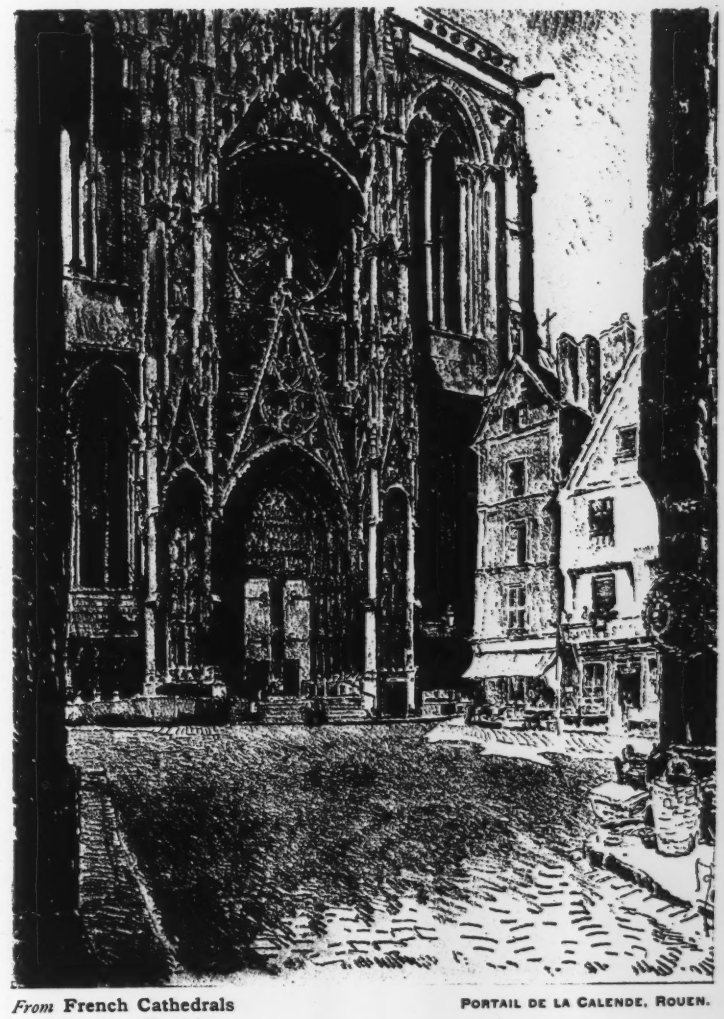
By JOSEPH and ELIZABETH PENNELL. With Illustrations. 20s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Briton is not over-much loved by Mrs. Pennell, the motorist is less loved, the restorer is loved least of all. But all censoriousness may be forgiven the lady by reason of her feelings towards French cathedrals. She does indeed love these, and loves them in the right way. It is she who has written of them with her pen while Mr. Pennell has pictured them with his pencil—or to express it perhaps more correctly, she has written the chapters, he has made the pictures. To turn the pages of this sumptuous volume is to envy the authors of it. In Avignon, Arles, Angoulême, in Poitiers, Caen, Auvergne, in Paris, Rouen, Rheims, and a score of other places, they rested and gazed their fill of all the beauty before them; they were steeped in it, charmed by it, devoted to it. Mrs. Pennell's lively style of writing and Mr. Pennell's exquisite work are too well known by this time to need announcement or criticism; but to this particular volume we must give hearty commendation; its chapters will teach more of the country of France, its "monasteries, abbeys, and sacred sites," than will half a hundred dull guide-books; while the illustrations, numbering nearly two hundred, are a revelation of the consummate beauty of France's architecture from end to end of her lands.

SAINT THERESA.

The History of her Foundations. Translated from the Spanish by SISTER AGNES MASON, C.H.F. With a Preface by the RIGHT HON. SIR E. M. SATOW, G.C.M.G. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. net. (Cambridge Press.)

Spain as it was in the later Tudor period is not so familiar to most of us as it ought to be, and probably there is no more interesting and intimate account of what Spanish life in general society as well as in the cloister was at that time than is to be found in the Life of St. Theresa and in this lesser-known sequel to it. The Life brought her story down to the completion of the first foundation, that of St. Joseph's Convent at Avila, and the History of the Foundations goes on with the record from that point. This is a careful and very adequate translation of a work that is perhaps even more valuable historically than the famous Life itself.



From **French Cathedrals**
(*T. Fisher Unwin*).

PORTAIL DE LA CALENDE, ROUEN.

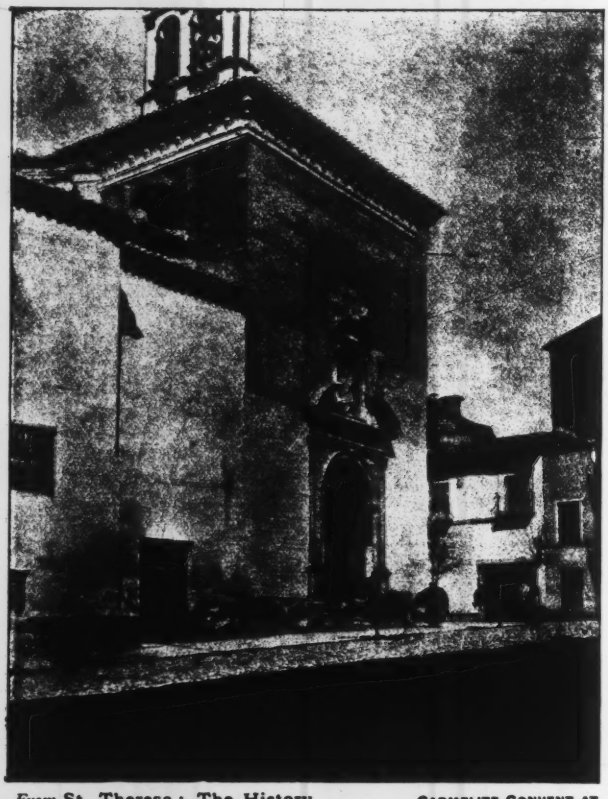
From Rubens
(*Methuen & Co.*)

THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES, NOTRE DAME, VALINES.

THE LADY OF BLOSSHOLME.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

For the glorious romance of "that fair and persecuted woman who came to be known as the Lady of Blossholme" Mr. Rider Haggard has gone back to the sixteenth century, and opens in the winter of 1535 with the fierce effort of old Sir John Foterell to save his lands from the rapacious Abbot of Blossholme, and with the dastardly murder of Sir John by the Abbot's creatures. Cicely, his orphaned daughter, is left to cope with the unscrupulous Abbot's cunning and violence; but she does not lack bold and true friends in her hour of need. Before the Abbot can assert his wardship and get her into his hands, she rides off with her foster-mother to her father's friend and her own, Sir Christopher Harflete, and marries him and rides away with him towards London. From that point onward the story develops rapidly and moves at a gallant and stirring pace: adventure follows close on the heels of adventure; the Abbot so nearly realises his rascally aims that Cicely is caught in his toils and is doomed to death at the stake, and her husband is drawn into peril as imminent and as deadly; but eventually their courage and high resolve triumph over the subterfuges and sly villainies of the avaricious Churchman, and the end is what the end of so wholesome and robustly imaginative a romance ought to be. The story is vigorously and vividly written, the fighting is described with wonderful dash and realism, and the love scenes, for all their turbulent environment, are charming. No more picturesque or more virile tale of love and adventure has made its appearance this season.



From St. Theresa: The History of Her Foundations
(*Cambridge University Press*).

CARMELITE CONVENT AT GRANADA.

JANE AUSTEN AND HER COUNTRY-HOUSE COMEDY.

By W. H. HELM. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. W. H. Helm has placed all lovers of Jane Austen under a debt of gratitude to him for this careful and sympathetic study of her life and work. What he has to say upon her choice of subjects, and the deliberately simple, lucid, adequate qualities of her style, and on the wonderful modernity of tone and atmosphere that pervades all her novels, is acutely and admirably said and well worth saying. The book is at once a charming biography and a full, critical dissertation that is scholarly, just, and full of suggestion. It is beautifully produced, and illustrated with portraits and with many prints of places associated with Jane Austen and her family.

MEN AND MANNERS OF OLD FLORENCE.

By GUIDO BIAGI. With Numerous Illustrations. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

From **Men and Manners of Old Florence** (*T. Fisher Unwin*).

FLORENTINE COSTUMES AT THE TIME OF THE DUKE OF CALABRIA.
From the fresco by Simone Martini, Chapel of the Spagnoli, Santa Maria Novella.
(Photo by Alinari.)

In five absorbingly interesting chapters the author has shown us the city and people of Florence at different periods of her history; and he has done this in an unusual and a striking manner. Out of his large knowledge of his subject he has sketched for us the old city, has reconstructed it until we can, as it were, look upon it afresh; and then he shows us the Florentines in their daily life, and lets us hear them speak in their own words. Needless to say, pictures and documents have assisted the author to attain this end, and in these treasures he has been particularly fortunate. In the second chapter we have "The Mind and Manners of a Florentine Merchant of the Fourteenth Century," and the reality of the atmosphere is admirable as we read the advice and general information in the self-revealing document from which these pages are formed. By the private life and the individual doings of a handful of men and women, set as they were in their larger world, we feel the living force of the beautiful city, and at the same time see her everyday appearance and her ordinary ways in her houses and streets. The volume sketches Florentine life from the thirteenth to the last century, and does it from entirely new materials. The illustrations are unique, too, and are intensely interesting and valuable.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

By EDWARD HUTTON. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

The Prince of Story-tellers was well deserving of a thoughtful, critical, sympathetic biography, and Mr. Hutton has given this to him in a manner which must meet with unqualified approval. The volume is a splendid tribute to a great man; Mr. Hutton calls it a "study of an heroic life." Certainly he has given to us what we have never had before, the facts of Boccaccio's life; and we are able to watch this most human writer bearing his sorrows and his disappointments, his poverty, reverses, and the desertions of mistress and friends, and, rising above all, though not insensible to them, winning his way valiantly to greatness and wringing fame from the bitterness of his life. The story of Boccaccio's love for Fiammetta is here set forth, and, as Mr. Hutton himself says, the study of Boccaccio's attitude to woman may, in some sort, be said to be the true subject of the volume. The author has put serious thought and careful research to the making of this book, his notes are full and illuminating, and his attitude towards his hero is full of sound judgment and understanding. A word must be said on the subject of the unique illustrations in this volume: they are a revelation of the store of material hidden hitherto from our knowledge, and of the store yet to be gathered.

THE GATEWAY.

By HAROLD BEGBIE. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Youth is the gateway of existence, and over its portal is Life's question, *What seek ye?*" This is the story of the childhood and youth of David Fiddian, and of how, after much troubled thought and searching of heart, he made up his mind as to what it was he had to seek in this life and passed through the gateway to a happy manhood. David was born in a stable, the child of homeless tramps; his mother died in giving birth to him, and his shiftless father promptly deserted him. The kindly schoolmaster, Rhys Jenkins, felt a deep sympathy for the little outcast

From **Giovanni Boccaccio** (*John Lane*).

THE LADIES AND YOUTHS OF THE DECAMERON LEAVING FLORENCE.
From a miniature in the French version of the "Decameron" made in 1414 by Laurent le Premierfait. MS. late XV. century. (Brit. Mus. Rothschild Bequest, MS. XIV.)

From **The Face of China**
(*Chatto & Windus*).

CAMEL-BACK BRIDGE.

baby and largely influenced him; the prim little old maid, Miss Pizey, adopted the child to save it from going to the workhouse. As the boy grew up her love for him increased; but she had no right understanding of children and her training was too narrow—it cramped and warped his nature and threatened to make a detestable prig of him instead of a true man. Rhys Jenkins did what he could to counteract this; brought David to a love and appreciation of the great poets, but led him also to dark doubtings and final atheism, so that he comes to reproach poor little Miss Pizey with the harm she has done him and for a while forgets the enormous debt that he owes her. He thinks it is his duty to find his father and devote himself to him; and does so with disastrous results. The scene in which, with all the past in his mind as well as the misery of the present, he strikes his incorrigible father and turns him out of the house is perhaps the most thrillingly dramatic in the book. How in the end, softened by the love of the girl for whose love he scarcely dares to ask, and spiritually regenerated, David rises on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things, is vividly and movingly related in Mr. Begbie's pages. It is a powerful and profoundly interesting story, written in a spirit of profound earnestness.

THE FACE OF CHINA.

By E. G. KEMP, F.R.S.G.S. With Illustrations by the Author. 20s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Miss Kemp is in the fortunate position of being her own illustrator, and the result of her labours with pen and brush is a very readable and attractive volume. The author's two journeys in China were both long—the first from Shanghai by boat to Kiaochow and thence by land to Peking and Tai-Yuen, the second from Tientsin southwards through Central and South-Western China to Burma. Miss Kemp does not profess to describe the soul of the Chinese people; all that she attempts is to "try to set down faithfully the things I have seen, that they may lead others to study China for themselves." In this she has been eminently successful, and the present record of her journeys is both suggestive and interesting. The only thing we deprecate is an attack upon Germany and her influence in China. The attack may or may not be merited, but it is not justifiable in a volume of the kind that Miss Kemp has written. The author's numerous sketches, of which the majority are in colour, seem to us to be somewhat uneven in merit, but all are successful in catching the peculiar Chinese atmosphere. Their reproduction is unusually well done, and the volume is in every way a worthy addition to Messrs. Chatto & Windus's series of topographical colour-books.

From **By the Waters of Egypt**
(*Methuen & Co.*)

"THE TALL BENT MASTS OF THE NILE SAILING BOATS."

From **China: its Marvel and Mystery** (*G. Allen & Sons*).

AT WONG-DONG: CORMORANT FISHING.

CHINA: ITS MARVEL AND MYSTERY.

By T. HODGSON LIDDELL, R.B.A. With Illustrations in Colour by the Author. 21s. net. (G. Allen & Sons.)

Mr. Liddell went purposely to China to paint pictures of that country, and the forty illustrations in colour which grace this volume are the result of his year spent in different parts of the wonderful empire. Seldom, if ever, before have we so fully realised the gorgeous colouring of the scenes; royal residence, sacred temple, everyday street scene—all are picturesque with splashes of vivid colours. And perhaps even more beautiful than these are the softer pearl tints, the lovely opalescence of other scenes of river and mist. To accompany and as it were explain or impress the meaning of his pictures, Mr. Liddell has written a very interesting series of chapters descriptive of the towns he visited, and the life which passed before his eyes. These are the personal impressions and experiences of a thinking man who possesses not only the skill of an artist, but the eye of an observer. The volume is one which will count decidedly with all lovers of China. One statement of opinion which the author drops is very fresh and courageous—the statement that, in comparing China and Japan artistically, he votes for China as the more beautiful.

THE COLOUR OF ROME.

By OLAVE MURIEL POTTER. With Illustrations by YOSHIO MARKINO. 20s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

It would be an injustice to speak carelessly of this volume as merely a "colour-book." It possesses colour, certainly, gorgeous, fascinating colour, colour of Roman night and Roman day. But it is also a most delightful book, and a most instructive book, presenting such a charming blending of ancient Rome and modern Rome, of stern fact and keen observation, that whether we take it up for recreation or reference, it meets all needs, and we are absorbed in it for a dozen different reasons before we put it down again. The writer has worked as many colours and charms into her pages as the artist has into his, and that is saying a good deal; for let any one turn from the white delicacy of the Dome and the fountain of St. Peter's, for instance, to the soft moonlit "Island on the Tiber," or from the gorgeous "Winter in the Baths of Caracalla" to the tender monotone of the "S. Maria dell' Anima," and he will render ungrudging admiration to the eye which saw and the hand which depicted the beautiful scenes here included. Mr. Douglas Sladen contributes an Introduction, and the artist contributes an interesting and amusing essay to this desirable volume.

From **The Colour of Rome** (*Chatto & Windus*).

SAN GIORGIO IN VELABRO.

From Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Junior (*Gay & Hancock*).

"ONCE IN A DREAM 'TWAS GRANTED UNTO ME THE OPEN GATES OF PARADISE TO SEE."

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM, JUNIOR.

By WALLACE IRWIN. With Illustrations by GELLETT BURGESS. 1s. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

In a clever bit of fooling and a hundred and one "quatrains," Mr. Wallace Irwin presents the pretended Rubaiyat of an imaginary son of Omar, the tent-maker and Persian poet. Omar, Junior, was forced to quit his native soil because Naishapur had become a temperance town, and it was necessary for him to try his fortunes in "a land so remote that the dissolute record of his parent could no longer hound him." In tobacco, this young man found a lasting substitute for the wine which played so large a part in the elder Omar's life and philosophy. Mr. Irwin's Introduction and Notes are as good as his verses, he is sufficiently serious in manner to make his fooling "bite," and the information conveyed in his last quatrain makes us pleased:

> "Let those who to this dædal Valley throng,
> And by my tumid Ashes pass along,
> Let them be glad with this consoling Thought:
> I got a Market Value for my Song."

From The Lady of Blossholme (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

"'SO, TOO, I CURSE YOU MALDONADO.'"

From By the Gods Beloved (*Greening & Co.*)

"'WITH BOTH HANDS SHE GRIPPED HIM ROUND THE NECK.'"

BY THE GODS BELOVED.

By BARONESS ORCZY. Illustrated by H. M. BROCK. 6s. (Greening.)

Of all the Baroness Orczy's novels, probably "By the Gods Beloved" ranks next in popularity to "The Scarlet Pimpernel." It is a brilliantly imaginative romance of ancient Egypt—or, rather, of how two modern Englishmen, following the directions on an ancient papyrus, travel a weary way across the desert and find entrance into a mysterious unknown kingdom inhabited by an ancient Egyptian people, who still in dress and appearance and manners, customs, and religion are as their early ancestors had been. It is a thrilling and absorbingly interesting story of passionate love, and love that is turned to hatred, of weird and startling adventure, and hairbreadth escape from a terrible death. First published in 1905, it is already in its eighth impression, and this latest edition has the added attraction of several excellent illustrations by Mr. H. M. Brock.

Chatto & Windus's Announcements

MELBA

An Authorised Biography by AGNES G. MURPHY. With Chapters by Madame MELBA on **The Art of Singing** and on **The Selection of Music as a Profession.** Also an Introductory Note by J. A. FULLER MAITLAND. With Photogravure Frontispiece, 37 Portraits, Views, and Facsimiles. **16s.** net.

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By E. G. KEMP, F.R.S.G.S. Travels in East, North, Central, and Western China. With some Account of the New Schools, Universities, and Missions, and the old Religious Sacred Places of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, and a Map of China. With 64 Illustrations after Water-Colours and Sepia Drawings by the Author, **20s.** net; Large Paper, **42s.** net.

THE COLOUR OF ROME.

By OLAVE M. POTTER. With 60 Illustrations in Colour and Sepia by the Japanese Artist, YOSHIO MARKINO, who also contributes an Introductory Chapter. Fcap. 4to, **20s.** net; Large Paper, Parchment, **42s.** net.

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A newly revised and in parts Augmented Version of the Translation by Prof. T. W. ARNOLD. The Illustrations are reproduced in Collotype after the unique Drawings by an Unknown Hand contained in the MS. of the "Fioretti" and "Life" preserved in the Laurentian Library. The Edition is limited to 500 Copies on Hand-Made Paper, size about in. by 11 in., bound in paper boards, **30s.** net; or in limp vellum, **42s.** net. Also 10 Vellum Copies (all sold), bound in limp vellum, **Eight Guineas** net each. Applications for these copies should be made to the Booksellers.

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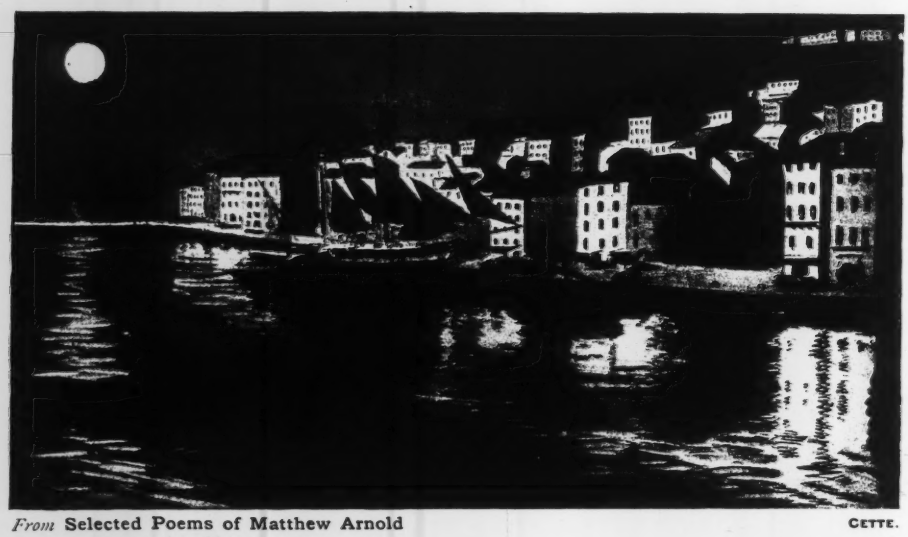

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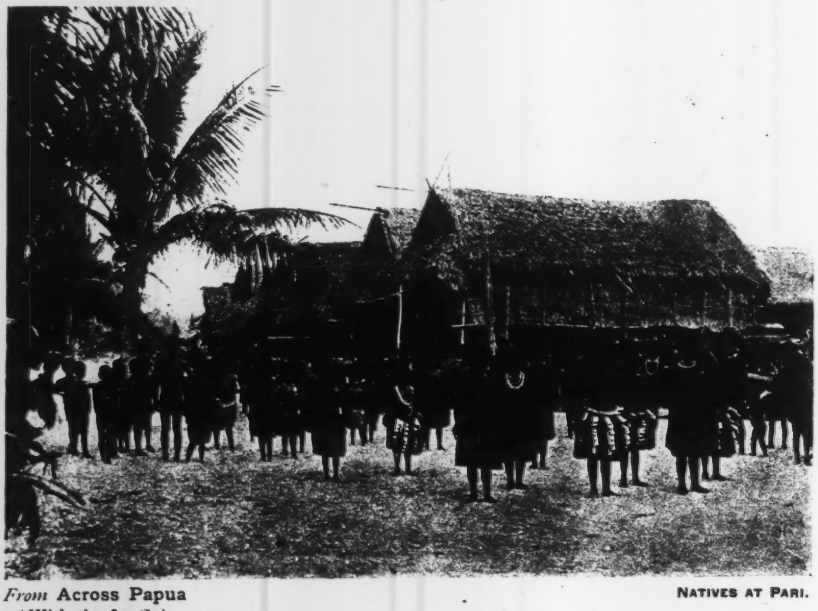

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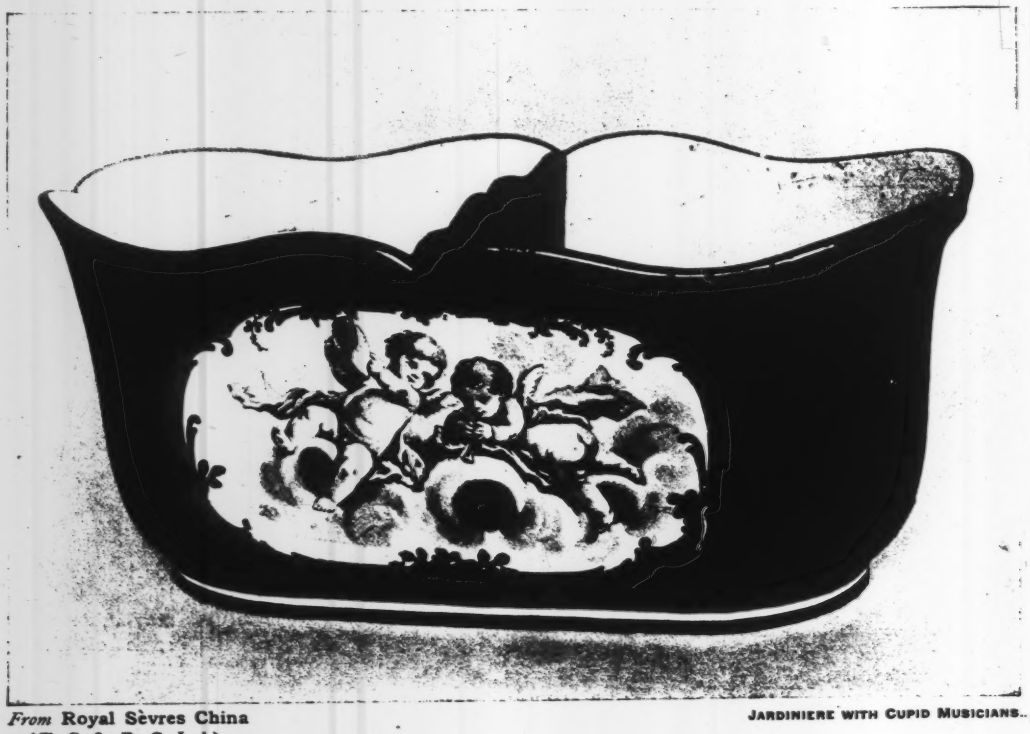

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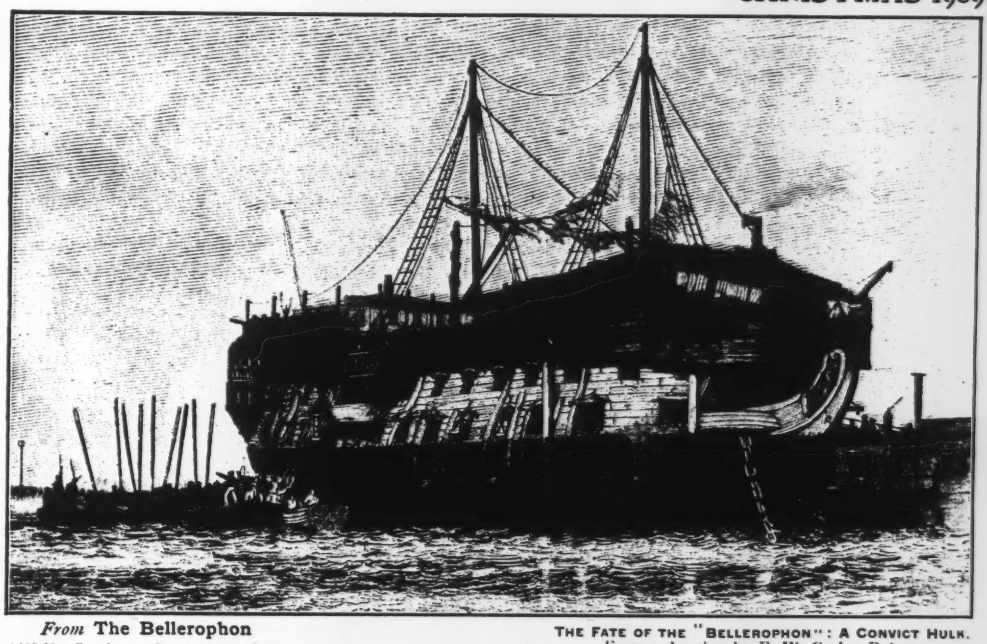

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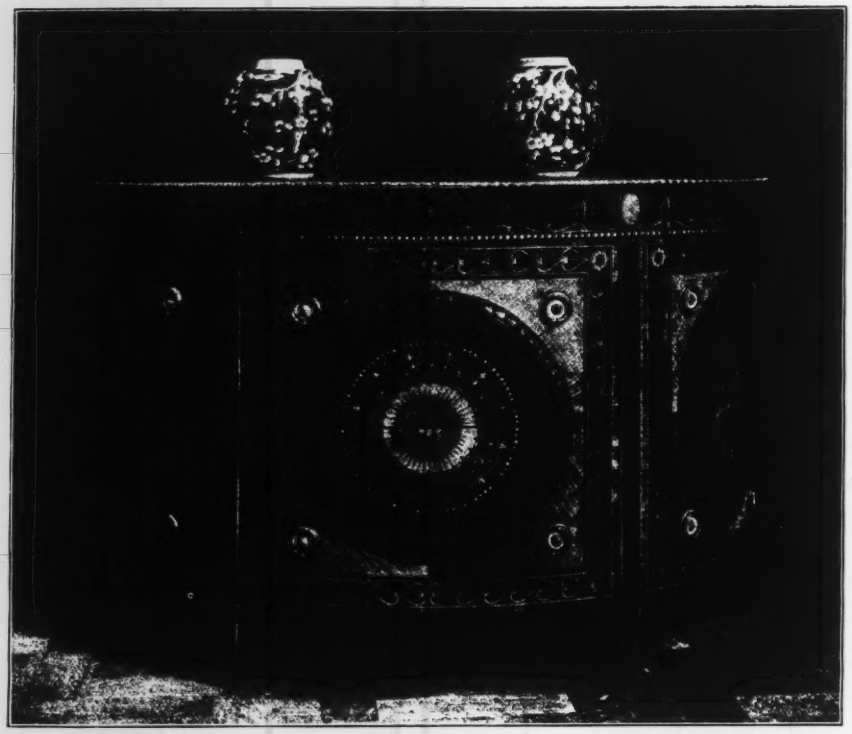

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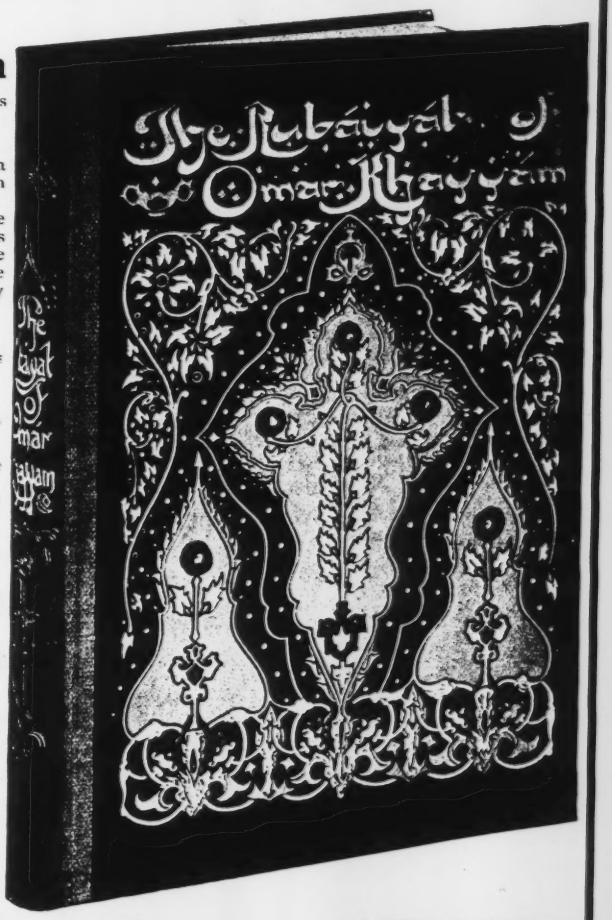

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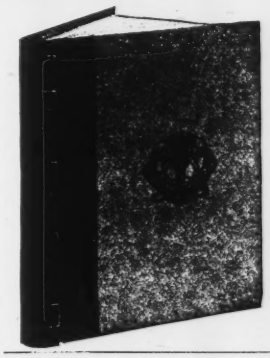

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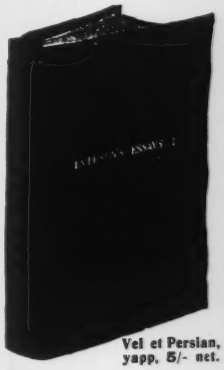

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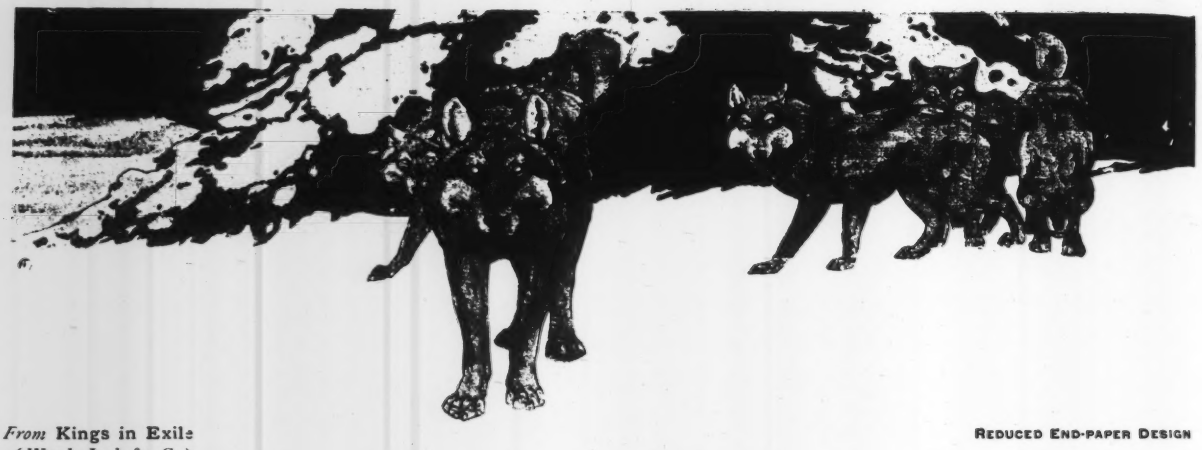

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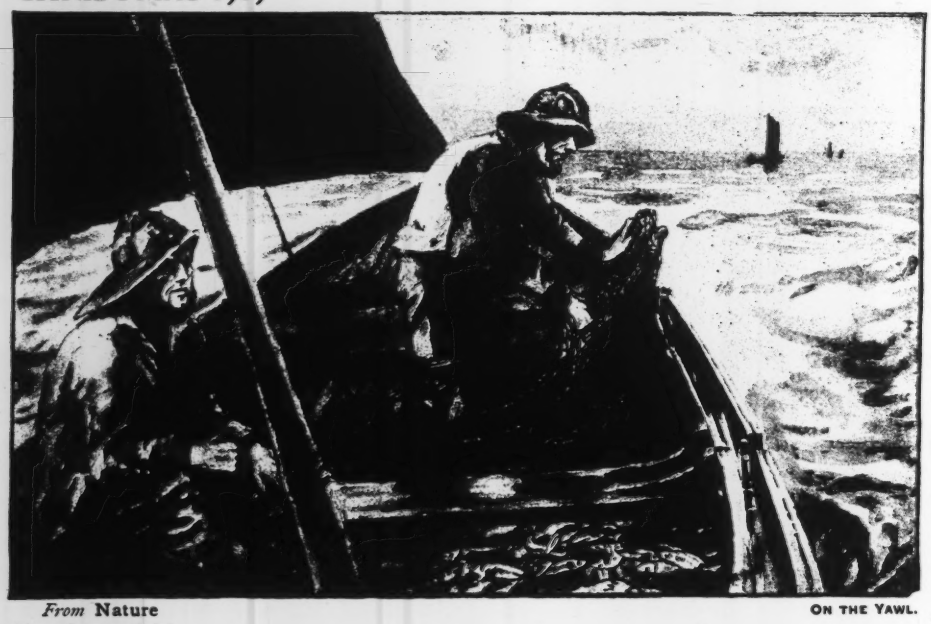

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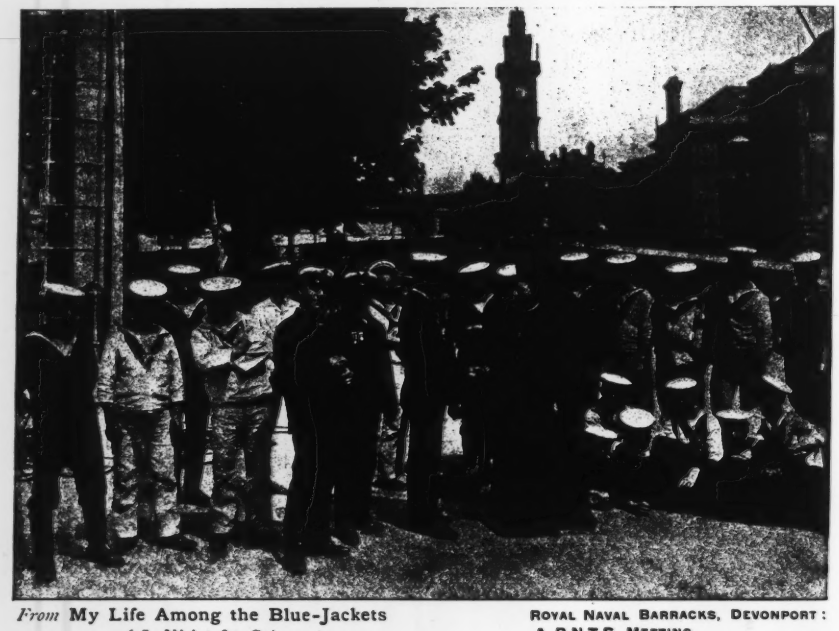

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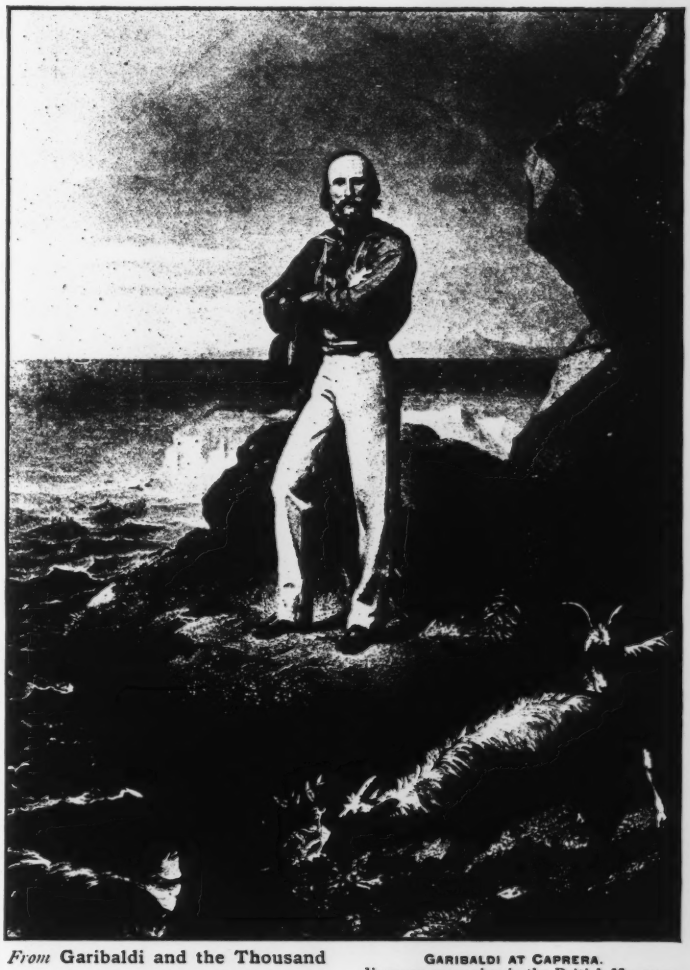

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From **The Reminiscences of Charlotte, Lady Wake** (*W. Blackwood & Sons*).

CHARLOTTE, LADY WAKE, 1887.

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> Rumble of chariot-wheels, and blare of uncertain-blown trumpets,
> Winded by tight-buttoned knaves in waistcoats for others commanded.
> Mark, 'tis the progress in state of the strength of the County High Sheriff."

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(Photographed by Skeen & Co., Ceylon.)

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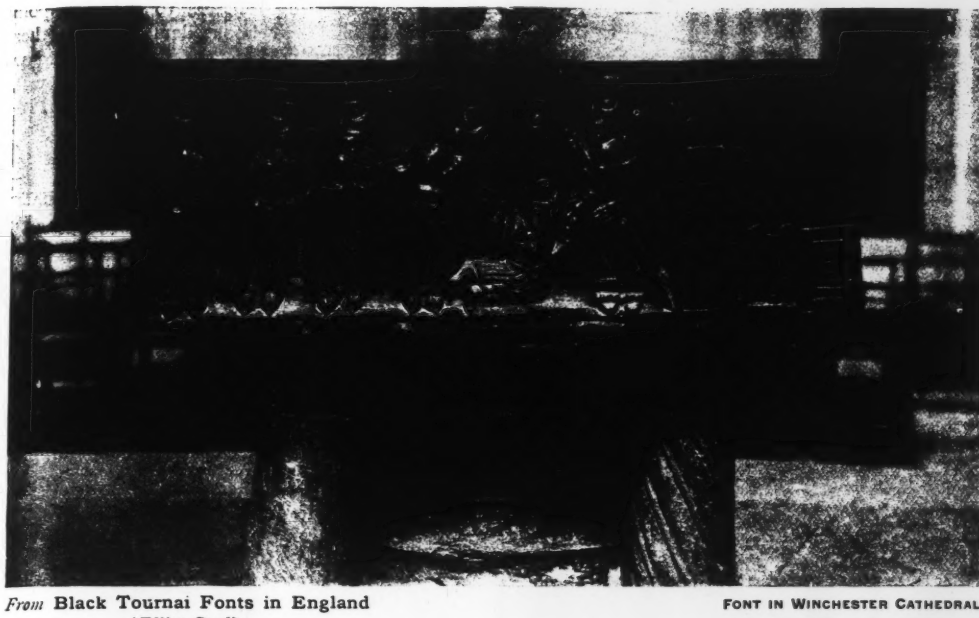

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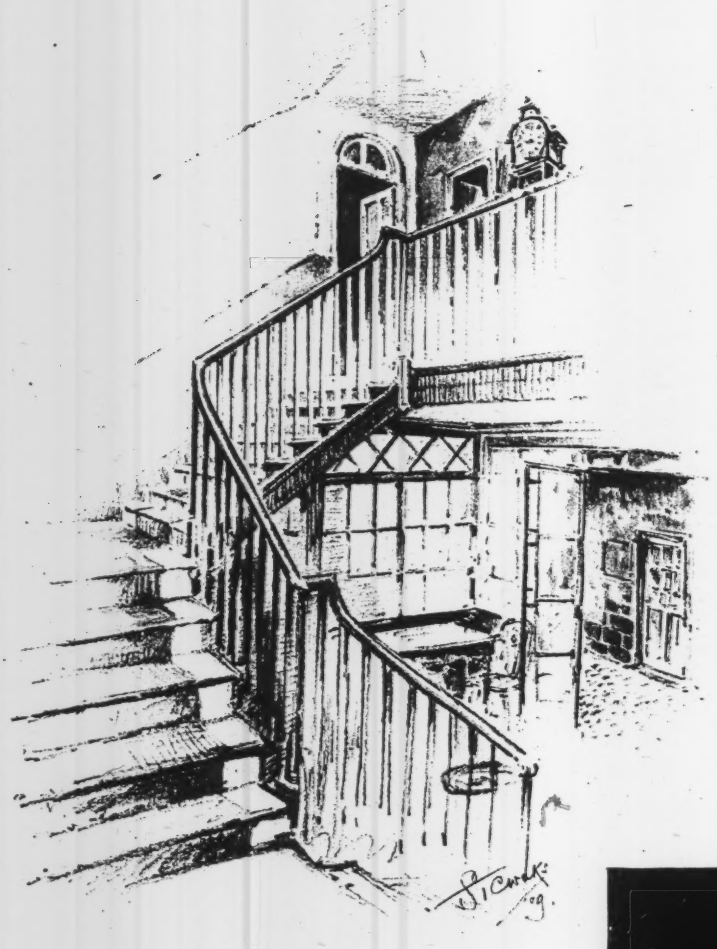
THE SCANDALOUS MR. WALDO.

By RALPH STRAUS. 3s. net. (Heinemann.)

Novels written in the diary form are seldom enjoyable, but "The Scandalous Mr. Waldo" is a very pleasant exception to the rule. It is a novel of present-day life with a likeable bibliophile as its chief character. Its plot is so extremely simple (yet adequate) that it is impossible to tell it without giving everything away. Suffice that Mr. Waldo—not perhaps so reprehensible a person as the title might lead one to expect — in rapid succession entangles himself with three girls. He marries the right one in the end, of course, but it is only after much difficulty that his troubles are set right. The first two or three chapters are inclined to drag, but when the author has warmed to his work the book makes unusually good reading. Its humour is quiet, but none the less effective, and its character-studies, especially of the hero and his chauffeur, are delightful. We congratulate Mr. Straus on his most amusing and readable novel. Being in Mr. Heinemann's new "Library of Modern Fiction," it is both cheap and of attractive format.

From **British Mountain Climbs** (*Mills & Boon*).

ON THE CROBERRY RIDGE: THE SLABS.



From **The Pickwick Papers, Topical Edition** (*Chapman & Hall*).

THE STAIRCASE OF THE BULL, ROCHESTER, ON WHICH JINGLE AND DR. SLAMMER MET.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

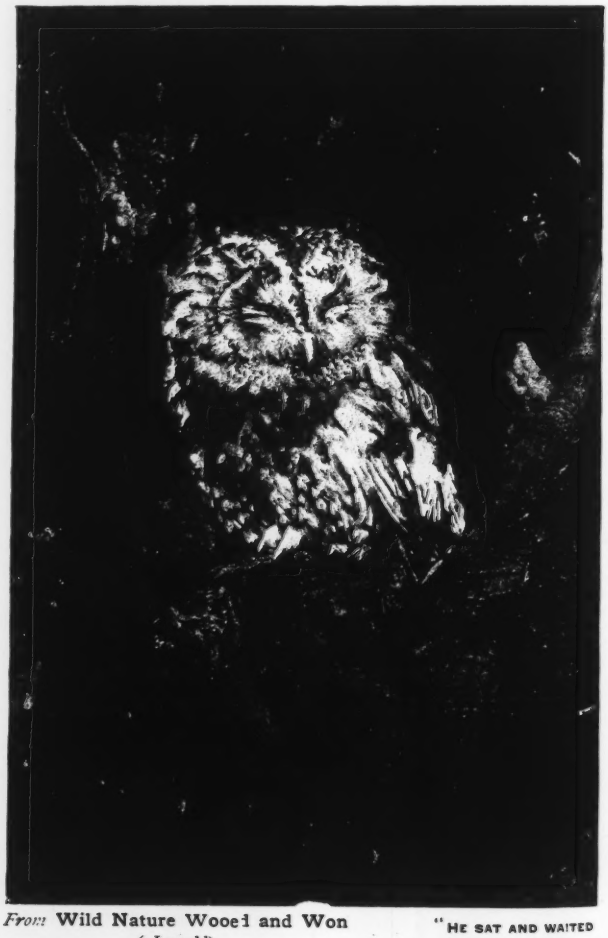
By CHARLES DICKENS. With 43 original Illustrations and 223 additional Pictures of originals and characters and places, scenes and incidents, curious topical allusions, references and analogies and facsimiles. Collected and annotated by C. VAN NOORDEN. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The new and handsome edition of "The Pickwick Papers" which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have just issued is to all intents and purposes an extra-illustrated edition of Dickens's immortal work. To the Dickensian, as well as to the historian of the manners and customs of the early Victorian era, no more appropriate Christmas present in the way of a book could be found. Here we have not only the original text with all the prefaces and introductions, with illustrations of the book's history and the 43 original pictures by Seymour and Phiz, but some 250 additional ones illustrating the originals of the characters, the places, the incidents; the allusions, the analogies and references to the then current events, ideas, and metaphors. Whenever and wherever possible, the pictures are contemporary ones, many of which have not been used for the purpose before, and only where no such pictures are available have illustrations been especially drawn or modern photographs been employed. All these have notes to connect them with the text, and the volume contains an introduction by C. Van Noorden bearing on the extra illustrations in general. To realise adequately the value of the book, one must go steadily through its pages, carefully examining the wealth of illustrations which form pictorial annotations to the text. It is impossible, in the few lines at our disposal, to indicate the extent of research that has been necessary to bring about this completeness, and we can only recommend our readers to make a point of asking their booksellers to show them a copy, for we are sure that anything we might say would not convey to them what a perusal for a few minutes would do.

WILD NATURE WOOED AND WON.

By OLIVER G. PIKE, F.Z.S., and MAGDALEN F. P. TUCK. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

The boy or girl who has any love of nature and the wild creatures of field and wood will be delighted with this very simply, very charmingly written book, and may learn from it that the country is a far more beautiful and wonderful place than the town, and that by treating them kindly and convincing them of your love and goodwill for them you may make friends of the wildest of our English birds and animals, and find them very lovable and fascinating little friends indeed. There is a delightful tale here of two little tame mice, Brownie and Bottle-Brush; another equally taking of a small rabbit, "the one and only rabbit ever owned by a pair of the most hopelessly confirmed animal-lovers in the world"; a capital story, too, of Johnny the Jackdaw, usually known as Mag's Mag, the one rebellious little wild thing that would not make friends with humans, and worried the dogs out of their lives. The book is, indeed, crammed with such stories, so told that the child reading them is all the while getting knowledge in the best way, for it is not likely to occur to him that he is doing anything more than amuse himself. The photographic illustrations are remarkably good.



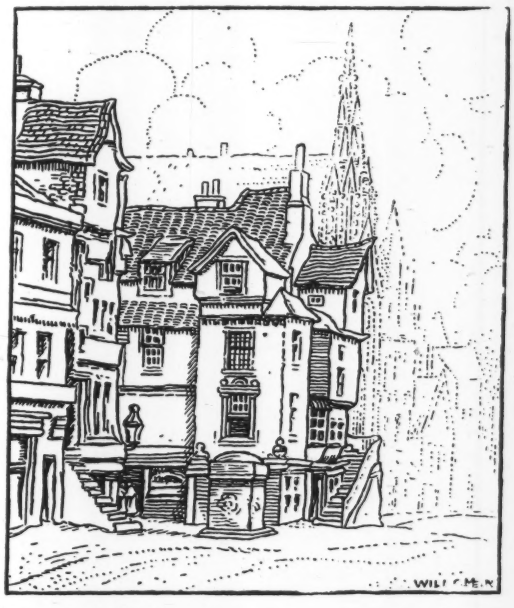
From **Wild Nature Wooed and Won** (*Jarrold*)

"HE SAT AND WAITED AND THOUGHT."

MY TWO EDINBURGHS.

By S. R. Crockett. 2s. net. With Illustrations. (The Cedar Press.)

In this very pleasant little book Mr. S. R. Crockett throws "searchlights through the mists of thirty years" and sets down the reflections of a certain boy of fifteen "who had strange thoughts and made curious observations"—that boy being, of course, himself. He tells of his first wondering glimpse of Edinburgh, of his first year at college, and his adventures in the glamorous old town. He ends by glancing at Edinburgh as he sees it now. It is slight, gossipy, delightfully personal; there are many happy touches of Mr. Crockett's characteristically quaint humour, and Mr. W. Gordon Mein's drawings of Edinburgh scenes are admirable.

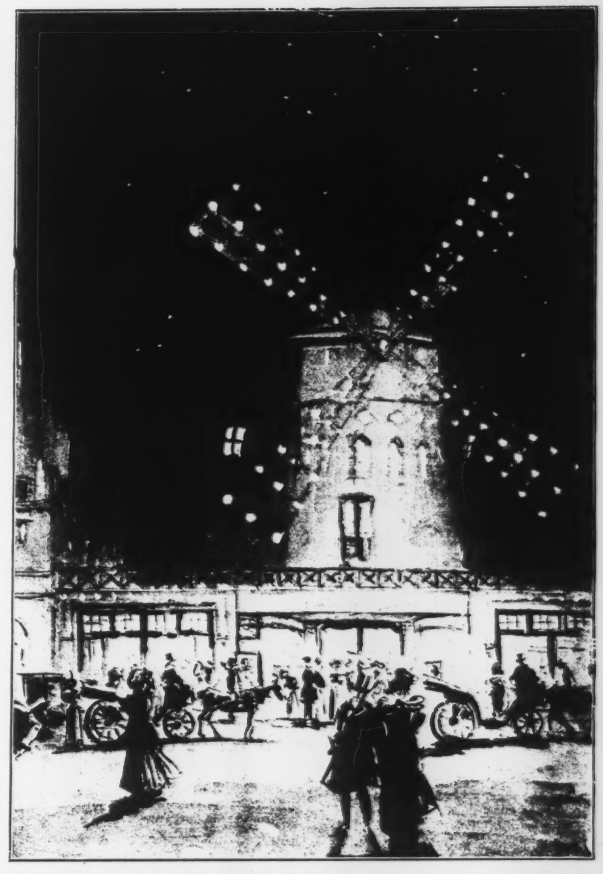


From **My Two Edinburghs** (*The Cedar Press*). JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

THE MERRY PAST.

By Ralph Nevill. 12s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Ralph Nevill's book is a collection of anecdotes of past times and manners. The majority of the anecdotes is concerned with sport—in particular with hunting and coaching, and there are also chapters upon the sailors and the women of the time. Mr. Nevill obviously does not believe in padding, and he intrudes his own views upon the reader on few occasions, though he can write forcibly enough when he likes. Among so large a collection it is only to be expected that some of the stories should be "chestnuts," but three-quarters of the book will probably be fresh to the ordinary reader. Taking everything into account, Mr. Nevill has done his work in a most laudable manner—and there must have been a great deal of labour in gathering together so large an amount of material. We heartily recommend "The Merry Past" to our readers—with the warning that it is not entirely a book for young persons. In view of the present state of political affairs, the following is not altogether malapropos: "The political views of old squires . . . are best shown by the election address issued by one of the last of them. 'Countrymen' (it should be added that a friend suggested 'gentlemen,' but the candidate had retorted, 'Damn gentlemen—they are not all gentlemen—say countrymen'), 'I'm for the King and Constitution; I'm for the Church, but not for tithes, unless they go to the landlords; if I get a seat, I'll keep it as long as I can, so I'm for long Parliaments. I'm for nobody but gentlemen learning to read, but let them work that there may be no poor-rates. I'll vote for corn at 100s. per quarter, and none of your mouldy foreign stuff; that every squire shall have as many horses and dogs as he likes without paying taxes; and that every poacher shall be hung or shot. God save the King!"



From **The Nightside of Paris** (*T. Werner Laurie*). THE RED MILL.

(See p. 46.)

From **The Pickwick Papers, Topical Edition** (*Chapman & Hall*). A CABRIOLET OF 1827. *From a drawing by H. B. John Doyle.*

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1909

STORIES FROM THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Retold from Spenser. By LAWRENCE H. DAWSON. With Illustrations in Colour by GERTRUDE DEMAIN HAMMOND, R.I. 5s. net. (G. G. Harrap & Co.)

Unstinted admiration goes out to these well-told tales. Children who could not read and follow with ease the "Faerie Queene" as Spenser wrote it will come later to the great romance with love and eagerness when they have learnt the stories from this pretty book. And what stories they are! As the present editor says, this is "not at all an exposition of the moral lessons to be found in Spenser's great allegory. Nevertheless, you . . . will have wandered but a short way from Gloriana's Court before you perceive that in truth an underlying moral is in every tale and every adventure here related. . . . The stories will be interesting for themselves alone, but the morals will be sufficiently obvious for you to discern for yourselves." The telling of them in this volume is direct, yet romantic, and Mr. Dawson in his words, as Miss Hammond in her pictures, has caught the true Spenserian spirit. Miss Hammond's bold free lines hold delicacy as well as strength, and imagination as well as life.

HAPPINESS.

By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON. 6s. (Methuen.)

James Telham is the new squire of Fettiplace, and with him is his son Jim—a big, powerful, easy, warm-blooded, irresponsible man, and his nephew Strachey—the latter a dark, restrained, strong-willed type, and agent of the estate. Unfortunately, Jim Telham acts foolishly with one of the village girls, and there is a tragedy. Meanwhile, both Jim and Strachey have fallen in love with Pansy Lessimore, and she inclines to Jim; but on hearing the news of his relations with the village girl, she accepts Strachey Ruscombe "on the rebound," as it were. The result is more or less obvious. A life of loving restraint on the part of the man, and much sufferance, alternately fretful and patient, on the part of Pansy. Then Jim comes once more into her life, and in the end the real love in her conquers. The story is very much above the average, and has been handled firmly and cleanly; but it is a sermon, rather than an epic, and has the fault of a seeming failure to realise that love is not bound always to suffer at the hands of sensualism or of ætherealism; but then, as we have said, the epic is sacrificed to the sermon: and though we close the book with a feeling of strong respect for the ability of the author, we do so also with a little ache of disappointment that the book should come so near to the splendour of real human love, and just miss—divide, as it were split, and shoot past on each side. The workmanship in portions of the book is exceedingly good, and many of the minor characters are clear, and of vivid, if minute, interest. The story, as a story, is of course but a variant of one told many times; but we do not complain at this; for it is obviously meant to exist far less for any originality of conception or story-plot than as a necessary vehicle for the writer's thoughts, opinions, and the expounding of her text—"Happiness." This is essentially a book for the grown man and matron, and not for the "children" of the house.

THE CITY OF ANTIOCH.

From One Hundred Masterpieces of Sculpture (*Methuen & Co.*)

"DUESSA DISPELLED THE ENCHANTED CLOUD."

From Stories from the Faerie Queene (*G. G. Harrap & Co.*)

Christmas Books for Children

"A Boy with a Rabbit." (Raeburn.)
From "Beautiful Children," by C. Haldane MacFall. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)
Reproduced by permission of the Publishers.

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

By C. HALDANE MACFALL. With 50 Coloured Plates. 21s. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

Here we have indeed a pageant of childhood. In one of the most beautiful books of the year we see childhood as the painters saw it, passing from century to century. Some saw it in Belgium, some in Holland, some in Spain, some in Germany, some in France, some in Britain, but all saw it truly when once their eyes had been opened (and not too soon did that happen)—saw it clearly, delightedly, and with most exquisite results. Mr. MacFall has written chapters which tell of the painters of this glorious procession of children, and of the children themselves. Although portrait-painting in the earlier days was more a luxury confined to kings and queens and nobles, the list of child portraits here reproduced is by no means entirely royal or ducal. Now and again a painter would choose for sheer pleasure to paint his own child, or his pupil, or some now unknown child who had caught his fancy. And so, turning the pages of this entrancing volume, we emerge from the masterpieces of stiff formality in which the little round child-faces look out from close caps or tightly-bound hair to the freer loveliness of our own eighteenth and nineteenth century, the masterpieces of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Raeburn, Millais, and Sargent. All the pictures are excellently reproduced in colour, which we are unable here to repeat, but we venture to think that Raeburn's "Boy with a Rabbit" is beautiful enough to bear the loss of colour and yet give an idea of the attractiveness of the book.

From **The Forest Foundling**
(*Duckworth & Co.*)

"GILBERT SPRANG UP ANGRILY AND SHOUTED. THE FOX CHUCKLED QUIETLY TO HIMSELF."

TOMMY'S ADVENTURES IN NATURELAND.

By SIR DIGBY PIGOTT, C.B. With Illustrations in Colour and Otherwise by the Author and ALEC CARRUTHERS GOULD, R.B.A. 2s. 6d. net. (Witherby & Co.)

We are always pleased to see a scientist opening the realms of his knowledge to children. Ruskin did it, Charles Kingsley did it to some extent. In giving an honest story rather than a lesson, Sir Digby Pigott resembles Kingsley rather than Ruskin. Those children who have already read the author's earlier book, "The Changeling," will know something of his style. Tommy, the hero, is a small boy who actually becomes, for the time being, the bird or animal which "Johnny Fairy" wills him to be. Tommy's adventures are varied and good, and he learns much by them; and so do we, for not only are they told with verisimilitude, but the author is a member of the British Ornithologists' Union, and in this nature story for boys and girls "all that Tommy heard and saw among the wild creation is drawn from, and the writer hopes is true to, Nature."

THE FOREST FOUNDLING.

By S. H. HAMER. With Illustrations by HARRY ROUNTREE. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

A most lovable book is this contribution by those famous partners, Mr. Hamer and Mr. Rountree, to the delights of Christmas. Mr. Hamer, who was long the hero of readers of *Little Folks*, has here told of the many and ever-varying experiences of a small boy who was lost as a baby and found by the Forest people. Each bird and beast takes the small Gilbert and trains him for six months, so that climbing and swimming, and all the knowledge of the birds and animals (except flying), and even their language, are taught to him. By degrees he learns of the treatment of animals by humans, and he grows fierce for the animals' sake. After a time, however, he finds his home and parents, and in spite of a period during which he yearns again for his free forest life and goes back to it, he learns that animals are every whit as cruel to one another as human beings are to animals, and by degrees the human element in him grows stronger and stronger and in the end he makes his way home to his own people—though he always keeps his love for the animals. Mr. Rountree's pictures are an ever-new pleasure. He seems able to do what he likes with colours, and has a truly magical touch for bringing the very brightest of them into a soft and impressive subjection. This must be one of the certainties for the children at Christmas.

From **Tommy's Adventures in Natureland**
(*Witherby & Co.*)

"IT WAS STALKING THE WALRUSES."

THE TWINS.

By CECIL ALDIN. With Illustrations in Colour. 6s. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Two's company, so they say. But I should like to remark that it entirely depends upon the two." That is how Mr. Cecil

From **The Twins**
(*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

"SNORUM IS A BABY IN A GREEN BIB AND TUCKER. HE WANTS TO KNOW WHICH OF US IS WHICH."

Aldin's twins (whose portraits may be seen upon this page) begin to introduce themselves to the reader. There is certainly no doubt about the companionableness of Snip and Snap. They are eager to have something to say to everything, whether it be green footstool, or terrier pup, or fat hen (they preferred to have *nothing* to say to "Old Cockadoodle"), or rabbit, or geranium bed, or clothes-lines. Mr. Cecil Aldin's grand full-page scenes in the life of the twins are inimitable. No one can look at them without feeling that the world is gayer for their existence (within covers). Snip's last remark is rather sad: "It is a terrible mistake to be a twin." But after a careful perusal of the lively episodes in this bold volume we take leave to differ from the engaging, clumsy brown pup. We are convinced that twinship has many and varied compensations.

THE ANIMAL WHY BOOK.

By W. P. Pycraft. With Illustrations in Colour by Edwin Noble, R.B.A. 5s. net. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

Mr. Pycraft knows all about animals, and can answer all the "Whys" and "Hows" that children ask about them. He does not actually live in the Zoo itself, but he spends much of his time in the Zoological Department of the British Museum, and therefore there could not have been a better person than Mr. Pycraft to start out to write a book which answers all our questions before we have asked them—again: "Why does a sheep have a woolly coat?" "Why does a cow chew the cud?" "Why do cats' eyes alter with the light?" "Why do bats fly by night." All these things are told and many besides. That would be enough to make the book a treasure to possess; but when we look upon the actual volume we see much more to excite and delight us, for in Mr. Noble

From **The Animal Why Book**
(*Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.*)

"WE THINK OF DOMESTICATED CATTLE, OF FARMYARDS AND SUNNY MEADOWS."

Mr. Pycraft has found the very right artist to carry out his ideas. We have seen nothing this year or for many years past which in its own line can surpass the excellent work in these illustrations. They are admirably bold, strong paintings of each animal which Mr. Pycraft discusses. The whole book is printed on a pleasing paper of brown tint, and the numerous pictures are mounted on plain pages. Our own choice lies, perhaps, with the pigs, but the cows and the sheep are strong rivals. Altogether, this is a volume by no means to be missed, for it is calculated to give joy to the children, and no small amount of definite help to the "grown-ups."

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. With Illustrations in Black-and-White and Colour by GEORGE SOPER. 5s. (Headley Bros.)

Among the evergreen books for children, "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" has long held a firm place. It is one of the volumes which every child must have in the nursery library. So, for the nurseries which as yet have the unfilled place on their shelves, here is a fine alluring edition. With the text, for our comfort, no one need tamper, but in the matter of illustrations, of course, artists have a free hand. Mr. Soper, in this comely volume, has interpreted the re-told plays in an honest and properly Shakespearean temper. We turn from the widely differing plots of "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Taming of the Shrew," of "Pericles" and "The Tempest," of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet," and in each case we note his sympathy with his subject, his versatility, and his right sense of the dramatic. In addition to this admirable equipment for the task his illustrations reveal an understanding of structural beauty, and the value of colours for the interpretation of moods. It is a delightful volume, which will often be missed from the nursery, we think, for it makes a strong appeal to the Shakespeare lovers of all ages.

From Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare (*Headley Bros.*)

"HER EXCEEDING BEAUTY SEEMED TO BREAK LIKE THE LIGHT OF THE SUN IN THE EAST."

From Grimm's Fairy Tales (*A. Constable & Co.*)

ASHENPUTTEL GOES TO THE BALL

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

With Illustrations by ARTHUR RACKHAM. 15s. net. (Constable.)

What a book for any child, big or small, to find on Christmas morning as its new property left by Santa Claus! This beautiful red volume, with a picture wherever a picture can be put and forty full-page coloured plates, is a possession which will win him the envy not only of his brothers and sisters, but of all the grown-ups too. Mr. Rackham is an artist we look for eagerly now year by year, his strong, exquisite lines, his tender ivory-tinted colouring are treats which we promise ourselves when the book parcels come in. Of this collection of Grimm's Tales (a subject which, we remember, is an old friend with Mr. Rackham) we cannot speak too highly; that child is a privileged being who is able to come to the stirring tales for the first time with such truly artistic interpretation as this as an adjunct. Mr. Rackham's earlier "Grimm's" were very good, but this is a finished achievement of which he may well be proud.

A BOOK OF GOLDEN DEEDS.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. With Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White. 6s. net. (T. Nelson & Sons.)

Miss Yonge herself could, we think, have had no idea of the beautiful volume in which her tale of beautiful deeds would find itself enshrined. Messrs. Nelson have taken

From A Book of Golden Deeds (*T. Nelson & Sons*).

ST. GENEVIÈVE AT PRAYER.
From a study by Gilbert James, after the painting by Puvis de Chavannes in the Pantheon, Paris.

the original stories and made of them a veritable pageant of bravery, illustrating each noble action, each achievement, each triumph of endurance or of valour by noble pictures from the world's great galleries. The stately margins of this stately book are decorated by vigorous and appropriate sketches, and the golden deeds become doubly impressive when the painter's thoughts and skill are added to those of the writer.

THE WATER-BABIES.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY. With Illustrations in Colours by WARWICK GOBLE. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

We do not start out at this time of day, when the twentieth century is in its tenth year, to praise Charles Kingsley's inimitable "fairy-tale for a Land Baby"; but we may be allowed to praise with all enthusiasm this beautiful edition of it. The size is what is technically termed "crown quarto," which means that the size of its page is not only comfortable and pleasant to read from, but that it gives ample scope for the artist to do his work untrammelled by want of space—and well, indeed, has he done it. Many of us who have loved a book in its earlier guise are hard to please when the new illustrator endeavours to interpret our old favourite. This means that an artist is extremely good if he pleases us. Mr. Warwick Goble in his thirty-two beautiful colour-plates certainly does more than please us, he delights us. He has given us sand and sea, fish and fairies which captivate us at once; for delicacy of colouring and grace of line he has bettered his best, and the volume throughout is a continuous pleasure.

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

By W. M. THACKERAY. With Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Fireside Pantomime which Mr. Titmarsh wrote for children, big and little, more than half a century ago, has never become stale and out of date. To those of us who know it as an old friend, it comes still quite fresh and unhackneyed; and to those who have never yet read it, it will come bubbling with fun as new as if it had been written yesterday. Certainly no child's education is complete without a knowledge of Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring," and here is the very edition with which he or she can make its acquaintance. Mr. Gordon Browne has thoroughly caught the author's spirit when Thackeray first created the "set of Twelfth Night Characters" and composed a history about them. Mr. Browne's King of Paflagonia is perfect, and as for Gruffanuff and his Countess—but the book itself is waiting for inspection, so we will only assure would-be readers that they are about to be made happy if they get it.

A LITTLE FLEET.

By JACK B. YEATS. With Illustrations. 1s. net and 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Simplicity can no farther go than Mr. J. B. Yeats goes in this his little book for children. Apparently he has some sterling friends of no great age; and these friends set to work to build a fleet—a varied fleet—with such materials as were within their reach; cardboard boxes and bits of wood were the staple materials. The fleet amounted to five in all:—The Monte, The Moby Dick, The Theodore,

From The Water Babies (*Macmillan*).

"THE THING WHIRRED UP INTO THE AIR, AND HUNG POISED ON ITS WINGS. . . . A DRAGON FLY, . . . THE KING OF ALL THE FLIES."

From **The Rose and the Ring** (*Chatto & Windus*).

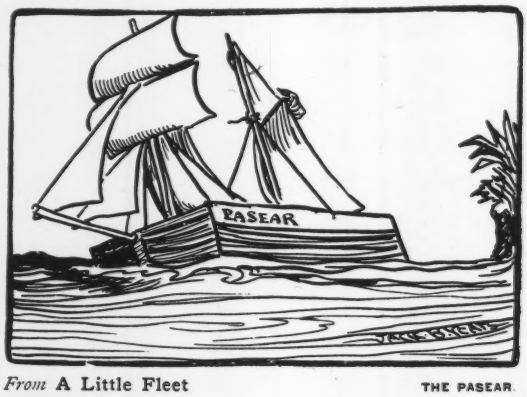
"A ROAR OF WILD BEASTS WAS HEARD AND WHO SHOULD COME RIDING INTO THE TOWN . . . BUT ROSALBA."

receive from his exquisite colouring, and shows some new work, which has not heretofore been seen. With its tasteful binding of green watered cloth, decorated in gold, with its pretty end-papers, with its dozen plates in colour, and its endlessly charming "Tales," it forms a gift-book of high value. (Illustration, p. 21.)

THROUGH THE HEART OF TIBET.

By ALEXANDER MACDONALD. With Illustrations by WILLIAM RAINEY, R.I. 6s. (Blackie & Son.)

Tibet will never seem an impossible goal to any boy who is lucky enough to have this book given to him this Christmastide. It is true that the experiences and adventures of Mr. Macdonald's secret expedition might daunt any one *but* a boy, but we feel sure that to most readers of the right age and sort these incidents will be but a spur. The story tells of the endeavours of Chinese secret agents to check the advance, and overthrow the endeavours of the expedition; and far from seeming to be an adventure tale, it reads as if it were a narrative from the very lips of those who were taking part in it. Mr. Macdonald knows the country and the people, he also knows what a boy wants to



From **A Little Fleet** (*Elkin Mathews*).

THE PASEAR.

The Pasear (we show the Pasear, one of the most ambitious), The New Corinthian. Mr. Yeats tells of the voyages of these vessels (mostly fatal) in absolute simplicity of language; the owners of the fleet could not have been more limpid. Also he gives pictures of the fleet; the owners could not have done better on their slates. One of the cleverest features of this booklet is the map of the mile course over which the fleet sailed, or steamed, or made the best of the current. We feel that it would have been pleasant to have been at those launchings.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

By CHARLES AND MARY LAMB. With Illustrations in Colour by ARTHUR RACKHAM. 7s. 6d. net. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

A very lovely book is this volume issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons from a house long associated with the production of tasteful volumes. The subject—"Tales from Shakespeare"—is no new one to Mr. Arthur Rackham, for some years ago he illustrated them by a smaller number of drawings in black-and-white. But, quite rightly, he has realised the appropriateness of this subject to his own style of art, and the present volume shows the artist's fuller powers, shows, too the gain which the pictures

From **The Elf-Errant** (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

"OVER THE SEA THEY FLEW."

NELSON'S
Newest Gift Books.

BEAUTY and **BRIGHTNESS** are the distinguishing characteristics of Messrs. Nelson & Sons' Books for the Season. All young people will be charmed with the new reading matter, new illustrations—mostly in colour—and new methods of illustration, including the **marginal picture** which the firm introduced last season, and which won immediate and warm approval.

Specimen Illustration (in colour) from "The Gateway to Romance."

6/- net. **THE SILVER LATTICE.**

A Book of Verses for Boys and Girls. Edited by RICHARD WILSON. 336 pp. 32 Coloured Reproductions from pictures in public galleries. It is handsomely printed and produced, making one of the finest gift-books ever published. Large Size. 9 inches by 7 inches.

6/- net. **A BOOK OF GOLDEN DEEDS.**

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. With 16 Coloured and 32 Black-and-white Plates, all reproductions from famous paintings, and about 400 Marginal Illustrations, Chapter Headings, etc. A sumptuous edition of a favourite juvenile book. Large Quarto.

5/- net. **THE GATEWAY TO ROMANCE.**

Tales retold from William Morris's *Earthly Paradise* by EMILY UNDERDOWN. With 16 beautifully Coloured Plates and 300 Marginal Illustrations, Chapter Headings, etc. Large Quarto.

4/- net. **BRITAIN OVERSEAS.**

An interesting account of the Empire by Dr. J. E. PARROTT, M.A. With 22 Coloured Reproductions of famous paintings, numerous Black-and-white Plates, and Marginal Illustrations on every page. Large Size. 9 inches by 7 inches.

4/- net. **STORIES OF FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN.**

Bright Biographies of fourteen heroes and heroines in real life. By Dr. J. E. PARROTT, M.A. With 22 Coloured Reproductions of famous paintings, numerous Black-and-white Plates and Marginal Illustrations on every page. Large Size. 9 inches by 7 inches.

3/6 **A BOOK OF WILD THINGS.**

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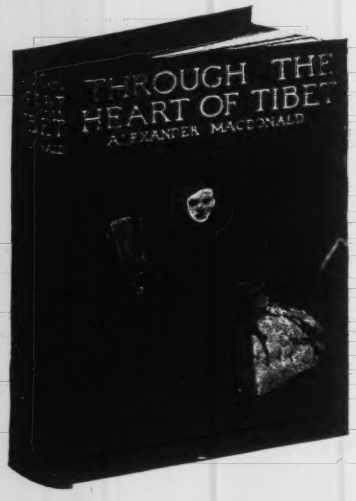

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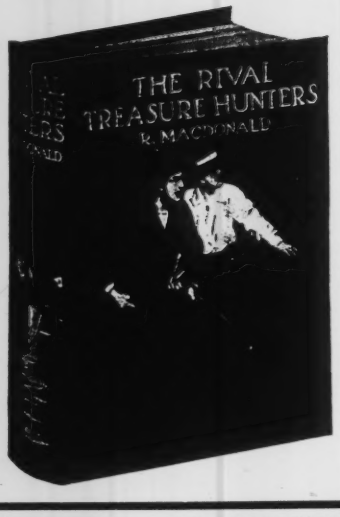

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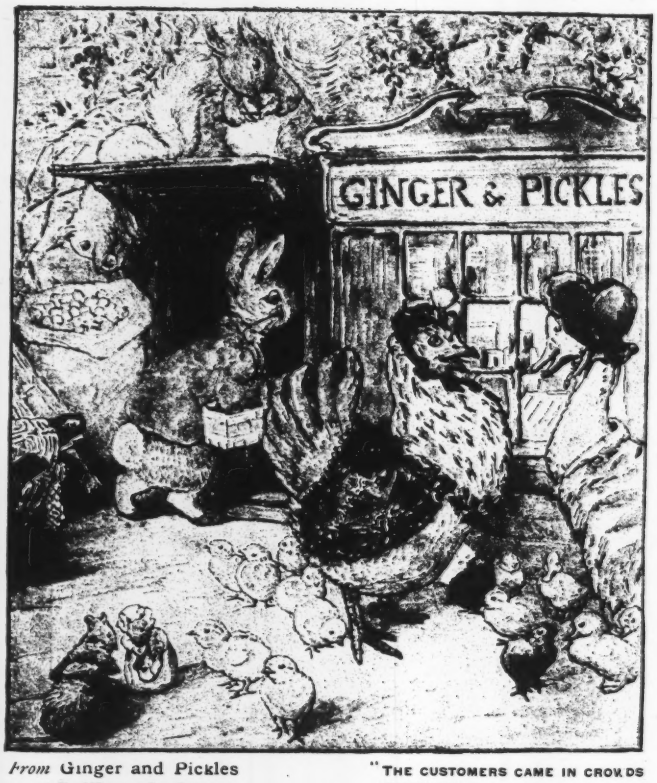

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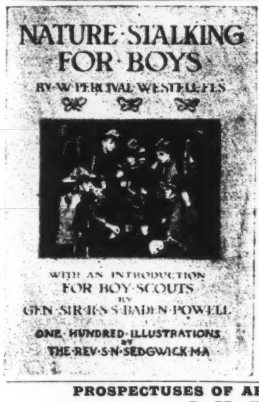
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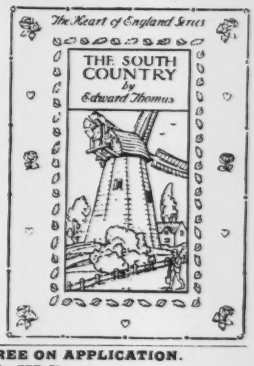

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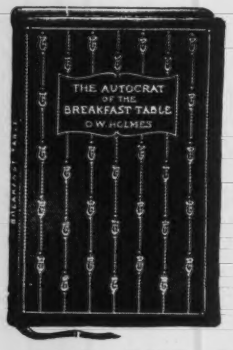

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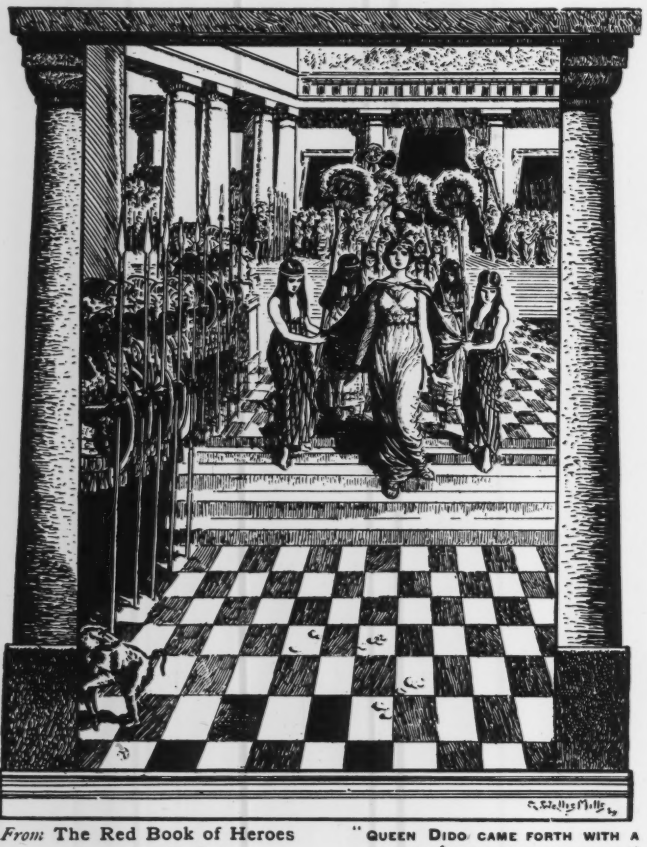

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From **The House in the Wood** (*F. Warne & Co.*)

"DEAR CHILDREN, WILL YOU SWEEP OFF THE SNOW FROM MY FUR?' SO THEY GOT THE BROOM."

Mrs. Arndt has evidently learnt from the children themselves what are the things which they can love and understand. Some of the items in her table of contents are, it is true, written from the mother's point of view—quite permissible, of course; but the real charm of the book lies in its too uncommon merit of being concerned with the things of the child world, without any second or unduly subtle thought. Added to this charm is Mrs. Arndt's undeniable poetic touch. We have read several times "O there are doors to Fairyland," "Birthday Baby, one-year-old," "The Meadows of Play," "'Where does the wind live?' Gretel said," and "Cuckoo, Cuckoo," and we know that these are of the right stuff, absolutely simple, yet presenting pictures for baby minds with a poet's pen. Miss Calvert's illustrations are well in keeping with the verses, and Mr. Chesterton has written an introduction to the book in the shape of a letter to his god-daughter, the little Barbara of the poems.

THE RED BOOK OF HEROES.

By MRS. LANG. Edited by ANDREW LANG. With Illustrations by A. WALLIS MILLS. 6s. (Longmans.)

"Honour and courage," says Mr. Andrew Lang, "were the masters of the men and women whose stories are told

From **The Squire's Young Folk** (*Partridge & Co.*)

"I GAVE HIM A PUSH, AND HE FELL AND WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE ICE INTO THE WATER.'"

in this book," and these men and women were different from each other in many ways. Mère Angélique, the child abbess, ruling in her convent and striving against older

From **The Ivory Mouse** (*Partridge & Co.*)

THE EMPEROR'S DAUGHTER LAID THE FRAGRANT PETALS IN HER SKY-BLUE-AND-WHITE BOWL."

From **My Lady Bellamy**
(*J. Nisbet & Co.*)

"'THIS PILLAR OF ICE THAT'S DRIPPING HERE IN FRONT OF YOU HAS THE VERY GREAT HONOUR TO BE YOUR LADYSHIP'S GROWN-UP HUSBAND.'"

abbesses who lack her earnestness, would seem at first to have nothing in common with such mighty warriors as Hannibal, so gallant a hero as Montrose, though there may be resemblances between her and the noble, high-minded General Gordon. There may seem to be no connecting link between the life of Florence Nightingale and the crime of the great Emperor Theodosius, though it is not so hard to make comparisons between her work of mercy and the self-sacrificing labours of Father Damien among the lepers. But the stories of these and of others are brought together in this fascinating volume, and through all of them runs the strong note of courage and of devotion to duty that brings them into harmony with each other. The tales are told very simply and attractively, and the book is cleverly illustrated with colour plates and black-and-white drawings by A. Wallis Mills.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD.

With Illustrations in Colour and Otherwise by L. Leslie Brooke. 3s. 6d. net. (F. Warne & Co.)

Old tales become as new ones when Mr. Leslie Brooke sits down to illustrate them. A year without a book from his hands is a disappointing one, for, whatever others may do with their fairies and gnomes, their robbers and princesses, it is to Mr. Leslie Brooke we turn for the acme of expression on the faces of his animals. We are always faithful to the creator of Johnny Crow and his friends, and we give a cordial welcome to the procession of birds and beasts who mingle with the humans in these old, old fairy-tales. Besides "The House in the Wood," with its pretty hidden moral that it is well to be kind to animals, we have in this volume "The Goblin and the Grocer," "Snow-white and Rose-red," "The Bremen Town Missionaries." "Red Jacket; or, the Nose Tree," and many others. And the special end-papers, which show a delicate wreath of honeysuckle suspended as a fairy swing, are deserving of special notice too.

THE SQUIRE'S YOUNG FOLK.

By Eleanora H. Stooke. With Illustrations. 6d. (S. W. Partridge & Co.)

Miss Eleanora Stooke in her pretty story of child-life in a country village has made a somewhat new departure in her drawing of the character of Bob Wills, the young nephew of the farmer, and of his attitude towards Rupert Coker, the son of the Squire. Both boys are capital in their way, and each is the better for knowing the other. The little story deals with child pleasures and child troubles, with accidents, plans, and adventures, but the crowning incident is concerned with Lilian, the elder little daughter of the Squire, who is blind. Lilian is quiet, gentle, and unselfish, but on occasion she could be braver than any of the rest of the "young folk," and her pluck and perseverance in the face of storm and danger are the means of saving life and property and proving her to be a true heroine. Miss Stooke has made her story bright, homely, and natural, and one sure to be appreciated as gift or prize.

THE IVORY MOUSE.

By Stanhope E. Ward. With Illustrations. 1s. (Partridge & Co.)

Here is another volume of new fairy-tales for those who want a change from the old ones. The story of the Ivory Mouse, which is the first in the book, is about the son of a Baron and Baroness, whose nurse set a trap to catch a mouse, and by mistake the trap caught the tail of one of the pet white mice of the dwarf, Gollbrung, who lived in a black castle by the sea. Of course the dwarf was furiously angry, and his revenge was taken by turning the son of the Baron and Baroness into an Ivory Mouse. He was an Ivory Mouse for many years; his father died and his mother grew old, and then—— but there is the

From **Children of China**
(*Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier*).

KINDERGARTEN PUPILS.

From **The Children's Book of Art** (*A. & C. Black*).

RED RIDING HOOD.
From the picture by G. F Watts, in the Birmingha n Art Gallery.

book to tell the tale to all who want to know the rest. There are many stories in the book, including a very pretty one about Stradivarius, the violin maker. There are pictures, too, eight full-page ones, with fairy-land in the lines.

MY LADY BELLAMY.

By DOROTHEA MOORE. With Illustrations. 5s. (J. Nisbet & Co.)

Even those who do not care as a rule for historical stories will break through that rule if they read this tender yet vivacious tale of the time of William of Orange. My Lady Bellamy is just eleven years old when the story begins, and she is, as she herself declares, "a married lady with a grown-up husband." But the grown-up husband has left his little wife in the care of stern cousins for two years after the wedding, and it is only a series of exciting and desperate circumstances which bring them together again. The husband did not remember the little nine-year-old child he had married, nor she him ; but she overhears plots against him and she goes to save him. The pluck and intrepidity of this strangely matched husband and wife are delightful, and the manner in which the daring husband shelters his child-wife and keeps her with him in the midst of risk and danger is stirringly told. Brave little Lady Bellamy is kissed by the Queen at the last, and determines to stitch and sew for her grown-up husband until he shall come home from his mission to claim her.

CHILDREN OF CHINA.

By COLIN CAMPBELL BROWN. With Coloured Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

A child is on the throne in China, and this gives the children of China an extra interest in our eyes, and it seems fitting that they should be, as in this pretty volume, brought more definitely to our knowledge than can be the case in grown-up books written about the Chinese Empire, books which have so many serious and social sides of Chinese life to discuss which scarcely touch child-life at all. Mr. Brown has written this book about children for children, and has dedicated it to children, and we think that many young folk will find it as interesting as a story. The infant Chinamen and women have a fairly happy, merry time on the whole, especially the infant China-*men*. Girls, in the past, have not been much wanted ; but lately the fortunes of girl-babies have grown sunnier, for they have become rather scarce, and consequently more valuable. The illustrations in this book show many a smiling face and, in some cases, even a broad grin, and the chapters show us that these little Eastern folk have quite good games, that they have affectionate parents, and many feasts and toys. But Mr. Brown shows all sides of Chinese child-life, and their religion, their schooldays, their superstitions, and their sorrows and wrongs are not by any means passed by.

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By AGNES ETHEL CONWAY and SIR MARTIN CONWAY. With Illustrations in Colour. 6s. (A. & C. Black.)

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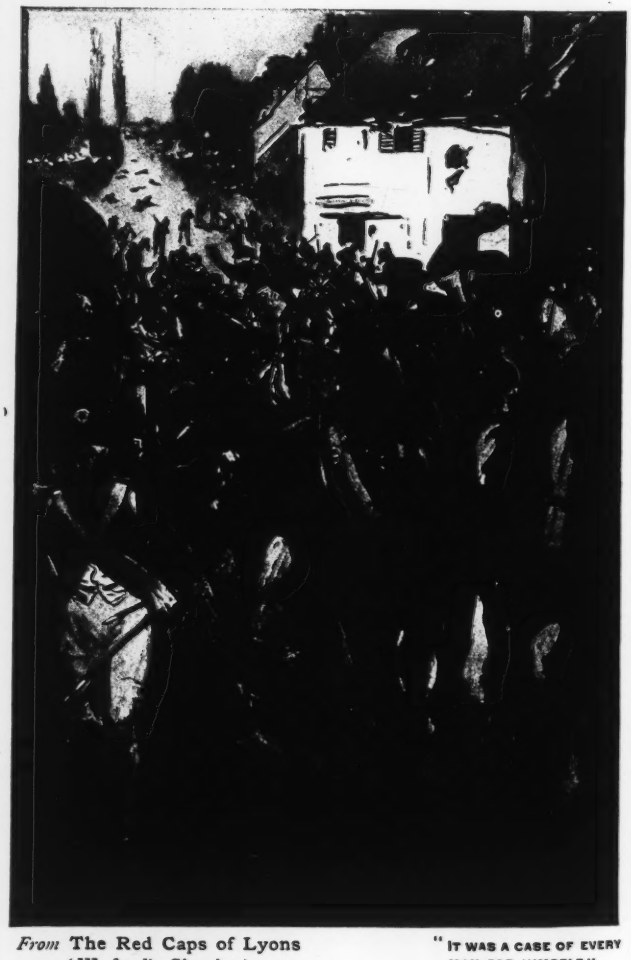

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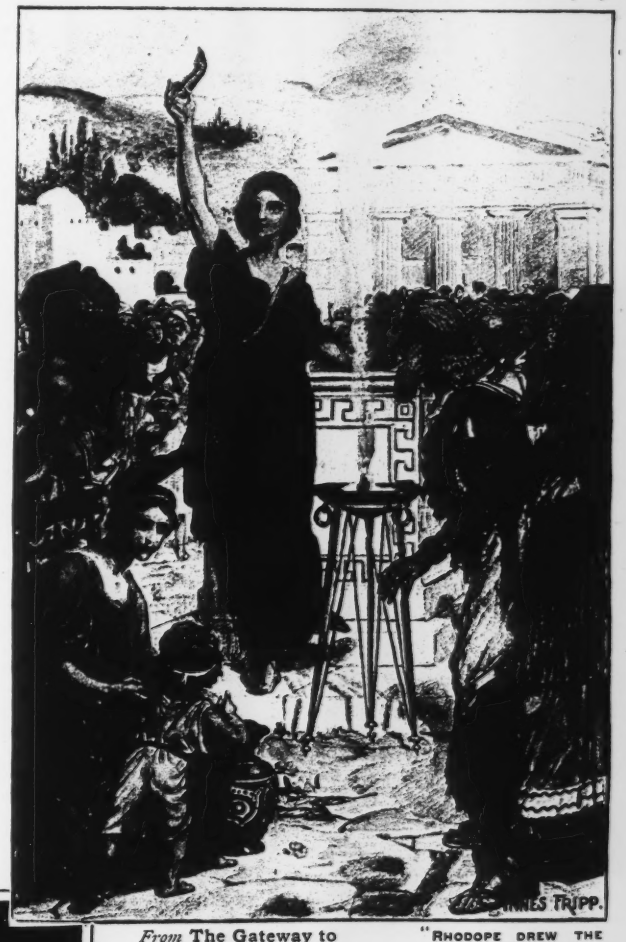

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